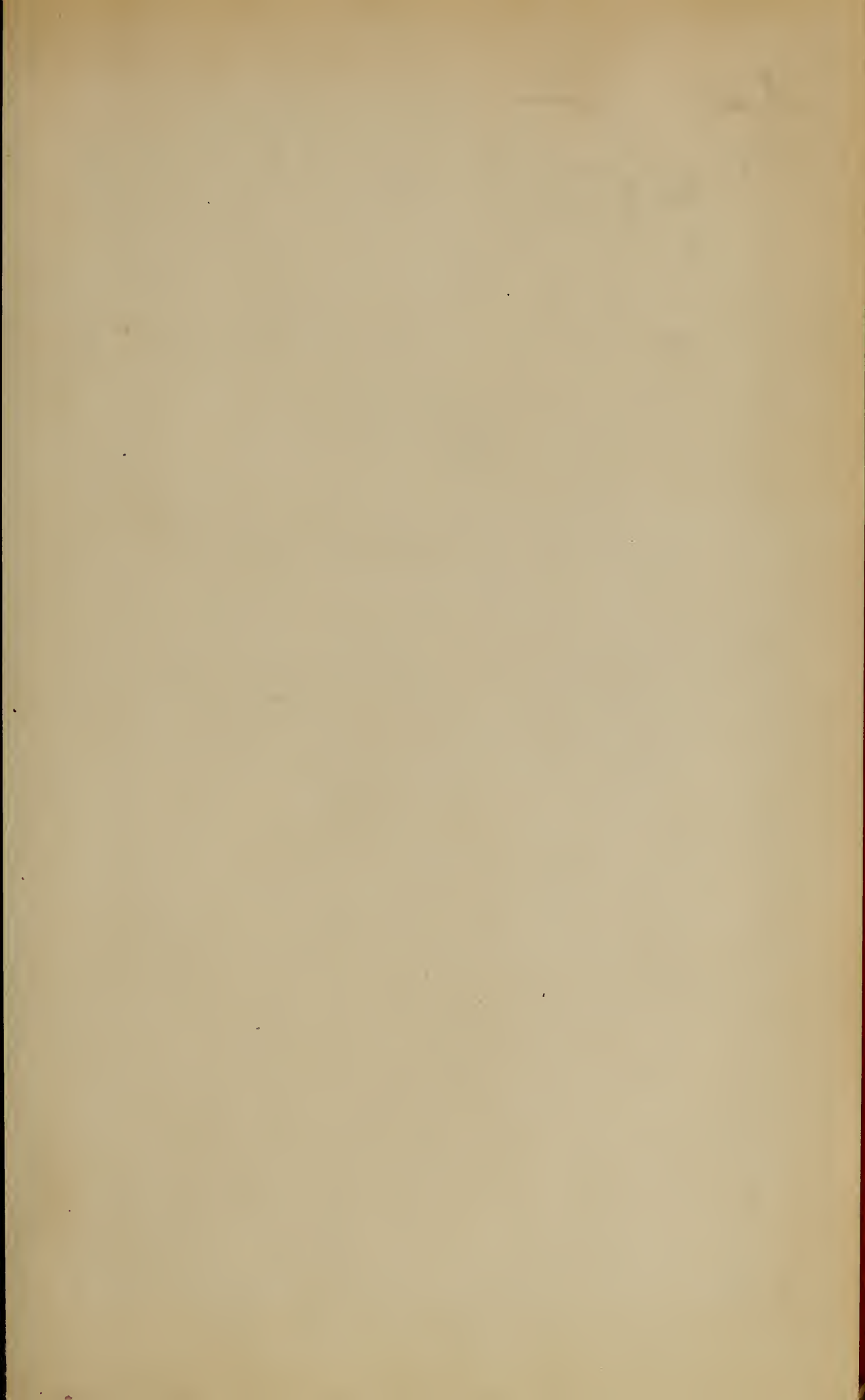




LIBRARY

Brigham Young University

Call 923.144
No. N16bo2
1836
V.4, pt.1





Key

Key
J. D.

923.144
N16 bo
1836
v. 4, pt. 1

MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY M. DE BOURRIENNE,

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY.

TO WHICH ARE NOW FIRST ADDED,

AN ACCOUNT OF THE IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE HUNDRED
DAYS, OF NAPOLEON'S SURRENDER TO THE ENGLISH, AND
OF HIS RESIDENCE AND DEATH AT ST. HELENA.

WITH

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

FROM ALL THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

“ Ah! BOURRIENNE, YOU ALSO WILL BE IMMORTAL! ” SAID NAPOLEON.—“ HOW,
SIRE? ”—“ ARE YOU NOT MY SECRETARY? ”

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, 8, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Publisher in Ordinary to His Majesty.

1836.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
PROVO, UTAH

CONTENTS

OF

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

	Page
Message from the Tuileries—My interview with the king—My appointment to the office of prefect of the police—Council at the Tuileries—Order for arrests—Fouché's escape—Davoust unmolested—Conversation with M. de Blacas—The intercepted letter, and time lost—Evident understanding between Murat and Napoleon—Plans laid at Elba—My departure from Paris—The postmaster of Fins—My arrival at Lille—Louis XVIII. detained an hour at the gates—His majesty obliged to leave France—My departure for Hamburg—The Duke de Berri at Brussels	1

CHAPTER II.

Message to Madame de Bourrienne on the 20th of March—Napoleon's nocturnal entrance into Paris—General Berton sent to my family by Caulaincourt—Recollection of old persecutions—General Driesen—Solution of an enigma—Seals placed on my effects—Useless searches—Persecution of women—Madame de Staël and Madame de Récamier—Paris during the hundred days—The federates and patriotic songs—Declaration of the plenipotentiaries at Vienna	13
--	----

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

Napoleon at Elba—His conversations and transactions there—His escape from Elba—His landing near Cannes—March on Paris	21
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Correspondence from Vienna, Ghent, and Copenhagen—Extracts from the letters of M. de Talleyrand, Count François de Jaucourt, and the Marquis de Bonnay	70
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

My departure from Hamburg—The king at Saint-Denis—Fouché appointed minister of the police—Delay of the king's entrance into Paris—Effect of that delay—Fouché's nomination due to the Duke of Wellington—Impossibility of resuming my post—Fouché's language with respect to the Bourbons—His famous postscript—Character of Fouché—Discussion respecting the two cockades—Declaration of the officers of the national guard—Manifestations of public joy repressed by Fouché—Composition of the new ministry—Kind attention of Blucher—The English at Saint-Cloud—Blucher in Napoleon's cabinet—My prisoner become my protector—Blucher and the innkeeper's dog	79
--	----

CHAPTER V.

My daughter's marriage contract—Rigid etiquette—My appointment to the presidentship of the Electoral College of the Yonne—My interview with Fouché—His hatred of the Bourbons—His invective against the royal family—My audience of the king—His majesty made acquainted with my conversation with Fouché—The Duke of Otranto's disgrace—Carnot deceived by Bonaparte—My election as deputy—My colleague, M. Randot—My return to Paris—Regret caused by the sacrifice of Ney—Noble conduct of Macdonald—A drive with Rapp in the Bois de Boulogne—Rapp's interview with Bonaparte in 1815—The Duke de Berri and Rapp—My nomination to the office of minister of state—My name inscribed by the hand of Louis XVIII.—Conclusion	88
--	----

	Page
CHAPTER VI.	
Hundred days—Napoleon at Paris—Political manœuvres—The meeting of the Champ-de-Mai—Napoleon, the Liberals, and the moderate Constitutionalists—His love of arbitrary power as strong as ever—Preparations for his last campaign	97
CHAPTER VII.	
Preparations of Napoleon for the campaign—The Emperor leaves Paris to join the army—State of Brussels—Proclamation of Napoleon to the Belgians—Effective strength of the French and allied armies—The Emperor's proclamation to the French army	127
CHAPTER VIII.	
The battles of Ligny and Quatre-Bras	134
CHAPTER IX.	
The battle of Waterloo	148
CHAPTER X.	
Narrative of the campaign of Waterloo, by M. Fleury de Chaboulon, ex-secretary to the Emperor Napoleon	192
CHAPTER XI.	
Interview with Lavallette—Proceedings in the French chambers—Second abdication of Bonaparte—He retires to Rochefort, negotiates with Captain Maitland, and finally embarks in the Bellerophon	212
CHAPTER XII.	
Departure for St. Helena—Voyage—Arrival	230
CHAPTER XIII.	
Residence at St. Helena	237
CHAPTER XIV.	
Residence at St. Helena	248
CHAPTER XV.	
Residence at St. Helena	258
CHAPTER XVI.	
Residence at St. Helena	266
CHAPTER XVII.	
Last days of Napoleon—His death—His will	284
CHAPTER XVIII.	
Sketch of the career of Napoleon, by the Count St. Leu (Louis Bonaparte)	322
CHAPTER XIX.	
Character of Napoleon, by Dr. Channing	331
APPENDIX	370
INDEX	385

MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

1815.

Message from the Tuileries—My interview with the king—My appointment to the office of prefect of the police—Council at the Tuileries—Order for arrests—Fouché's escape—Davoust unmolested—Conversation with M. de Blacas—The intercepted letter, and time lost—Evident understanding between Murat and Napoleon—Plans laid at Elba—My departure from Paris—The postmaster of Fins—My arrival at Lille—Louis XVIII. detained an hour at the gates—His majesty obliged to leave France—My departure for Hamburg—The Duke de Berri at Brussels.

THOSE who opposed the execution of the treaty concluded with Napoleon at the time of his abdication, were guilty of a great error, for they afforded him a fair pretext for leaving the island of Elba. The details of that extraordinary enterprise are known to every one, and I shall not repeat what has been told over and over again.* For my own part, as soon as I saw with what rapidity Bonaparte was marching upon Lyons, and the enthusiasm with which he was received by the troops and the people, I prepared to retire to Belgium, there to await the dénouement of this new drama. Every preparation for my departure was completed on the evening of the 13th of March, and I was ready to depart, to avoid the persecutions of which I expected I should be the object, when I received a message from the Tuileries, stating that the king desired to see me. I of course lost no time in proceeding to the palace. I went straight to M. Hue, to inquire of him why I had been sent for. He occupied the apartments in which I passed the three most laborious and anxious years of my life. M. Hue perceiving that I felt a certain degree of uneasiness at being summoned to the Tuileries at that hour of the night, hastened to inform me that the king wished to appoint me prefect of the police. He conducted me to the king's chamber, where his majesty thus

* The reader will find these details, and an account of Bonaparte's conversations *at* and his escape *from* Elba, in the supplements to the present chapter.—*Editor.*

addressed me: "M. de Bourrienne, can we rely upon you? I expect much from your zeal and fidelity."—"Your majesty," replied I, "shall have no reason to complain of my betraying your confidence."—"Well, I restore the prefecture of the police, and I appoint you prefect. Do your best, M. de Bourrienne, in the discharge of your duties; I rely upon you." By a singular coincidence, on the very day (the 13th of March) when I received this appointment, Napoleon, who was at Lyons, signed the decree, which excluded from the amnesty he had granted thirteen individuals, among whose names mine was inscribed.* This decree confirmed me in the presentiments I had conceived as soon as I heard of the landing of Bonaparte. On returning home from the Tuileries, after receiving my appointment, a multitude of ideas crowded on my mind. At the first moment, I had been prompted only by the wish to serve the cause of the king; but I was alarmed when I came to examine the extent of the responsibility I had taken upon myself. However, I determined to meet with courage the difficulties that presented themselves, and I must say, that I had every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which I was seconded by M. Foudras, the inspector-general of the police.

Even now I am filled with astonishment, when I think of the council that was held at the Tuileries on the 13th of March. The ignorance of the members of that council respecting our situation, and their confidence in the useless measures they had adopted against Napoleon, exceed all conception. Will it be believed, that those great statesmen, who had the control of the telegraph, the post-office, the police and its agents, money, in short, every thing which constitutes power, asked me to give them information respecting the advance of Bonaparte? What could I say to them? I could only repeat the reports which were circulated on the Exchange, and those which I had collected here and there, during the last twenty-four hours. I did not conceal that the danger was imminent, and that all their precautions would be of no avail. The question then arose as to what course should be adopted by the king. It was impossible that the monarch could remain in the capital, and yet, where was he to go? One proposed that he should go to Bordeaux; another to La Vendée; and a third to Normandy; and a fourth member of the council was of opinion that the king should be conducted to Melun. I conceived that if a battle should take place any where, it would probably be in the neighbourhood of that town; but the counsellor who made this last suggestion, assured us that the presence of the king, in an open carriage and eight horses;

* This was Napoleon's list of proscription:—"The Prince of Benevento (Talleyrand); the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont); the Duke of Alberg, the Abbé de Montesquiou, the Count de Jaucourt, the Count de Beurnonville, Lynch, Vitrolles, Alexis de Noailles, Bourrienne, Bellard, Larochejacquelin, and Sosthènes de la Rochefoucauld." According to Fouché, the name of Augereau originally stood in this black list, but it was erased at the entreaties of his wife, and in consequence of his proclamation of 23d March.—*Editor.*

would produce a wonderful effect on the minds of the troops. This project was merely ridiculous; the others appeared to be dangerous and impracticable. I declared to the council, that considering the situation of things, it was necessary to renounce all idea of resistance by force of arms; that no soldier would fire a musket, and that it was madness to attempt to take any other view of things. "Defection," said I, "is inevitable. The soldiers are drinking in their barracks the money which you have been giving them, for some days past, to purchase their fidelity. They say Louis XVIII. is a very good sort of man, but *vive le petit caporal!*"

Immediately on the landing of Napoleon, the king sent an extraordinary courier to Marmont, who was at Châtillon, whither he had gone to take a last leave of his dying mother. I saw him one day after he had had an interview with the king; I think it was on the 6th or 7th of March. After some conversation on the landing of Napoleon, and the means of preventing him from reaching Paris, Marmont said to me, "This is what I dwelt most strongly upon in the interview I have just had with the king. 'Sire,' said I, 'I doubt not Bonaparte's intention of coming to Paris; and the best way to prevent him doing so, would be for your majesty to remain here. It is necessary to secure the palace of the Tuileries against a surprise, and to prepare it for resisting a siege, in which it would be indispensable to use cannon. You must shut yourself up in your palace, with the individuals of your household, and the principal public functionaries, while the Duke d'Angoulême should go to Bourdeaux, the Duke de Berri to La Vendée, and Monsieur to the Franche Comté; but they must set off in open day, and announce that they are going to collect defenders for your Majesty. . . . This is what I said to the king this morning, and I added, that I would answer for every thing, if my advice were followed. I am now going to direct my aide-de-camp, Colonel Fabvier, to draw up the plan of defence." I did not concur in Marmont's opinion. It is certainly probable, that, had Louis XVIII. remained in his palace, the numerous defections which took place before the 20th of March would have been checked, and some persons would not have found so ready an excuse for breaking their oaths of allegiance. There can be little doubt, too, but Bonaparte would have reflected well before he attempted the siege of the Tuileries.

Marmont supported his opinion by observing, that the admiration and astonishment excited by the extraordinary enterprise of Napoleon, and his rapid march to Paris, would be counterbalanced by the interest inspired by an old monarch defying his bold rival, and courageously defending his throne. While I rendered full justice to the good intentions of the Duke de Ragusa, yet I did not think that his advice could be adopted. I opposed it, as I opposed all the propositions that were made in the council relative to the different places to which the king

should retire. I myself suggested Lille as being the nearest, and as presenting the greatest degree of safety, especially in the first instance.

It was after midnight when I left the council of the Tuileries. The discussion had terminated, and, without coming to any precise resolution, it was agreed that the different opinions which had been expressed should be submitted to Louis XVIII., in order that his majesty might adopt that which should appear to him the best. The king adopted my opinion, but it was not acted upon until five days after.

My appointment to the prefecture of the police was, as will be seen, a late thought of measure, almost as late, indeed, as Napoleon's proposition to send me as his minister plenipotentiary to Switzerland. In now accepting office, I was well convinced of the inutility of any effort that might be made to arrest the progress of the fast approaching and menacing events. Being introduced into the king's cabinet, his majesty asked me what I thought of the situation of affairs. "I think, sire, that Bonaparte will be here in five or six days."—"Do you say so?"—"Yes, sire."—"But proper measures are taken, the necessary orders given, and the marshals are faithful to me."—"Sire, I suspect no man's fidelity; but I can assure your majesty, that, as Bonaparte has landed, he will be here within a week. I know him, and your majesty cannot know him as well as I do; but I can venture to assure your majesty, with the same confidence, that he will not be here six months hence. He will be hurried into acts of folly which will ruin him."—"M. de Bourrienne, I argue better of events; but if misfortune again compel me to leave France, and your second prediction be fulfilled, you may rely on me." During this short conversation, the king appeared perfectly tranquil and resigned.

Next day I again visited the Tuileries, whither I had at those perilous times frequent occasion to repair. On that day I received a list of twenty-five persons, whom I was ordered to arrest. I took the liberty to observe, that such a proceeding was not only useless, but likely to produce a very injurious effect at that critical moment. The reasons I urged had not all the effect I expected. However, some relaxation as to twenty-three of the twenty-five was conceded, but it was insisted that Fouché and Davoust should be arrested without delay. The king repeatedly said, "I wish you to arrest Fouché."—"Sire, I beseech your majesty to consider the inutility of such a measure."—"I am resolved upon Fouché's arrest. But I am sure you will miss him, for André could not catch him."

After this formal order from the king, I left the Tuileries, carrying with me the following list. I have preserved the autograph in the handwriting of M. de Blacas, and I here insert a faithful copy without even correcting the erroneous orthography of some of the names.

*Fouché; *Davoust; Le Comte, Rue de Bac, corner of the Rue de l'Université—he holds funds belonging to Fouché; M. Guillard, counsellor, of the royal court; Hinguetlot; Le Maire; Gerard; Mejean; Le Grand; Etienne; Rovigo; Real; Monnier; Arnould; Norwins; Bouvier-Dumolard; Maret, absent; Duyiquet; Patris, not here; Lavalette, absent; Syeyes; Pierre Pierre; Flao; Excell-monce; Jos. Thurot.

My nocturnal installation, as prefect of the police, took place some time after midnight. I had great repugnance to the arrest of Fouché, but the order having been given, there was no alternative but to obey it. I communicated the order to M. Foudras, who very coolly observed, "Since we are to arrest him you need not be afraid, we shall have him fast to-morrow." Next day, my agents repaired to the Duke of Otranto's hotel, Rue d'Artois. On showing their warrant, Fouché said, "What does this mean? Your warrant is of no force; it is mere waste paper. It purports to come from the prefect of the police, but there is no such prefect." In my opinion, Fouché was right; for my appointment, which took place during the night, had not been legally announced. But be that as it may, on his refusal to surrender, one of my agents applied to the staff of the national guard, requesting the support, in case of need, of an armed force. General Dessolles repaired to the Tuileries, to take the king's orders on the subject. Meanwhile Fouché, who never lost his self-possession, after talking to the police-officers who remained with him, pretended to step aside for some indispensable purpose, but the door which he opened led into a dark passage, through which he slipped, leaving my unfortunate agents groping about in the obscurity. As for himself he speedily gained the Rue Taitbout, where he stepped into a coach and drove off. This is the whole history of the notable arrest of Fouché.†

* The first and the second names have in the original an asterisk prefixed, to indicate the persons whose arrest was more particularly insisted on. The words "absent," "not here," were added by me.

† The following is Fouché's own account of this scene:

"I was sitting, without any mistrust, in my *hotel*, when some agents of the Parisian police, at the head of which Bourrienne had just been placed, suddenly made their appearance, accompanied by *gendarmes*, to arrest me. Having timely intelligence, I hastily took measures for my escape. The agents of police had already proceeded to active search in my apartments, when the *gendarmes*, commissioned to execute the order of the new prefect, presented themselves before me. These men, who had so long obeyed my orders, not daring to lay their hands on my person, contented themselves with giving me their written authority. I took the paper, opened it, and confidently said, 'This order is not regular; stay where you are, while I go and protest it.' I entered my closet, seated myself at my desk, and began to write. I then rose with a paper in my hand, and making a sudden turn, I precipitately descended into my garden by a secret door: there I found a ladder attached to a wall contiguous to the hotel of Queen Hortense. I nimbly climbed it; one of my people raised the ladder, which I took and let it fall on its feet on the other side of the wall; this I

As for Davoust, I felt my hands tied with respect to him. I do not mean to affect generosity, for I acknowledge the enmity I bore him; but I did not wish it to be supposed that I was acting towards him from a spirit of personal vengeance. I therefore merely ordered him to be watched. The other twenty-three were to me, in this matter, as if they had never existed; and some of them, perhaps, will only learn in reading my Memoirs, what dangerous characters they were thought to be.

On the 15th of March, after the conversation which, as I have already related, I had with Louis XVIII., I went to M. de Blacas, and repeated to him what I had stated to the king, on the certainty of Bonaparte's speedy arrival in Paris. I told him that I found it necessary to devote the short time still in our power to prevent a reaction against the royalists, and to preserve public tranquillity until the departure of the royal family; and that I would protect the departure of all persons who had reasons for withdrawing themselves from the scene of the great and, perhaps, disastrous events that might ensue. "You may readily believe, count," added I, "that considering the great interests with which I am intrusted, I am not inclined to lose valuable time in arresting the persons of whose names I have received a list. The execution of such a measure would be useless: it would lead to nothing, or rather, it would serve to irritate public feeling. My conviction of this fact has banished from me all idea of keeping under restraint for four or five days, persons, whose influence, whether real or supposed, is null, since Bonaparte is at Auxerre. Mere supervision appears to me sufficient, and to that I propose confining myself."—"The king," replied M. de Blacas, "relies on you. He knows that, though only forty-eight hours have elapsed since you entered upon your functions, you have already rendered greater services than you are, perhaps, aware of." I then asked M. de Blacas whether he had not received any intimation of Bonaparte's intended departure from the island of Elba by letters, or by secret agents. "The only positive information we received," answered the minister, "was an intercepted letter, dated Elba, February 6th. It was addressed to M. ———, near Grenoble. I will show it you." M. de Blacas opened the drawer of his writing-table, and took out the letter, which he gave to me. The writer thanked his correspondent for the information he had transmitted to Elba. He was informed that every thing was ready for departure, and that the first favourable opportunity would be seized; but that it would be desirable first to receive

quickly scaled, and descended with still more promptitude. I arrived, in the character of a fugitive, at the house of Hortense, who extended her arms to me: and, as if by some sudden transition of an eastern tale, I suddenly found myself in the midst of the *élite* of the Bonapartists, in the head-quarters of the party, where I found mirth, and where my presence caused intoxication."—*Fouché's Memoirs*, vol. ii. (Editor.)

answers to some questions contained in the letter. These questions related to the regiments which had been sent into the south, and the places of their cantonment. It was inquired whether the choice of the commanders was conformable to what had been agreed on in Paris, and whether Labédoyère was at his post. Precise answers were requested on all these points. On returning the letter to M. de Blacas, I remarked that the contents of the letter called for the adoption of some decided measures, and I asked him what had been done. He answered, "I immediately sent a copy of the letter to M. d'André, that he might give orders for arresting the individual to whom it was addressed."

Having had the opportunity of closely observing the machinery of a vigilant and active government, I was, I must confess, not a little amazed at the insufficiency of the measures adopted to defeat this well-planned conspiracy. When M. de Blacas informed me of all that had been done, I could not repress an exclamation of surprise. "Well," said he, "and what would you have done?"—"In the first place I would not have lost twenty-four hours, which were an age in such a crisis." I then explained the plan I would have adopted. "You are perhaps right, sir," said M. de Blacas, "but what could I do? I am new here. I had not the control of the police, and I trusted to M. d'André."—"Well," said I, "Bonaparte will be here on the 20th of March." With these words I parted from M. de Blacas. I remarked a great change in him. He had lost a vast deal of that hauteur of favouritism, which made him be so much disliked.*

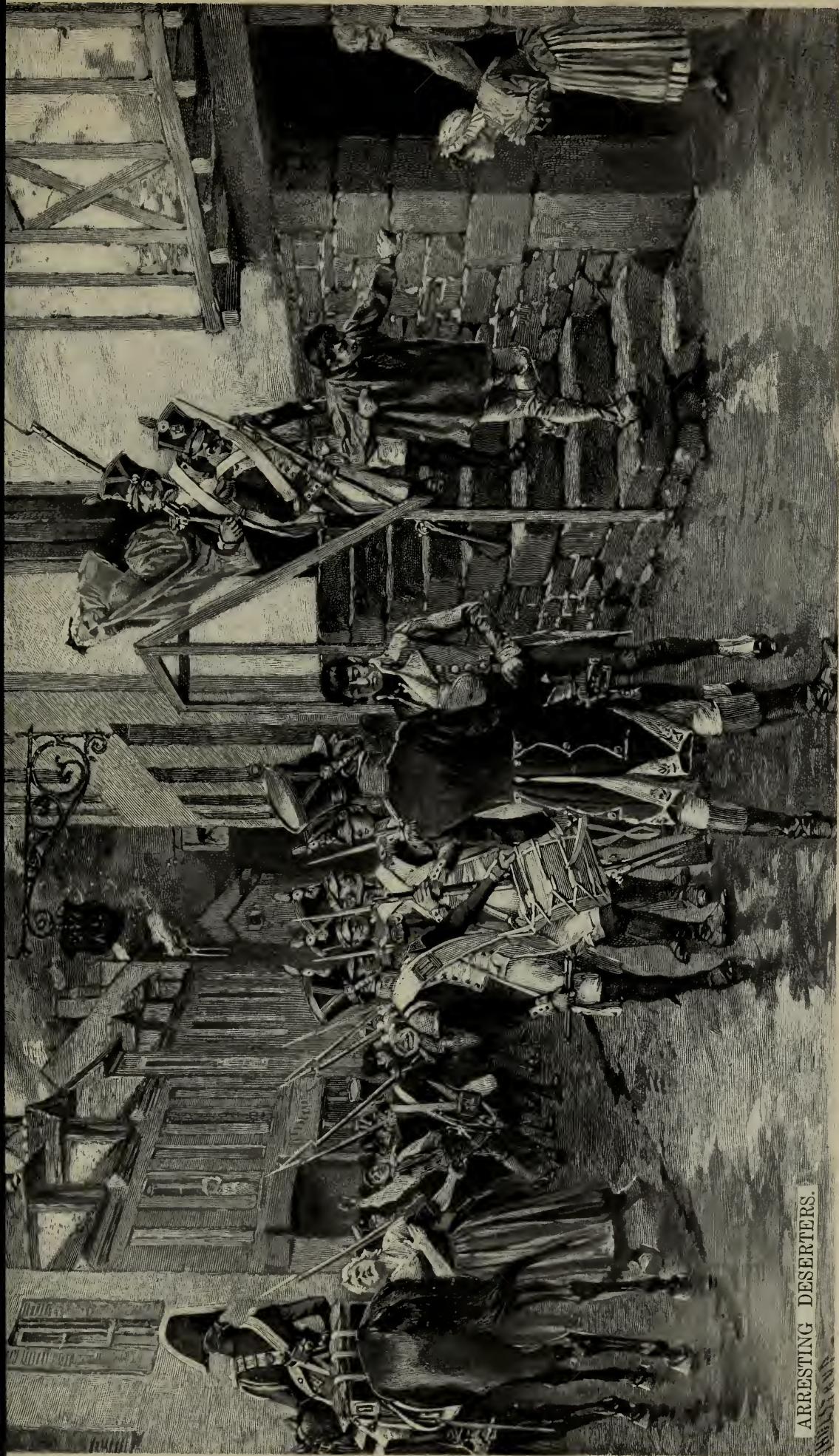
* Fouché, who was a great scoundrel, but a very clever one, completely agrees with Bourrienne as to the pride and incapacity of this emigrant-duke minister. But even the sad events of 1815 did not cure M. de Blacas. Some years after the second restoration we had opportunities of seeing some of his political doings, and of watching his demeanour both in public and private. Nothing could be less skilful than the one, or more repulsive than the other. The man was incorrigible. Fouché says, in his Memoirs:

"Towards the end of June, 1814, the king had ordered M. de Blacas to have a conference with me; accordingly I had a visit from that minister, whom I coldly received. I knew him to be surrounded by persons who were my enemies, and who enjoyed no credit with the public; such as Savary, the old prefect of police, Dubois, and a certain Madame P——, a woman in bad repute, and very notorious; I knew that the whole of them, united, exerted themselves to delude and circumvent M. de Blacas. His unconciliating manner, and his inexperience in business, joined to the aversion with which his cabal inspired me, prevented him from fully comprehending me, while it precluded me from yielding him my entire confidence. However, as Louis XVIII. would be informed that I had shown reserve and mistrust in my communications with his minister, I took up my pen, and the next day wrote a detailed letter to M. de Blacas, under the conviction that the king would be shortly made acquainted with it. I told him that the agitation of France was caused among the people by a dread of the re-establishment of feudal rights; by disquietude respecting their acquisitions, on the part of the possessors of emigrant property; by a doubt as to their personal security, on the part of those who had taken a high tone in de-

When I entered upon my duties in the prefecture of police, the evil was already past remedy. The incorrigible emigration required another lesson, and the momentary resurrection of the empire was inevitable. But, if Bonaparte was recalled, it was not owing to any attachment to him personally: it was not from any fidelity to the recollections of the empire. It was resolved at any price to get rid of those imbecile counsellors, who thought they might treat France like a country conquered by the emigrants. The people determined to straighten the curved line of M. Ferrand, and to free themselves from a government which seemed determined to trample on all that was dear to France. In this state of things, some looked upon Bonaparte as a liberator, but the greater number looked upon him as an instrument. In this last character he was viewed by the old republicans, and by a new generation, who thought they caught a glimpse of liberty in promises, and who were blind enough to believe that the idol of France would be restored by Napoleon.

In February, 1815, while every thing was preparing at Elba for the approaching departure of Napoleon, Murat applied to the court of Vienna for leave to march through the Austrian provinces of Upper Italy an army directed on France. It was on the 26th of the same month that Bonaparte escaped from Elba. These two facts were necessarily connected together; for, in spite of Murat's extravagant ideas, he never could have entertained the expectation of obliging the King of France, by the mere force of arms, to acknowledge his continued possession of the throne of Naples. Since the return of Louis XVIII., the cabinet of the Tuileries had never regarded Murat in any other light than as a usurper, and I know from good authority, that the French plenipotentiaries at the congress of Vienna,

declaring either for the republic, or for Bonaparte; by the loss of, and regret for, so many prospects of glory and fortune, on the part of the army; and, finally, by the astonishment produced in the minds of the constitutionalists, on the publication of the charter (which the king had chosen to characterize as an emanation from his hereditary power). Among these causes, the most dangerous of all was precisely that which all the wisdom of the king and his ministers could not entirely foresee, nor exclude from operation. I refer to the discontent of the army, and I explained its motives; among others, I stated that an army, and more especially an army raised by conscription, always imbibes the general feeling of the nation in which it lives, and that it always ends with being either contented or discontented, like the nation, and in conjunction with the nation. With this cause of discontent, I added, that the genius of Bonaparte still interfered. 'A nation,' I observed, 'in which, for five-and-twenty years, opinions and feelings have been thrown into so strong an action as to impart disturbance to the universe, cannot, without long gradations of interval, return to a tranquil and peaceable condition; to attempt to stop the force of that activity would be impolitic; new fuel must be found for its rapacity; the boundless careers of industry in all the branches of commerce, of the arts, of the sciences, and of the discoveries which they have effected, must be thrown open and enlarged as much as possible; in short, every thing which extends the faculties and the power of man.'—Vol. ii. (*Editor.*)



ARRESTING DESERTERS.

W. H. WOODS

were specially instructed to insist that the restoration of the throne of Naples in favour of the Bourbons of the two Sicilies, should be a consequence of the restoration of the throne of France. I also know that the proposition was firmly opposed on the part of Austria, who had always viewed with jealousy the occupation of three thrones of Europe by the single house of Bourbon.

According to information, for the authenticity of which I can vouch, the following were the plans which Napoleon conceived at Elba: Almost immediately after his arrival in France, he was to order the marshals on whom he could best rely, to defend to the utmost the entrances to the French territory and the approaches to Paris, by a pivot movement round the triple line of fortresses which gird the north and east of France. Davoust was *in petto* singled out for the defence of Paris. He was to arm the inhabitants of the suburbs, and to have, besides, twenty thousand men of the national guard at his disposal. Napoleon, not being aware of the situation of the allies, never supposed that they could concentrate their forces, and march against him so speedily as they did. He hoped to take them by surprise, and defeat their projects, by making Murat march upon Milan, and by stirring up insurrections in Italy. The Po being once crossed, and Murat approaching the capital of Lombardy, Napoleon with the corps of Suchet, Brune, Grouchy, and Masséna, augmented by troops sent, by forced marches, to Lyons, was to cross the Alps, and revolutionize Piedmont. There, having recruited his army and joined the Neapolitans in Milan, he was to proclaim the independence of Italy, unite the whole country under a single chief, and then march at the head of a hundred thousand men on Vienna, by the Julian Alps, across which victory had conducted him in 1797. This was not all; numerous emissaries scattered through Poland and Hungary were to foment discord, and raise the cry of liberty and independence, to alarm Russia and Austria. It must be confessed it would have been an extraordinary spectacle to see Napoleon giving liberty to Europe, in revenge for not having succeeded in enslaving her.

By means of these bold manœuvres and vast combinations, Napoleon calculated that he would have the advantage of commencing the military operations. Perhaps his genius was never more fully developed than in this vast conception. According to this plan, he was to extend his operations over a line of five hundred leagues, from Ostend to Vienna, by the Alps and Italy; to provide himself with immense resources of every kind; to prevent the Emperor of Austria from marching his troops against France, and probably force him to terminate a war, from which the hereditary provinces would have exclusively suffered. Such was the bright prospect which presented itself to Napoleon, when he stepped on board the vessel

which was to convey him from Elba to France. But the mad precipitation of Murat put Europe on the alert, and the brilliant illusion vanished like a dream.*

After being assured that all was tranquil, and that the royal family was secure against every danger, I myself set out at four o'clock on the morning of the 12th of March, taking the road to Lille. Nothing extraordinary occurred until I arrived at the post-office of Fins, in front of which were drawn up a great number of carriages, which had arrived before mine, and the owners of which, like myself, were impatiently waiting for

* "The festivals and entertainments in our court at the beginning of 1815 were more splendid than ever, but much less gay, for the apparent security and confidence of Murat did not sufficiently conceal his real uneasiness; nor did the show of respect on the part of the foreign ambassadors prevent people from seeing that they had an utter aversion to his continuing on the throne. To the surprise of every body not in the secret, Joachim continued his warlike preparations. The movement in the interior of the palace increased every day—couriers were continually despatched, and the arrival and departure of foreigners was more and more frequent. And behold! after some days of extraordinary agitation at court, the news arrived that the Emperor Napoleon, having embarked on the 26th of February at Porto-Ferrajo, with a thousand soldiers, was sailing for France. The messenger who brought this news to Murat, to whom the whole plot was well known previously, arrived in Naples on the evening of the 4th of March, while the king was amusing himself in the private apartments of his wife, where only a few courtiers, ministers, and foreign ambassadors, were present. The king and queen instantly retired alone to another room, whence in a few minutes they returned and joyfully announced the news so welcome to them.

"On the following day Murat despatched extraordinary couriers to the courts of Austria and England, with letters declaring that whether Napoleon succeeded or failed in his enterprise, he (Joachim), firm in his policy, would not fail in faithfully maintaining the anti-Bonaparte alliances he had formed. These declarations were frauds and deceptions, for the king nourished in his heart designs perfectly contrary to them. He doubted the good faith of Austria and the congress assembled at Vienna: he remembered all the faults and acts of injustice committed there, as also the threats he had received. He again relied upon the good fortune of Napoleon, whom he already fancied reseatd on his throne, the most powerful—the first monarch in Europe! His heart grieved at the recollection of the evil he had recently done the French in Upper Italy, and he now hoped to make amends for it, by deeds which should aid and assist the bold enterprise of his brother-in-law. And mixed up with all these thoughts was the ambitious desire of making himself master of all Italy—to hold it, and then after the event, to treat diplomatically with Austria or with France, according as victory should declare herself for Napoleon or for the allies. He knew he should surprise the Austrians; he did not fear the English, because he had concluded an armistice with them; nor did the allies cause him uneasiness, as they would be fully occupied with the war on the French frontiers."

Murat's ministers, his friends, nay, even his wife, the very sister of Bonaparte, endeavoured to dissuade him from this rash undertaking, or to induce him at least to delay its execution and quietly wait events. But he would not listen to reason. He would not be bound by the engagements he had entered into with Napoleon, who was to give him the *mot-d'ordre*, when he was to throw off the mask, and on the 15th of March, just eleven days after his receiving the news of his brother-in-law's escape from Elba, he openly declared war. On the 22d of March, the Neapolitan army advanced upon Upper Italy, and Murat rushed blindly and precipitately to his ruin.—See *Storia del Reame di Napoli, del Generale Pietro Colletta.* (Editor.)

horses. I soon observed that some one called the postmaster aside, in a way which did not appear entirely exempt from mystery, and I acknowledge I felt some degree of alarm. I was in the room in which the travellers were waiting, and my attention was attracted by a large bill fixed against the wall. It was printed in French and Russian, and it proved to be the order of the day which I had been fortunate enough to obtain from the Emperor Alexander to exempt posthorses, &c., from the requisitions of the allied troops.

I was standing looking at the bill when the postmaster came into the room, and advanced towards me:—"Sir," said he, "that is an order of the day which saved me from ruin."—"Then, surely you would not harm the man by whom it is signed?"—"I know you, sir, I recognised you immediately. I saw you in Paris, when you were director of the post-office, and you granted a just claim which I had upon you. I have now come to tell you that they are harnessing two horses to your calash, and you may set off at full speed." The worthy man had assigned to my use the only two horses at his disposal; his son performed the office of postilion, and I set off, to the no small dissatisfaction of some of the travellers who had arrived before me, and who, perhaps, had as good reasons as I to avoid the presence of Napoleon.

I arrived at Lille at eleven o'clock on the night of the 21st. Here I encountered another vexation, though not of an alarming kind. The gates of the town were closed, and I was obliged to content myself with a miserable night's lodging in the suburb.

I entered Lille on the 22d and Louis XVIII. arrived on the 23d. His majesty also found the gates closed, and more than an hour elapsed before an order could be obtained for opening them; for the Duke of Orleans, who commanded the town, was inspecting the troops when his majesty arrived. The king was perfectly well received at Lille. There indeed appeared some symptoms of defection, but it must be acknowledged that the officers of the old army had been so singularly sacrificed to the promotion of the returned emigrants, that it was very natural the former should hail the return of the man who had so often led them to victory. I put up at the Hotel de Gand, certainly without forming any prognostic respecting the future residence of the king. When I saw his majesty's retinue I went down and stood at the door of the hotel, where, as soon as Louis XVIII. perceived me, he distinguished me from among all the persons who were awaiting his arrival, and holding out his hand for me to kiss, he said, "Follow me, M. de Bourrienne."

On entering the apartments prepared for him the king expressed to me his satisfaction of my conduct since the restoration, and especially during the short interval I had discharged the functions of prefect of the police. He did me the honour to invite me to breakfast with him. The conversation naturally

turned on the events of the day, of which every one present spoke according to his hopes or fears. Observing that Louis XVIII. concurred in Berthier's discouraging view of affairs, I ventured to repeat what I had already said at the Tuileries, that judging from the disposition of the sovereigns of Europe; and the information which I had received, it appeared very probable that his majesty would be seated on his throne in three months. Berthier bit his nails as he did when he wanted to leave the army of Egypt and return to Paris to the object of his adoration. I could perceive that the king regarded my observation as one of those compliments which he was accustomed to receive, and that he had no great confidence in the fulfilment of my prediction. However, wishing to seem to believe it, he said what he had more than hinted before: "M. de Bourrienne, as long as I am king, you shall be my prefect of the police."

It was the decided resolution of Louis XVIII. to remain in France as long as he could; but the Napoleon fever, which spread like an epidemy among the troops, had infected the garrison of Lille. Mortier expressed to me his well-founded fears, and repeatedly recommended me to urge the king to quit Lille speedily, in order to avoid any fatal occurrence. During the two days I passed with his majesty, I entreated him to yield to the imperious circumstances in which he was placed. At length the king, with deep regret, consented to go, and I left Lille the day before that fixed for his majesty's departure.

In September, 1814, the king had appointed me chargé-d'affaires from France to Hamburg, but not having received orders to repair to my post, I have not hitherto mentioned this nomination. However, when Louis XVIII. was on the point of leaving France, he thought that my presence in Hamburg might be useful for the purpose of making him acquainted with all that might interest him in the north of Germany. But it was not there that danger was to be apprehended. There were two points to be watched: the head-quarters of Napoleon and the king's council at Ghent. I lost no time in repairing to a city where I was sure of finding a great many friends. On passing through Brussels I alighted at the Hotel de Bellevue, where the Duke de Berri arrived shortly after me. His royal highness then invited me to breakfast with him, and conversed with me very confidentially. I afterwards continued my journey.

CHAPTER II.

1815.

Message to Madame de Bourrienne on the 20th of March—Napoleon's nocturnal entrance into Paris—General Berton sent to my family by Caulaincourt—Recollection of old persecutions—General Driesen—Solution of an enigma—Seals placed on my effects—Useless searches—Persecution of women—Madame de Staël and Madame de Récamier—Paris during the hundred days—The federates and patriotic songs—Declaration of the plenipotentiaries at Vienna.

AT Lille, and afterwards at Hamburg, I received letters from my family, which I had looked for with great impatience. They contained particulars of what had occurred relative to me since Bonaparte's return to Paris. Two hours after my departure, Madame de Bourrienne also left Paris, accompanied by her children, and proceeded to an asylum which had been offered her seven leagues from the capital. She left, at my house in Paris, her sister, two of her brothers, and her friend the Countess Neuilly, who had resided with us since her return from emigration.

On the very morning of my wife's departure, namely, the 20th of March, a man, with whom I had always been on terms of friendship, and who was entirely devoted to Bonaparte, sent to request that Madame de Bourrienne would call on him, as he wished to speak to her on most important and urgent business. My sister-in-law informed the messenger that my wife had left Paris; but begging a friend to accompany her, she went herself to the individual, whose name will be probably guessed, though I do not mention it. The person who came with the message to my house, put many questions to Madame de Bourrienne's sister respecting my absence, and advised her, above all things, to conjure me not to follow the king; observing, that the cause of Louis XVIII. was utterly lost, and that I should do well to retire quietly to Burgundy, as there was no doubt of my obtaining the emperor's pardon.

At nine o'clock on the same evening, the very hour of Bonaparte's arrival at the Tuileries, a lady, a friend of my family, and whose son served in the young guard, called and requested to see Madame de Bourrienne. She refused to enter the house lest she should be seen, and my sister-in-law went down to

the garden to speak to her without a light. This lady's brother had been, on the preceding night, to Fontainebleau to see Bonaparte, and he had directed his sister to desire me to remain in Paris, and to retain my post in the prefecture of the police, as I was sure of a full and complete pardon.

Nothing could be more gloomy than Bonaparte's entrance into Paris. He arrived at night, in the midst of a thick fog. The streets were almost deserted, and a vague feeling of terror prevailed almost generally in the capital. On the morning of the 21st, General Berton, who has since been the victim of his mad enterprises, called at my house, and requested to speak with me and Madame de Bourrienne. He was received by my wife's sister and brothers, and stated that he came from M. de Caulaincourt, to renew the assurances of safety which had already been given to me. I was, I confess, very sensible of these proofs of friendship when they came to my knowledge; but I did not, for a single moment, repent the course I adopted. I could not forget the intrigues of which I had been the object since 1811, nor the continual threats of arrest which, during that year, had not left me a moment's quiet; and since I now revert to that time, I may take the opportunity of explaining how, in 1814, I was made acquainted with the real causes of the persecution to which I had been a prey. A person, whose name prudence forbids me mentioning, communicated to me the following letter, the original copy of which is in my possession :

MONSIEUR LE DUC DE BASSANO,

I send you some very important documents respecting the Sieur Bourrienne; and I beg you will make me a confidential report on this affair. Keep these documents for yourself alone. This business demands the utmost secrecy. Every thing induces me to believe that Bourrienne has carried on a series of intrigues with London. Bring me the report on Thursday. I pray God, &c.

NAPOLEON.

Paris, December 25, 1811.

I could now clearly perceive what to me had hitherto been enveloped in obscurity; but I was not, as yet, made acquainted with the documents mentioned in Napoleon's epistle. Still, however, the cause of his animosity directed against me was an enigma which I was unable to guess; but I obtained its solution some time afterwards.

General Driesen, who was the governor of Mittau while Louis XVIII. resided in that town, came to Paris in 1814. I had been well acquainted with him in 1810, at Hamburg, where he lived for a considerable time. While at Mittau he conceived a chivalrous and enthusiastic friendship for the King of France. We were at first distrustful of each other; but afterwards the most intimate confidence arose between us. General Driesen looked forward with certainty to the return of

the Bourbons to France; and in the course of our frequent conversations on his favourite theme, he gradually threw off all reserve, and at length disclosed to me that he was maintaining a correspondence with the king. He told me that he had sent to Hartwell several drafts of proclamations, with none of which, he said, the king was satisfied. On showing me the copy of the last of these drafts, I frankly told him, that I was quite of the king's opinion as to its unfitness. I observed, that if the king should one day return to France, and act as the general advised, he would not keep possession of his throne six months. Driesen then requested me to dictate a draft of a proclamation conformably with my ideas. This I consented to do, on one condition, viz., that he would never mention my name in connexion with the business, either in writing or conversation. General Driesen promised this, and I then dictated to him a draft which I would now candidly lay before the reader if I had a copy of it. I may add, that in the different proclamations of Louis XVIII., I remarked several passages precisely corresponding with the draft I had dictated at Hamburg.

During the four years which intervened between my return to Paris and the downfall of the empire, it several times occurred to me that General Driesen had betrayed my secret; and on his very first visit to me after the restoration, our conversation happening to turn on Hamburg, I asked him whether he had not disclosed what I wished him to conceal? "Well," said he, "there is no harm in telling the truth now. After you had left Hamburg, the king wrote to me, inquiring the name of the author of the last draft I had sent him, which was very different from all that had preceded it. I did not answer this question; but the king having repeated it in a second letter, and having demanded an answer, I was compelled to break my promise to you; and I put into the post-office of Gothenberg, in Sweden, a letter for the king, in which I mentioned your name."

The mystery was now revealed to me. I clearly saw what had excited in Napoleon's mind the suspicion that I was carrying on intrigues with England. I have no doubt as to the way in which the affair came to his knowledge. The king must have disclosed my name to one of those persons whose situations placed them above the suspicion of any betrayal of confidence, and thus the circumstance must have reached the ear of Bonaparte. This is not a mere hypothesis; for I well know how promptly and faithfully Napoleon was informed of all that was said and done at Hartwell.

Having shown General Driesen Napoleon's accusatory letter, he begged that I would intrust him with it for a day or two, saying he would show it to the king at a private audience. His object was to serve me, and to excite Louis XVIII's interest in my behalf, by briefly relating to him the whole affair. The

general came to me on leaving the Tuileries, and assured me that the king, after perusing the letter, had observed, that I might think myself very happy in not having been shot. I know not whether Napoleon was afterwards informed of the details of this affair, which certainly had no connexion with any intrigues with England, and which, after all, would have been a mere peccadillo in comparison with the conduct I thought it my duty to adopt at the time of the restoration.

Meanwhile, Madame de Bourrienne informed me by an express, that seals were to be placed on the effects of all the persons included in the decree of Lyons, and consequently upon mine. As soon as my wife received information of this she quitted her retreat, and repaired to Paris to face the storm. On the 29th of March, at nine in the evening, the police-agents presented themselves at my house. Madame de Bourrienne remonstrated against the measure, and the undue hour that was chosen for its execution; but all was in vain, and there was no alternative but to submit.

But the matter did not end with the first formalities performed by Fouché's alguazils. During the month of May, seven persons were appointed to examine my papers, and among the inquisitorial septemvirate were two men well known, and filling high situations. One of these executed his commission, but the other, sensible of the odium attached to it, wrote to say he was unwell, and never came. The number of my inquisitors, *in domo*, was thus reduced to six. They behaved with great rudeness, and executed their mission with a rigour and severity exceedingly painful to my family. They carried their search so far as to rummage the pockets of my old clothes, and even to unrip the linings. All this was done in the hope of finding something that would commit me in the eyes of the new master of France. But I was not to be caught in that way; and before leaving home, I had taken such precautions as to set my mind perfectly at ease.

However, those who had declared themselves strongly against Napoleon, were not the only persons who had reason to be alarmed at his return. Women even, by a system of inquisition unworthy of the emperor, but unfortunately quite in unison with his hatred of all liberty, were condemned to exile, and had cause to apprehend further severity. It is for the exclusive admirers of the chief of the empire to approve of every thing which proceeded from him, even his rigour against a defenceless sex: it is for them to laugh at the misery of a woman, and a writer of genius, condemned, without any form of trial, to the most severe punishment, short of death. For my part, I saw neither justice nor pleasantry in the exile of Madame de Chevreuse, for having had the courage (and courage was not common then, even among men) to say that she was not made to be the jailer of the Queen



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

OWNED BY THE DUC DE BROGLIE.

MME. DE STAËL.

of Spain.* In the communications between the illustrious exile of Coppet and the emperor, (as for example in the interview between the latter and young Baron Augustus de Staël, which I have described,) I leave the unprejudiced reader to determine on which side was the advantage of dignity of conduct and greatness of mind. On Napoleon's return from the isle of Elba, Madame de Staël was in a state of weakness, which rendered her unable to bear any sudden and violent emotion. This debilitated state of health had been produced by her flight from Coppet to Russia, immediately after the birth of the son, who was the fruit of her marriage with M. Rocca. In spite of the danger of a journey in such circumstances, she saw greater danger in staying where she was, and she set out on her new exile. That exile was not of long duration; but Madame de Staël never recovered from the effect of the alarm and fatigue it occasioned her.

The name of the authoress of "Corinne," naturally calls to mind that of the friend who was most faithful to her in misfortune, and who was not herself screened from the severity of Napoleon, by the just and universal admiration of which she was the object. In 1815, Madame Récamier did not leave Paris, to which she had returned in 1814, though her exile was not revoked. I know positively that Hortense assured her of the pleasure she would feel in receiving her, and that Madame Récamier, as an excuse for declining the perilous honour, observed, that she had determined never again to appear in the world, as long as her friends should be persecuted.

The frequent interviews between Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël were not calculated to bring Napoleon to sentiments and measures of moderation. He became more and more irritated at this friendship between two women formed for each other's society; and, on the occasion of one of Madame de Récamier's journeys to Coppet, he informed her, through the medium of Fouché, that she was perfectly at liberty to go to Switzerland, but not to return to Paris: "Ah! Monseigneur, a great man may be pardoned for the weakness of loving women, but not for fearing them." This was the only reply of Madame Récamier to Fouché, when she set out for Coppet.†

* Napoleon, on being informed of this remark said, "She would like to act the part of the Duchess de Chevreuse, of the Fronde; but I will let her see that she has not to deal with a minor king." Madame de Chevreuse died of a broken heart, caused by her exile.

† The beautiful Madame Récamier, whose pure reputation stood unassailed during those stormy times in which few escaped censure, was residing with Madame de Staël, to whom she had heroically devoted herself, when one of the Prussian princes, who had been made prisoner at Eylau, and who was proceeding to Italy by Napoleon's permission, alighted at the castle of Coppet, with the intention of resting only for a few hours. Here, however, he was detained during the whole of the summer by the charms of Madame Récamier, who was voluntarily sharing the exile of her friend. This lady, and the young

I had no opportunity of observing the aspect of Paris during that memorable period, recorded in history by the name of the hundred days; but the letters which I received at the time, together with all that I afterwards heard, concurred in assuring me that the capital never presented so melancholy a picture as during those three months. No one felt any confidence in the duration of Napoleon's second reign; and it was said, without any sort of reserve, that Fouché, while serving the cause of usurpation, would secretly betray it. The future was viewed with alarm, and the present with dissatisfaction. The sight of the federates who paraded the Faubourgs and the Boulevards, vociferating, "The republic for ever!" and "Death to the royalists!" their sanguinary songs, the revolutionary airs played in our theatres, all tended to produce a fearful torpor in the public mind, and the issue of the impending events was anxiously awaited.

One of the circumstances, which, at the commencement of the hundred days, most contributed to open the eyes of those who were yet dazzled by the past glory of Napoleon, was the assurance with which he declared that the empress and his son would be restored to him, though nothing warranted that announcement. It was evident that he could not count on any ally; and in spite of the prodigious activity with which a new army was raised, those persons must have been blind indeed who could imagine the possibility of his triumphing over Europe, again armed to oppose him. I deplored the inevitable disasters which Bonaparte's bold enterprise would entail; but I had such certain information respecting the intentions of the allied powers, and the spirit which animated the plenipotentiaries at Vienna, that I could not for a moment doubt the issue of the conflict. Thus, I was not at all surprised, when I received at Hamburg the minutes of the conferences at Vienna, dated May 1815.

When the first intelligence of Bonaparte's landing was received at Vienna, it must be confessed that very little had been

prince, both considered themselves as the victims of Napoleon, and their common hatred of him, whom they looked upon as their oppressor, probably engendered the interest which they mutually conceived for each other. Inspired with an ardent passion, the prince, in spite of the difficulties which his exalted rank naturally suggested, conceived the idea of marrying Madame Récamier. He communicated his designs to Madame de Staël, whose poetic imagination prompted her to favour a scheme that was calculated to diffuse a sort of romantic interest over Coppet. The prince was recalled to Berlin, but absence produced no change in his sentiments. He still ardently prosecuted his suit; but Madame Récamier constantly declined this unexpected elevation, either from natural generosity of feeling, or from her catholic prejudices against divorce.

"To this circumstance we are indebted for the picture of Corinne, which is accounted one of the most original creations of Gerard's pencil. The prince ordered the picture as a compliment to Madame Récamier."—*Mémorial de Sainte Hélène*.

done at the congress; for measures calculated to reconstruct a solid and durable order of things, could only be framed and adopted deliberately, and upon mature reflection. Louis XVIII. had instructed his plenipotentiaries to defend and support the principles of justice and the law of nations, so as to secure the rights of all parties, and avert the chances of a new war. The congress was occupied with these important objects, when intelligence was received of Napoleon's departure from Elba, and his landing at the Gulf of Juan. The plenipotentiaries then signed the protocol of the conferences to which I have above alluded.

MANIFESTO ISSUED BY THE ALLIED MINISTERS ASSEMBLED AT THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

“By breaking the convention which had established him in the island of Elba, Bonaparte destroys the only legal title on which his existence depended; and, by appearing again in France with projects of confusion and disorders, he has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and has manifested to the universe, that there can be neither peace nor truce with him.

“The powers consequently declare, that Napoleon Bonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world, he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance. They declare at the same time, that firmly resolved to maintain entire the Treaty of Paris of the 30th of May, 1814, and the dispositions sanctioned by that treaty, and those which they have resolved on, or shall hereafter resolve on, to complete and to consolidate it, they will employ all their means, and will unite all their efforts, that the general peace, the object of the wishes of Europe, and the constant purpose of their labours, may not again be troubled; and to provide against every attempt which shall threaten to replunge the world into the disorders of revolution.”

In escaping from Elba, Napoleon had calculated largely on the old dilatoriness of the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian cabinet, and on the difficulties they would encounter in combining their movements with such heterogeneous masses of troops. But in this calculation he was disappointed: This time all the allied powers acted with admirable promptitude and decision. Their manifesto was immediately followed by a treaty between England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, renewing the league formerly entered into at Chaumont.

Art. 1. Declared that they would enforce the treaty of Paris, which excluded Napoleon from the throne, and also enforce the decree of outlawry issued against him.

Art. 2. Each of the contracting parties agreed to maintain constantly in the field not less than 150,000 men.

Art. 3. They agreed never to lay down their arms except by common consent, until Bonaparte was disposed of and the peace of Europe made secure.

The articles 4, 5, and 6, were merely explanatory, but it was stipulated in

Art. 7. That the other European powers should be invited to accede to the treaty.

Art. 8. Set forth that Louis XVIII., the legitimate King of France, should be particularly called upon to become a party to it.

A separate article provided that Great Britain, unaccustomed to raise armies of 150,000 men, should have the option of furnishing her contingent in men, or of paying instead at the rate of 20*l.* per annum for every foot-soldier, and 30*l.* for every horse-soldier that might be deficient in her complement. Another clause inserted does infinite honour to an accomplished, but much abused diplomatist—we mean the late Lord Castlereagh.

Referring to the 8th article of the treaty, it declared that it should not be considered as binding his Britannic Majesty to prosecute the war, with the aim and attempt of forcibly imposing on France any particular government.

Though very unpalatable to some of them, the other contracting powers accepted the adhesion of England under this explanation and explicit limitation.—*Editor.*

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.*

Napoleon at Elba—His conversations and transactions there—His escape from Elba—His landing near Cannes—March on Paris.

At the very moment that Lord Byron (who, in common with almost every one else, thought the first abdication and retirement to Elba the last page of Bonaparte's public history) was engaged in composing his magnificent ode to Bonaparte,†

* By the Editor.

† This ode describes so accurately the fallen state of the great conqueror, that we shall be pardoned for introducing it in this place, by permission of Mr. Murray.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

I.

'Tis done—but yesterday a king!
And arm'd with kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fall'n so far.

II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

III.

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those pagod things of sabre-sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV.

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quell'd!—Dark spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

V.

The desolator desolate!
The victor overthrown!
The arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope,
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI.

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound;
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how look'd he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest-prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII.

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

VIII.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled with:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leavest the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All evil spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart,
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

X.

And earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
And thank'd him for a throne!
Fair freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Napoleon was devising the means of escape from the place of his exile, in order that he might carry into effect the most daring scheme ever conceived in the whole course of his extraordinary career. We mean, of course, his march on Paris, his dethroning of Louis XVIII., and his braving the hostile alliance of nearly the whole of Europe.

Lord Ebrington visited Napoleon at Elba just at this point of time, and the memoranda he afterwards presented to the public of his conversations with the ex-emperor, form one of the most interesting documents we are acquainted with. By his kind permission we are enabled to make use of the materials which his lordship collected.

“ Porto-Ferrajo, Monday, Dec. 6, 1814.

“ I went by appointment at eight o'clock in the evening to the palace, and after waiting a few minutes, was shown into the room to Napoleon.

“ After some questions about myself and my family, he asked eagerly about France, saying, ‘ *Dites-moi franchement, sont-ils contents*’ (Tell me frankly, are they contented)? I said, ‘ *Comme ça*’ (So so). He replied, ‘ They cannot be; they have been too much humbled by the peace—they have had a king imposed upon them, and imposed upon them by England. Lord Wellington’s appointment must be very galling to the army, and so must the great attentions shown him by the king, as if opposing his own private feelings to those of the country.* The Bourbons were not calculated to be popular with a people like the French.’ Madame d’An-

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain—
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night ?

XII.

Weigh’d in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay ;
Thy scales, mortality ! are just
To all that pass away ;
But yet, methought, the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay ;
Nor deem’d contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

XIII.

And she, proud Austria’s mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride ;
How bears her breast the torturing hour ?
Still clings she to thy side ?
Must she too bend ; must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless homicide ?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
’Tis worth thy vanish’d diadem !

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,
And gaze upon the sea ;
That element may meet thy smile,
It ne’er was ruled by thee !
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That earth is now as free !
That Corinth’s pedagogue hath now
Transferr’d his by-word to thy brow.

XV.

Thou Timour ! in thy captive cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison’d rage ?
But one—“ The world *was* mine !”
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour’d so widely forth—
So long obey’d—so little worth !

XVI.

Or like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock ?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock ?
Foredoom’d by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very fiend’s arch mock ;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died !

* Lord Wellington was appointed British ambassador to France at the conclusion of the campaign of 1814.



FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

goulême, he had heard was plain and awkward. ‘*Il falloit pour l’ange de la paix du moins une femme spirituelle ou jolie.*’ (For the angel of peace, a witty or a pretty woman was required at least.) The king and Monsieur were too much influenced by priests. The Duke d’Angoulême, he had been told, was weak, ‘*et le Duc de Berri a fait dernièrement, à ce que l’on dit, bien sottises*’ (and the Duke de Berri, according to report, has been committing a great many follies of late). Besides they had been the instruments of making a peace on terms to which he (Napoleon) never would have consented; giving up Belgium, which the nation had been taught to consider as an integral part of the dominions of France, and of which it would never quietly submit to be stripped. He said he spoke not from what he had heard: ‘for I have no news except from the newspapers, or from the reports of travellers; but I know the French character well: it is not proud, like the English, but it is much more vain-glorious; vanity is its principal feature, and the vanity of a Frenchman makes him capable of undertaking any thing.’ The army was naturally attached to him (Napoleon): ‘for I had been their comrade. I had had some success with them, and they knew that I recompensed them handsomely: but at present they feel that they are nothing. There are at this moment in France 700,000 men who have borne arms, and the last campaigns have only served to show them how superior they are to their enemies. They render justice to the valour of your British troops; but they despise all the rest.’”

This last assertion was, doubtless, insincere. More than one bloody campaign had taught the French soldiery that the Russians and their iron columns were not to be despised, and in the course of the war, in 1813 and 1814, the Austrians and Prussians (particularly the latter) had commanded respect.

Bonaparte then talked about the conscription, on which subject he advanced what was decidedly untrue. He spoke of corps of a higher description for gentlemen to serve in, ‘For,’ said he, ‘I know it is hard for a gentleman to be taken for a common soldier.’ He said he had always been desirous of bringing forward the nobility, and that he had had in his army many young men of old families who behaved very well.

All this was pretty true, but Bonaparte felt at the time he was talking to an English nobleman, and shaped his discourse accordingly.

“He felt that France wanted an aristocracy: ‘but for that it required time. I have made princes and dukes, and given them large estates; but I could not make real noblemen of them.’ He meant, however, gradually to have intermarried them with the old nobility, as he had done in some instances, ‘and if,’ said he, ‘the twenty years I demanded for the grandeur of France had been granted me, I would have done a good deal: but fate

has determined otherwise.' The king, he thought, ought to follow the same plan, instead of advancing those so much who, for the last twenty years, had been '*enterrés dans les greniers de Londres*' (buried in the garrets of London).

"He considered the House of Peers as the great bulwark of the English constitution, which he thought would be overturned, if there were in the country materials for making another such assembly, equal in all respects to the present; 'but in France,' he observed, 'I could make you forty senates just as good as the one they have got.' On my remarking, that I thought he laid too much stress on the peerage, he said, that in mentioning the House of Peers, he meant to include the parliament in general, which he considered as representing, by descent or by election, the heads of the commercial, as well as the landed interest, which were what he called the aristocracy of a country. That this aristocracy had enabled the royal family to get over that affair of the Duke of York.

"He had read most of the pamphlets published in France since his abdication. 'Some of them,' said he, 'call me a traitor—a coward; but it is only truth that wounds—the French well know that I am no coward.' The wisest plan of the Bourbons would be to follow, with regard to me, the same rule I observed with respect to them, which was not to suffer people to speak either ill or well of them.

"Speaking of the finances of France, he said, '*Tout ce que j'ai fait imprimer sur ce sujet est de l'évangile*' (All that I directed to be printed upon this subject is strictly true). His civil list income was 30,000,000 francs, but the expenditure seldom exceeded 18,000,000, and with that he had finished two or three of the palaces. His table cost 1,000,000 francs. His stable and *chasse*, including 700 horses, 2,000,000. He had an excellent treasurer, whom he named, but I forget—it has escaped my recollection. Besides this he had the disposal of the '*Domaines extraordinaires*,' a fund of 200,000,000, out of which he made presents, and rewarded those who distinguished themselves. To my question 'whence was this fund derived?' he answered, 'Out of the contributions of my enemies: Austria, for two treaties of peace, paid me by secret articles 300,000,000 francs, and Prussia just as enormously.' I inquired whether he had received any thing from Russia? He said, 'No!' I asked him what he thought of the Emperor Alexander? 'Oh! he is a true Greek! one cannot rely on him. He is, however, intelligent, and has certain liberal ideas with which he was imbued by one of our French *philosophes*—Laharpe, who brought him up. But he is so fickle and false that one can never know whether the sentiments he utters proceed from his real conviction, or from a species of vanity to put himself in contrast with his real position.'

"In elucidation of this he mentioned an argument they had

had upon forms of government, in which Alexander maintained a preference for elective monarchy. His (Napoleon's) opinion was quite contrary, for 'who is fit to be so elected? *Un César, un Alexandre, dont on ne trouve pas un par siècle*' (A Cæsar or an Alexander, who is not to be found once in a century): so that the election must after all be a matter of chance, *et la succession vaut sûrement mieux que les dez*' (and the law of succession is surely better than the dice). During the fortnight that they were at Tilsit, the two emperors dined together nearly every day, '*mais nous nous levions bientôt de table pour nous débarrasser du Roi de Prusse qui nous ennuyoit. Vers les neuf heures, l'Empereur revenait chez moi en frac prendre le thé*' (but we rose early from table to get rid of the King of Prussia who bored us. About nine o'clock the Emperor Alexander returned in plain clothes to drink tea with me), and remained conversing very agreeably on different subjects, for the most part philosophical or political, sometimes till two or three o'clock in the morning.' The Emperor Francis, he said, had more honesty but less capacity. '*Je me ferois à lui bien plutôt qu'à l'autre, et s'il me donnait sa parole de faire telle ou telle chose, je serois persuadé qu'au moment de la donner, il aurait l'intention de s'y tenir; mais son esprit est bien borné, point d'énergie, point de caractère*' (I would rely upon him sooner than on the other, and if he gave me his word to do such or such a thing, I would be persuaded that at the moment of giving it he meant to keep it; but his mind is very limited—no energy—no character). The King of Prussia he called '*un caporal*,' without an idea beyond the dress of a soldier, '*infiniment le plus bête des trois*' (infinitely the greatest fool of the three). The Archduke Charles was '*un esprit très-médiocre*,' who had, however, on some occasion, shewn himself not to be without military talent."

He discoursed for some time on the Russian campaign; but on that subject, as on several others he attempted to mystify Lord Ebrington, and did not tell him the whole of the truth.

"He spoke lightly of the talents of his marshals, but having once elevated them it had been his system to maintain them. He had always been indulgent respecting military errors, as he evinced in not removing Marmont from his command, after the loss of his artillery at Laon, which he now believed to have been treachery. He said that Augereau was a '*mauvais sujet*' (a bad fellow), who he thought had made his terms a month before he declared himself. He spoke well of Massena, '*Il s'est, je crois, bien comporté, comme aussi les Maréchaux Soult et Davoust*' (I believe he behaved well as did also Marshals Soult and Davoust). I asked if he was not surprised at Berthier having been among the first to hail the king's arrival. He answered with a smile, '*On m'a dit qu'il a fait quelques sottises de cette espèce; mais ce n'est pas une tête forte. Je l'avois avancé plus qu'il ne méritoit, puisqu'il m'étoit utile pour la plume. D'ail-*

leurs je vous assure que c'est un bon diable, qui s'il me voyoit seroit le premier à me témoigner ses regret de ce qu'il a fait, les larmes aux yeux' (I have been told he has committed some follies of the kind; but his head is not a strong one. I had promoted him more than he deserved, because I found his pen useful. Besides, I assure you, he is a good fellow, and if he saw me he would be the first to express regret for what he has done, with tears in his eyes).

"I asked him what he thought of the King of Spain? he said he was not without natural understanding, but ignorant and bigoted from the faults of his education, which had been left entirely to priests. '*D'ailleurs le caractère le plus dissimulé que j'ai jamais vu*' (Moreover the most dissimulating character I ever knew). He considered Charles IV. to be honest and well-intentioned, but with very little capacity. His queen, I think, he called '*une méchante femme*' (a wicked woman); but I do not recollect his saying much about her.

"He inquired if I had seen '*le beau Musée que je leur ai donné à Paris*' (the beautiful museum that I have given them at Paris)? But expressed some regret at having taken away so many fine things from Italy. '*J'ai été en cela un peu injuste; mais je ne pensois alors qu'à la France*' (I was rather unjust in that, but at that time I thought only of France). He had meant, however, to acquit his debt one day to Italy, by separating it from the French empire, and by forming it altogether into an independent kingdom for his son. I asked him if the King of Naples (Murat), would not have made an obstacle to this arrangement. He said, 'Yes, for the present, but I should have settled that somehow or other by the time my son came of age.' He had found the Italians lazy and effeminate, '*Mais j'ai fini par en faire d'aussi bons soldats que les Français*' (But I finished by making them as good soldiers as the French). On my naming the Viceroy, he said, '*C'est un jeune homme que j'ai toujours traité comme mon fils, et dont j'ai toujours eü lieu de me louer*' (He is a young man whom I have always treated as my son, and who has always deserved my praise). I asked if he was not a very good officer, he said, '*Oui, il s'est toujours très-bien conduit*' (Yes, he has always behaved very well); but he is by no means a man of superior talents.' He questioned me a good deal about Milan; the disposition of the people towards him; whether the things he had begun there were going on, &c.; and seemed pleased at my admiration of the Simplon, which led him to speak of the roads and other public works he had made, or intended to have made, in different parts of the French dominions: Among them he particularly mentioned the dockyards at Antwerp and Venice.

"He asked me, '*Que feroit-on avec moi si je venois en Angleterre? serois-je lapidé*' (What would they do with me if I were to go to England? Should I be stoned)? I replied, that

he would be perfectly safe there, as the violent feelings which had been excited against him were daily subsiding, now that we were no longer at war. He said, smiling, '*Je crois pourtant qu'il y auroit toujours quelque risque de la part de votre mob de Londres*' (I believe, however, that there would always be some risk on the part of your London mob). I then mentioned to him the odium that some of his acts had produced in England, and instanced the execution of the Duke d'Enghien. He justified it on the score of his being engaged in a treasonable conspiracy; and having made two journeys to Strasburg in disguise, in consequence of which he had been seized and tried by a military commission, which sentenced him to be shot. '*On m'a dit qu'il demanda à me parler ; ce qui me toucha, car je savois que c'étoit un jeune homme de cœur et de mérite ; je crois même que je l'aurois peut-être vu ; mais M. de Talleyrand m'en empêcha, disant :** *N'allez pas vous compromettre avec un Bourbon : vous ne savez pas ce qui en pourront être les suites ; le vin est tiré, il faut le boire*' (I have been told he desired to speak with me ; which affected me, for I knew he was a young man of spirit and talent. I even believe that I would have seen him ; but M. de Talleyrand hindered me, saying, 'Don't commit yourself with a Bourbon : you know not what may be the consequences of it : the wine is drawn—it must be drank'). I asked him if it was true that the duke was shot by torch-light ? He replied, '*Eh ! non ; cela auroit été contre la loi* (Ah ! no ; that would have been contrary to law). The execution took place at the usual hour, about eight in the morning ; and I immediately ordered the official report of it, with the sentence, to be published in every town in France.' I mentioned the idea that prevailed in England as to the murder of Captain Wright. He did not recollect the name ; but on my saying that he was a companion of Sir Sidney Smith, he said, '*Est-il donc mort en prison ? car j'ai entièrement oublié la circonstance*' (Did he then die in prison ? for I have entirely forgotten the circumstance). He

* We think it due to this extraordinary personage to state our firm conviction that what Napoleon says here is utterly untrue. Napoleon knew the wonderful talent and address of M. de Talleyrand, as also how largely they had contributed to the first restoration of the Bourbons in 1814. From that moment he entertained a most rancorous spite against his ex-minister, on whose shoulders he tried to throw the weight of many of his politics, mistakes, and crimes. He roundly asserted, on several occasions, that Talleyrand projected and counselled the usurpation of the Spanish throne ; whereas, that minister strongly dissuaded him from it, and thereby incurred the wrath and insults of his master. It was when madly rushing into this destructive war that M. de Talleyrand (as we believe) first made use of that piquant expression, "This is the beginning of the end." When Bonaparte commenced his Spanish manœuvres M. de Talleyrand was not minister for foreign affairs—in his anger the emperor had coarsely and suddenly taken that office from him and given it to Champagny, the Duke of Cadore. Even Fouché, who never loses an opportunity of hitting Talleyrand, wholly exculpates him on this head.—See Notes at the end of this chapter.
—*Editor.*

scouted the notion of foul play, adding, that he had never put any man to death clandestinely, or without a trial: '*Ma conscience est sans reproche sur ce point* (My conscience is without reproach on that point); and had I been less sparing of blood, perhaps I might not have been here now. But your newspapers charged me also with the death of Pichegru, who strangled himself with his neckcloth.'

"He then went into an interesting account of Georges's conspiracy; its discovery by the confession of —, an apothecary, a *Chouan*; and a curious conversation which was overheard between Moreau, Pichegru, and Georges, at a house on the Boulevards.

"He spoke with apparent pleasure of Egypt, and described humorously enough his admission and that of his army into Mahometanism, on receiving from the men of the law, after many meetings and grave discussions at Cairo, a dispensation from being circumcised, and a permission to drink wine, under the condition of their doing a good action after each draught: 'You can hardly imagine,' said he, 'the advantages which I gained in the country from this adoption of their religion.' I mentioned Sir Robert Wilson's statement of his having poisoned his sick: he answered, '*Il y a dans cela quelque fondement de vrai* (There is some foundation of truth in that). Three or four* men of the army had the plague: they could not have lived twenty-four hours; I was about to march; I consulted Desgenettes as to the means of removing them; he said that it must be attended with some risk of infection, and would be useless to them as they were past recovery. I then recommended him to give them a dose of opium rather than leave them to the mercy of the Turks. '*Il me répondit en fort honnête homme que son métier étoit de guérir et non de tuer*' (He answered me like a very honest man, that it was his business to cure, and not to kill): so the men were left to their fate. Perhaps he was right, though I asked for them what I should under similar circumstances have wished my best friends to have done for me. I have often thought since on the morality of this and have conversed on it with others, *et je crois qu'au fond il vaut toujours mieux souffrir qu'un homme finisse sa destinée quelle qu'elle soit* (And I believe, that after all it is always better to suffer a man to finish his destiny, be it what it may). I judged so afterwards in the case of my friend Duroc, who, when his bowels were falling out before my eyes, repeatedly cried to me to have him put out of his misery. '*Je lui dis, je vous plains, mon ami, mais il n'y a pas de remède, il faut souffrir jusqu'à la fin*' (I said to him, I pity you my friend, but there is no help for it—you must suffer on to the end). I then asked him about the

* Bourrienne who was with Bonaparte in Egypt, says there were nearly sixty cases of plague in the military hospital. - See *ante*, vol. i., p. 194.

massacre of the Turks at Jaffa: he answered, ‘ *C’est vrai—J’en fis fusiller à peu près deux mille.—Vous trouvez cela un peu fort —mais je leur avois accordé une capitulation à El Arish à condition qu’ils retourneroient chez eux. Ils l’ont rompue et se sont jettés dans Jaffa où je les pris par assault. Je ne pouvois les emmener prisonniers avec moi, car je manquois de pain, et ils étoient des diables trop dangereux pour les lâcher une seconde fois, de sorte que je n’avois d’autre moyen que de les tuer*’ (It is true: I had about two thousand of them shot—you think that rather strong—but I had granted them a capitulation at El Arish, upon condition that they should return to their homes. They broke the condition and threw themselves into Jaffa, where I took them by assault. I could not carry them off as prisoners, for I was in want of bread, and they were by far too dangerous devils to be let go a second time: so that I had no other means but to kill them).

“This,” says Lord Ebrington, “is all that I accurately recollect of this interesting conversation, which lasted from eight till half-past eleven o’clock, as we walked up and down the room. His manner put me quite at my ease almost from the first, and seemed to invite my questions, which he answered upon all subjects without the slightest hesitation, and with a quickness of comprehension and clearness of expression beyond what I ever saw in any other man: nor did he, in the whole course of the conversation, betray either by his countenance or manner, a single emotion of resentment or regret.”

Lord Ebrington’s then continues:

“Wednesday, Dec. 8, 1814.

“As I was embarking to return to Leghorn, an aide-de-camp brought me an invitation to dine with the Emperor, which I accepted. I went at seven o’clock, and soon afterwards dinner was announced. It was plain, but well served, on plate, which from its size and substance most probably had been his camp service. General Drouot dined with us, but did not join in the conversation, and almost immediately after we went into the next room to coffee, left me alone with Napoleon.

“He asked me several questions about the administration of justice, the courts of law, and the magistracy of England; answering, at the same time, mine respecting the administration of justice in France, and discussing their comparative merits. From this topic we got to the two Houses of Parliament, and some of the principal speakers in them, such as Mr. Canning, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Whitbread, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Liverpool, Lord Grey, and Lord Grenville. He said that he had seen some very good speeches of the latter, which gave him a great idea of his talents. He added, ‘*Lord Grey est aussi un de vos grands orateurs*’ (Lord Grey also is one of your great orators). He asked me about the motion I had made in behalf of Lord Cochrane, and said, ‘*Vous*

aviez raison ; un homme comme lui ne devoit pas souffrir une peine si infamante' (You were right ; a man like him ought not to suffer so degrading a punishment). But he was astonished that the House of Commons should have allowed one of their own body to be so condemned ; seeming in this, as in our former conversation, to confound the two Houses of Parliament together, and to consider them as the only tribunal for the trial of their own members.

" He entered a good deal into the state of parties, and asked if there existed any in England '*assez Jacobin pour célébrer comme fête le jour de la mort de Charles I.*' (Jacobin enough to celebrate as a holiday the day of Charles the First's death).* I answered, that I believed not ; but that, on the contrary some of the zealous Jacobite clergy still read the service appointed for that day as a fast in our liturgy. He then praised our political consistency : ' for,' said he, ' in England, a man who quits his party is, to a certain degree, disgraced, unless he has some good reason to assign for it ; whereas in France, they change sides just as it may suit their present interests, without feeling accountable to any one.' He was surprised at the impolicy of our government with respect to the Catholics.

" He inquired after several persons whom he had seen at Paris during the peace : the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord Whitworth, Lord Erskine, Lord Holland ; and a good deal about Mr. Fox, with whom he said he had conversed much : '*Et il a été content de moi, n'est-ce pas*' (And he was satisfied with me, was he not)? I told him that I was not sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Fox to have ever heard him say so, but that I understood he had been much flattered by the reception he met with from him, as well as generally in France. He said, '*Il en avoit bien raison : on l'a reçu partout comme un Dieu, parce qu'on savoit qu'il étoit toujours pour la paix*' (He had good reason to be so—he was received every where like a god, because people knew he was always for peace). He spoke of his oratory, as compared with that of Mr. Pitt.

" He said that it was his wish to have kept the peace of Amiens, but that we chose to break it. He praised, in the highest terms, the late Lord Cornwallis, as a man who, without superior talents, was, from his integrity and goodness, an honour to his country. '*C'est là ce que j'appelle la belle race de votre noblesse Anglaise*' (That is what I call the fine race of your English nobility), and he wished that he had had some of his stamp in France. He added, that he always knew whether the English cabinet were sincere in any proposal for peace, by the

* This was the case formerly, and a calf's head was always served up at dinner, as an emblem and in derision of the king, but the Calf Head Club had been out of fashion for about half a century when Bonaparte put this question to Lord Ebrington.—*Editor.*

persons they sent to treat. I remarked, that the impression we had of his views of aggrandizement made many of our statesmen, and Lord Grenville among them, afraid of making peace with him. He replied, '*Vous aviez tort ; je ne voulois que vous rendre justes ; je respecte le caractère Anglais, mais je voulois la liberté du commerce et de la mer. Les circonstances en me suscitant des guerres m'ont fourni les moyens d'aggrandir mon empire, et je ne les ai pas négligés ; mais il me falloit plusieurs années de repos pour tout ce que je voulois faire pour la France. Dites à Lord Grenville qu'il vienne me voir à l'île d'Elbe*' (You were wrong ; I only wanted to render you just : I respect the English character—but I wished for the liberty of trade and of the seas. Circumstances which provoked me to carry on war furnished me with the means of aggrandizing my empire, and I certainly did not neglect them : but I required a good many years of quiet to complete what I wished to do for France. Tell Lord Grenville to come to see me at the island of Elba). 'I believe you thought, in England, that I was the devil ; but now that you have seen France, and seen me, you will probably allow that you have, in some respects, been deceived.'

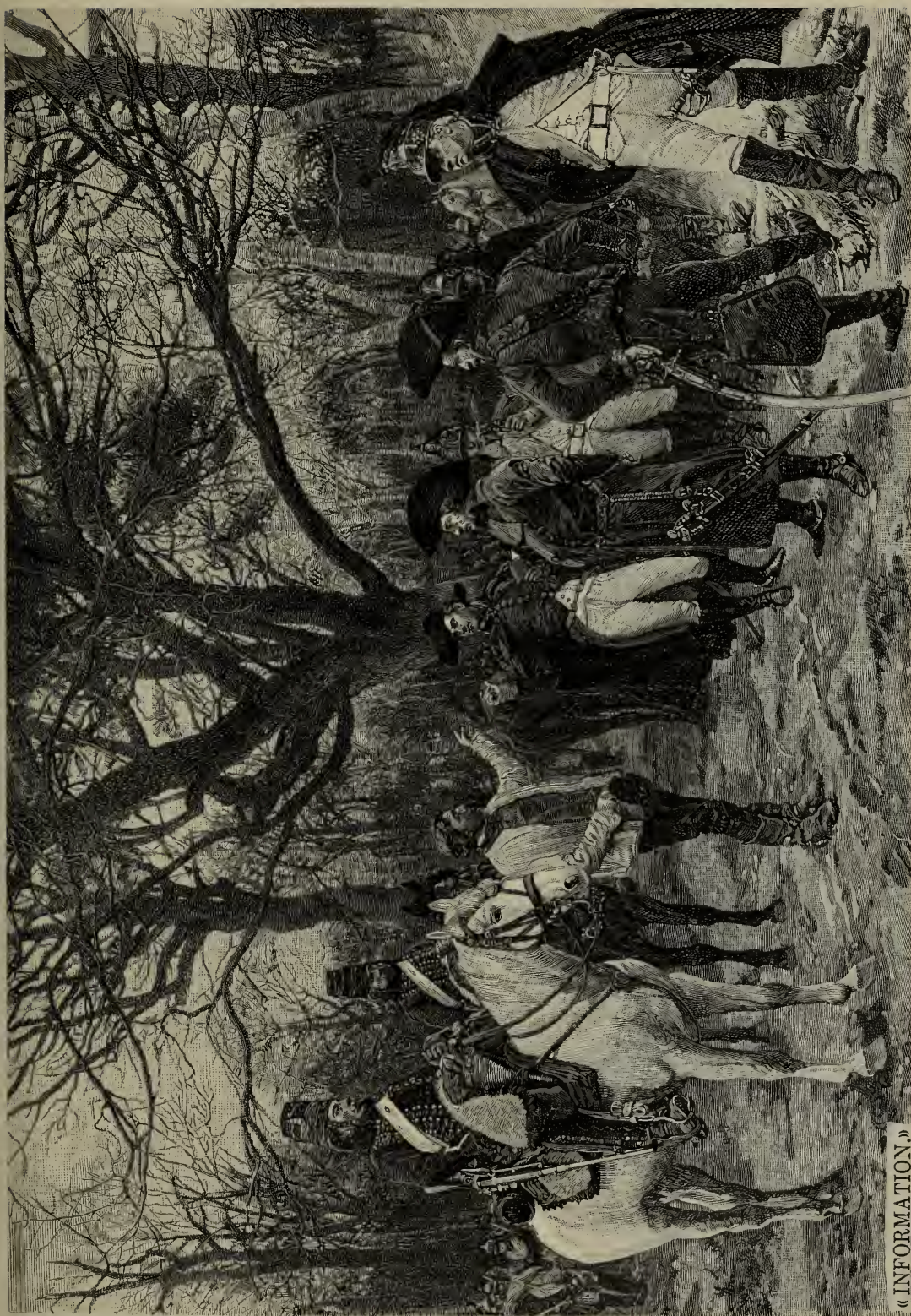
"I blamed his detention of the English travellers, which he justified on the score of retaliation, for our making prizes at sea before a declaration of war. I replied, that this had been in a manner sanctioned by long use. He said, 'Yes, to you who gain, but not to others who suffer from it ; and if you make new laws of nations, I have a right to do the same.'

"He went at some length into his plan for the re-establishment of an aristocracy, by restoring or giving titles of nobility to all who could prove their immediate descent from persons who had served the country in any high office, civil or military ; buying estates for them, according to their several degrees of nobility, out of the '*Domaines extraordinaires*,' and uniting them by intermarriages with the families of his marshals.

"He asked me if I had seen his '*Temple de la Gloire*' at Paris. He intended it for a very different purpose, having contrived the inside so that it might, with a little alteration, be made into a church, which he should, in some eighteen or twenty years, have dedicated to the expiation of the massacres of the revolution. He spoke of the church establishment of France, which had been entirely his own work ; the revolution having destroyed the old one without substituting any thing in its place. 'In this,' said he, 'I had a great advantage, from beginning *de novo*.' He thought an establishment essential to every state, to prevent the disorders that might arise from a general indulgence of wild, speculative opinions : '*Nous ne savons d'où nous venons, ce que nous deviendrons*' (We know not whence we come or what will become of us) ; but our minds, if not otherwise employed, turn naturally to our own situation ; and the mass of the people ought to have some fixed point of

faith, whereon to rest their thoughts. ‘*D’ailleurs pourvu qu’un homme soit un bon sujet, je ne m’embarrasse pas de sa manière de prier Dieu; je suis Catholique puisque mon Père l’étoit, et parce que c’étoit la Religion de la France*’ (Moreover, provided a man be a good subject, I do not care in what manner he worships God: I am a catholic because my father was one, and because that was the religion of France). On my observing that there seemed a great indifference generally throughout the country about public worship, he said, ‘*Eh! non: le Français aime bien son curé, sa messe, pourvu toujours qu’il n’aye pas à le payer*’ (No! the Frenchman likes his curate and his mass well enough, provided he has not to pay for them). He had frequently petitions from villages and districts for a parish priest, to which he always assented, ‘*à condition qu’ils le payeroient*’ (on condition that they pay him): this they as constantly declined. He then inquired into their case, and if he found the request reasonable, gave them the curé; for he rather liked to encourage devotion among the people. Not so, however, in his armies: ‘*Je ne souffrois pas des prêtres là, car je n’aime point le soldat dévot*’ (I never allowed priests there, because I do not like the devout soldier). He also carefully excluded the priesthood from any thing like civil jurisdiction; and therefore enacted that all marriages should be registered in a civil court, making that register the legal proof, without the necessity of any certificate from the priest, or even of any religious ceremony at all, if the parties were content to have it so. He asked if we did not continue to pay tithes in England; and wondered that Henry VIII., when he reformed our church, did not get rid of them altogether.

“He discussed the policy of France with respect to St. Domingo, and condemned the measures they were adopting, as ill calculated to promote their views there. He did not object to the abolition of the slave trade, though he might to a treaty compelling him to it; but, in his opinion, the best mode of at once tranquillizing and civilizing the colonies, would be by the encouragement of intermarriages between the whites and blacks. For that purpose he would allow every man to have two wives, provided they were of different colours; so that the children of both, brought up under the same roof, and upon the same footing, would, from their infancy, learn to consider themselves as equal, and in the ties of relationship to forget the distinction of colour. He believed that the origin of polygamy in the East had been derived from the same principle, of uniting nations of different colours and habits, separated by great deserts and rivers, when they came under one government; and wisely had it been adopted by Mahomet in his law. The Jews acted on a contrary system, from a desire of keeping themselves a distinct nation, and from them is derived our law respecting



« INFORMATION. »

marriage; but why should we carry it among people where, from the nature of our relations with them, it can only do us harm?*

“He asked how our affairs went on in America: ‘*Comment font-ils pour vous battre sur la mer?*’ (How do they manage to beat you by sea?) I answered, that their frigates were of a larger size, and more fully manned. He said, with a smile, ‘*Mais c’est toujours vrai qu’ils vous battent*’ (But it is still true that they beat you). He entered into some discussion on the grounds of the war, and concluded, by observing that ‘You had better make peace; you will gain more by trading with them than by burning their towns; besides, your state of war at this time weakens your influence at the Congress.’

“He inquired kindly after ‘*Mon bon ami Usher*’ (My good friend Usher), and spoke with great admiration of our discipline and skill in the management of our ships.

“On my expressing my surprise at the admirable *sang froid* with which he bore the change of his situation, he said, ‘*C’est que tout le monde en a été, je crois, plus étonné que moi: je n’ai pas une trop bonne opinion des hommes, et je me suis toujours méfié de la fortune: d’ailleurs j’ai peu joui: mes frères ont été beaucoup plus rois que moi.*’ (Every body has been more astonished at it than myself. I have not a good opinion of men; and I have always been doubtful of fortune: besides I have had few enjoyments. My brothers have been much more kings than I.) ‘They have had the enjoyments of royalty, whilst I have had little but its fatigues.’ He asked if I knew his brother Lucien, and what success his poem had had?† said he was a clever man, but doubted his understanding sufficiently the ‘*finesses*’ of the French language for an epic poet. ‘*C’est de tous mes frères celui qui a le plus de talent.*’ (Of all my brothers he is the one that has most talent.)

“Speaking of some of the events of the last campaign, he observed, that when the allies crossed the Rhine, he had urged the senate to decree that no peace should be made whilst the enemy was within the territory of France. ‘*Cela auroit donné de la confiance au peuple qui commençoit à se soulever contre les alliés —c’étoit là le moment de montrer du caractère. Les Romains furent souvent vainqueurs, mais ils ne furent jamais si grands qu’après la bataille de Cannes*’ (That would have given confidence to the people who had begun to rise against the allies; that was the moment to show firmness of character. The Romans were often victorious, but they were never so great as after their defeat at Canne). A parliament like that of England would

* This odd system of polygamy was a favourite subject with Bonaparte, and one he frequently talked about, even in the presence of the ladies who accompanied him to Elba. Some of his illustrations were very gross.—*Editor.*

† A short time before this interview, Lucien Bonaparte had published in England his epic poem of Charlemagne.—*Editor.*

have done so, *mais le Sénat n'en eut pas le courage* (but the senate had not the necessary courage). They began *à me chicaner sur des misères* (they began to quarrel with me about miserable trifles),* which had been matter of dispute between us: *Ils se disoient : l'Empereur n'est pas comme les autres hommes, il ne se plait qu'à la guerre, il hait le repos, les plaisirs, les femmes.* (They said among themselves the emperor is not like other men—he is pleased only with war: he hates repose, pleasure, and women). This was by no means the case: I enjoyed my pleasures like another man, when I had time for them: *J'ai eu deux femmes—vous savez l'histoire de mon divorce'* (I have had two wives—you know the history of my divorce). He believed there could hardly be found an example of another grounded so exclusively on public motives, *'et dans l'amitié la plus parfaite. J'ai depuis épousé une jeune princesse, d'un âge un peu disconvenable à la mienne; mais personne, je crois, ne doute qu'elle ne me soit beaucoup attachée. J'ai aussi eu des maîtresses qui m'ont bien aimées; mais je n'ai jamais eu une maîtresse en titre, et je ne me suis jamais laissé gouverner par une femme'* (I afterwards married a young princess of an age rather unsuitable to mine; but nobody, I believe, doubts that she is much attached to me. I have also had mistresses that loved me well; but I never kept a declared mistress, nor permitted myself to be ruled by a woman).

“He asked me about my intended stay in Italy, and the places I proposed visiting, &c. On my mentioning Naples, he said, *'Vous verrez donc sûrement le Roi de Naples. C'est un bon militaire; c'est un des hommes les plus brillants que j'ai jamais vu sur un champ de bataille. Pas d'un talent supérieur, sans beaucoup de courage moral, assez timide même pour le plan des opérations; mais le moment qu'il voyoit l'ennemi, tout cela disparoissoit. C'étoit alors le coup d'œil le plus rapide, une valeur vraiment chevaleresque.—D'ailleurs un bel homme, grand, bien mis, et avec beaucoup de soin: quelque fois un peu fantastiquement.—Enfin un magnifique Lazzarone'* (You will then be sure to see the King of Naples. He is a good soldier—one of the most brilliant men I ever saw on a field of battle. Not of superior talents, without much moral courage, timid even in forming his plan of operations; but the moment he saw the enemy, all that vanished—his eye was the most sure and most rapid, his courage truly chivalrous. Moreover he is a fine man, tall, well dressed, though at times rather fantastically. In short, a magnificent Lazzarone). I asked if he did not make a fine charge

* This accusation of cowardice seems to us absurd. How could Bonaparte expect political courage from a body of men whom he had constantly made tremble under his absolute will—whom he had reduced to the last stage of servility and passive obedience?

When the liberties of Rome were annihilated, the courage of the Roman senate expired with them.—*Editor.*

with the cavalry at the battle of Leipsic, on the first day? He replied, ‘*Parbleu il les menoit toujours même trop bien, il les faisoit trop tuer—et toujours en avant lui-même. C’étoit vraiment un superbe spectacle de le voir dans les combats à la tête de la cavalerie*’ (By Jove! he always carried them forward even too well, getting too many of them killed, and he himself always foremost—always at their head. It was really a magnificent sight to see him in battle, heading the cavalry).

“He showed more animation in speaking on this than on any other topic in the whole course of conversation, and seemed quite to dwell on it with pleasure. He said, ‘*Vous verrez aussi la Reine; c’est une belle personne, et très-fine*’ (You will also see the queen; she is a handsome person, and very cunning).

“He then asked me how long I proposed remaining at Elba; offered me a horse from his stables to ride about the island; and at a little past eleven o’clock dismissed me.”

CONVERSATION OF FOUCHÉ WITH THE EMPEROR ON THE SUBJECT OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.

Bonaparte had secretly made up his mind to entrap the royal family and seize upon Spain. Upon his return to St. Cloud, after the treaty of Tilsit, and his very friendly intercourse with the Emperor Alexander there, he received the most vapid and extravagant adulations from all the principal authorities.

“Every day,” says the astute Fouché, “I saw more and more the change which vanity and infatuation were producing in this great character: he became more reserved than ever with his ministers. Eight days after his return he made some sudden changes: General Clarke, since Duke of Feltre, was named war-minister, Cretet, a simple counsellor of state, was appointed to the Interior, and Berthier was made vice-constable. But that which caused the greatest astonishment was to see the portfolio of foreign affairs placed in the hands of Champagny, since Duke of Cadore. To deprive M. de Talleyrand of this department was a sign of disgrace, which however was partly disguised by favours conferring merely empty honours. M. de Talleyrand was appointed to be vice-grand elector, which did not fail to furnish subject matter for the punsters of Paris. *It is certain that a disagreement of opinion upon the projects relative to Spain was the principal cause of his disgrace*; but this important subject had, as yet, been treated only in private by the Emperor and M. de Talleyrand. I however penetrated the mystery even before the secret treaty of Fontainebleau.

“Here opens the memorable year of 1808, the period of a new era, in which Napoleon’s star began to wax dim. I had at length a confidential communication of the real object which had induced him to enter into the secret treaty of Fontainebleau, and to determine upon the invasion of Portugal. Napoleon announced to me that the Bourbons of Spain, and the house of Braganza, would shortly cease to

reign. ‘Leaving Portugal out of the question,’ said I to him, ‘which is truly an English colony, with respect to Spain, you have no cause for complaint; those Bourbons are, and will be as long as you wish it, your most humble prefects. Besides, are you not mistaken with respect to the character of the people of the Peninsula? Take care: you have, it is true, many partisans there; but only because they consider you as a great and powerful potentate, as a friend and an ally. If you declare without any cause against the reigning family; if, favoured by domestic dissensions, you realize the fable of the oyster and the lawyers, you must declare against the majority of the population. Besides, you ought to know that the Spaniards are not a cold, phlegmatic people, like the Germans; they are attached to their manners, their governments and old customs; the mass of the nation is not to be estimated by the heads of society, who are, as every where else, corrupted and possessed but of little patriotism. Once more, take care you do not transform a tributary kingdom into a new Vendée.’—‘What is it you say?’ replied he, ‘every reflecting person in Spain despises the government; the Prince of the Peace, a true mayor of the palace, is detested by the nation; he is a scoundrel who will himself open the gates of Spain for me. As to the rabble, whom you have mentioned, who are still under the influence of monks and priests, a few cannon-shot will quickly disperse them. You have seen warlike Prussia, that heritage of the great Frederick, fall before my arms like a heap of rubbish; well, you will see Spain surrender itself into my hands without knowing it, and afterwards applaud itself; I have there an immense party. I have resolved to continue in my own dynasty the family system of Louis XIV.; uniting Spain to the destinies of France. I am desirous of availing myself of the only opportunity afforded me by fortune of regenerating Spain, of detaching it entirely from England, and of uniting it inseparably to my system. Reflect that the sun never sets in the immense inheritance of Charles V., and that I shall have the empire of both worlds.’

“I found that it was a design resolved upon, that all the counsels of reason would avail nothing, and that the torrent must be left to take its course. However, I thought it my duty to add, that I entreated his Majesty to consider in his wisdom, whether all that was taking place was not a *ruse-de-guerre*; whether the northern powers were not anxious to embroil him with the south, as a useful diversion, and with the ultimate view of reuniting with England, at a convenient opportunity, in order to place the empire between two fires.”

“‘You are,’ cried he, ‘a true minister of police, who mistrusts every thing, and believes in nothing good. I am sure of Alexander, who is very sincere. I now exercise over him a kind of charm, independently of the guarantee offered me by those about him, of whom I am equally certain.’ Here Napoleon related to me all the trifling nonsense which I had heard from his suite respecting the interview at Tilsit, and the sudden predilection of the Russian court for the emperor and his people; he did not omit the flattery by means of which he believed he had captivated the Grand Duke Constantine himself, who, it is said, was not displeased at being told that he was the best dressed prince in Europe, and had the finest thighs in the world.”

“The affairs of Rome and the Pope were now thrown into shade by



BY ERIC PAPE.

NAPOLEON AND THE FRENCH TROOPS REACHING THE CONVENT AT THE
SUMMIT OF THE GUADARRAMA MOUNTAINS.

the events which took place at Madrid and Bayonne, where Napoleon arrived on the 15th of April, with his court and suite. Spain was already invaded; and, under the mask of friendship, the French had taken possession of the principal fortresses in the north.

“Having seized Spain, and full of hopes, Napoleon now prepared to appropriate to himself the treasures of the new world, which five or six adventurers came to offer him as the infallible result of their intrigues. All the machinery of this vast plot was prepared; a perfect understanding prevailed from the château of Marrac to Madrid, Lisbon, Cadiz, Buenos Ayres, and Mexico. Napoleon was followed by his private establishment of political imposture; his Duke of Rovigo, Savary; his Archbishop of Moline, the Abbé Pradt; his Prince Pignatelli; and many other tools, more or less active, of his diplomatic frauds. *The ex-minister, Talleyrand, was also in his suite, but more as a passive observer than an agent.*

“I had warned Napoleon, on the eve of his departure, that the public opinion became irritated by the anxiety of expectation, and that the talk of the day had already reached a height far above the power of my three hundred regulators of Paris to suppress.

“This was still worse when events developed themselves; when by stratagem and perfidy, all the family of Spain found itself caught in the Bayonne nets; when the Madrid massacre of the 2d of May took place; and when the rising of nearly an entire nation had set almost the whole of the Peninsula in conflagration. All was known and ascertained in Paris, notwithstanding the incredible efforts of all the police establishments to intercept or prevent the knowledge of public events. Never in the whole course of my two ministries did I see so decided a reprobation of the insatiable ambition and machiavelism of the head of the state. This convinced me, that in an important crisis truth would assert all its rights, and regain all its empire. I received from Bayonne two or three very harsh letters respecting the bad state of the public mind, for which I seemed to be in some degree considered as responsible; my bulletins were a sufficient answer. Towards the end of July, after the capitulation of Baylen, it became impossible to restrain it. The counter-police, and the Emperor's private correspondents, took the alarm; they even deceived themselves so far as to put him on his guard against the symptoms of a conspiracy, totally imaginary, in Paris. The Emperor quitted Bayonne in all haste, after several fits of rage, which were metamorphosed in the saloons of the Chaussée d'Antin, and the Faubourg Saint-Germain, into an attack of fever. Traversing La Vendée, he returned to Saint-Cloud, by the Loire. I expected some severe observations upon my first audience, and was consequently on my guard. ‘You have been too indulgent, Duke d'Otranto,’ were his first words. ‘How is it you have permitted so many nests of babblers and slanderers to be formed in Paris?’—‘Sire, when every one is implicated, what is to be done; besides, the police cannot penetrate into the interior of families, and the confidences of friendship.’—‘But foreigners have excited disaffection in Paris.’—‘No, sire, the public discontent has been confined to itself; old passions have been revived, and in this respect there has been much expression of discontent. But nations cannot be aroused, without arousing the passions.

It would be impolitic, imprudent even, to exasperate the public mind by unseasonable severity. This disturbance has likewise been exaggerated to your majesty: it will be appeased, as so many others have been; all will depend upon this Spanish war, and the attitude assumed by continental Europe. Your Majesty has surmounted difficulties much more serious, and crises much more important.' It was then that, striding up and down his cabinet, he again spoke to me of the Spanish war as a mere skirmish, which scarcely deserved a few cannon shot; at the same time flying into a rage against Murat, Monecy, and especially Dupont, whose capitulation he stigmatized with the term infamous, declaring that he would make an example of him in the army. 'I will conduct this war of peasants and monks,' continued he, 'myself, and I hope to thrash the English soundly. I will immediately come to an understanding with the Emperor Alexander, for the ratification of the treaties and the preservation of the tranquillity of Europe. In three months I will reconduct my brother to Madrid, and in four I myself will enter Lisbon, if the English dare to set foot there. I will punish this rabble, and will drive out the English.'—*Memoirs of Fouché. (Editor.)*

It is evident that Napoleon created no suspicion in the mind of Lord Ebrington as to the escape he was then meditating, and which he carried into effect only two months and a few days after his lordship's departure from Elba.

Napoleon, indeed, with equal skill concealed his purposes from long and close observers, whom we cannot accuse of being indolent, or men of low or weak capacities: but nevertheless a faint and uncertain glimmering of the truth now and then broke upon certain minds, while many thousand French partisans in different parts of Europe, who had been let into the secret, knew perfectly well that it was not Bonaparte's intention to give up the game and throw down his last card at Elba.

About the middle of May, 1814, Baron Kohler, the Austrian commissioner, took farewell of Napoleon, to return to Vienna. The scene of Napoleon's parting with this gentleman is said to have been quite pathetic on the Emperor's side. He wept as he embraced General Kohler, and entreated him to procure, if possible, his reunion with his wife and child—called him the preserver of his life—regretted his poverty, which prevented his bestowing on him some valuable token of remembrance—finally, folding the Austrian general in his arms, he held him there for some time, repeating expressions of warm attachment. This sensibility existed all upon one side; for an English gentleman who witnessed the scene, having asked Kohler afterwards what he was thinking of while locked in the Emperor's embraces—“Of Judas Iscariot,” answered the Austrian.*

* See Quarterly Review, and Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon.

After the departure of Baron Kohler, Colonel Sir Niel Campbell was the only one of the four commissioners who remained at Elba by orders of the British cabinet. It was difficult to say what his office really was, or what were his instructions. He had neither power, right, nor means, to interfere with Napoleon's motions. The Emperor had been recognised by a treaty as an independent sovereign. It was, therefore, only as a nondescript kind of envoy that Sir Niel Campbell was permitted to reside at his court. In fact, Sir Niel Campbell had no direct or ostensible situation, and of this the French at Elba soon took advantage. Drouot, the governor of Porto-Ferrajo, made such particular inquiries into the character assumed by the British envoy, and the length of his stay, as obliged Campbell to declare, that his orders were to remain in Elba till the breaking up of the Congress, which was now settling the affairs of Europe; but if his orders should direct him to continue there after that period, he would apply to have his situation placed on some recognised public footing.

Napoleon did not oppose or murmur at the equivocal residence of Sir Niel Campbell at Elba; he affected, on the contrary, to be pleased with it. For a considerable time he even seemed to seek the society of the British envoy, held frequent intercourse with him, and conversed with apparent confidence on public affairs. It appeared from these conversations, that Napoleon's expressions were arranged, generally speaking, on a premeditated plan, yet it is equally evident that his ardent temperament, when once engaged in discourse, led him to discover more of his own private thoughts than he would on cool reflection have suffered to escape him.

On the 16th of September, 1814, for example, Sir Niel Campbell had an audience of three hours, during which, Napoleon, with his habitual impatience of a sedentary posture, walked from one end of the room to the other, and talked incessantly. He was happy, he said, that Sir Niel remained in Elba, *pour rompre la chimère* (to destroy, the idea that he, Bonaparte, had any further intention of disturbing the peace of Europe). "I think," he continued, "of nothing beyond the verge of my little isles. I could have supported the war for twenty years, if I had chosen. I am now a deceased person, occupied with nothing but my family, my retreat, my house, my cows, and my poultry." And yet not unfrequently the very moment after assertions like these, Napoleon's eye would flash, his lips quiver, and on some sudden reference to the Bourbons, or to his army, he would let words escape him that proved ambition was still alive and working within him.

On another occasion, he described the ferment in France, which he said he had learned from the correspondence of his guards with their native country, and so far forgot the character of a defunct person as to say plainly, that the present disaffec-

tion would break out with all the fury of the former revolution, and require his own resurrection. "For then," he added, "the sovereigns of Europe will soon find it necessary for their own repose, to call on me to tranquillize matters."

Sir Niel Campbell conceived some suspicions, but upon the whole, thought it unlikely that he meditated an escape, unless a very tempting opening should present itself in France or Italy.

Napoleon frequently talked about his wife and son, whose society at Elba he claimed as a right, and as a thing indispensable to his happiness. On these topics his language was furious. General Kohler, on the other hand, insisted that her remaining apart from her husband was entirely voluntary on the part of Maria Louisa. He also expressed a doubt that Napoleon was actuated by other feelings than those of domestic affection, and this, though we believe he tenderly loved his child and his wife also, we can readily believe.

A curious manoeuvre made the simple-minded people of Elba believe for a short time that the Empress and the young Napoleon had really been among them to visit the fallen monarch. In August, 1814, a lady, with a fine little boy, arrived from Leghorn at Porto-Ferrajo in a very mysterious manner. She was received with distinction, around which, however, Bonaparte threw a certain veil of secrecy. She was lodged in a retired casino, or country-house in the least frequented part of the island, where she only stopped two days, and then made sail for Naples. Even some of the French soldiery who had only seen the lady at a distance, or had not seen her at all, wrote to their friends that Maria Louisa had been to visit her husband, and that it was quite certain the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria were on the point of making up matters, and then making common head against the allies.

The fine little boy was indeed the son of Bonaparte, but an illegitimate son: and the mysterious lady in question was not Maria Louisa, but a Polish countess, with whom Napoleon had intrigued at Warsaw during the winter of 1807. We have given a note from the Duke of Rovigo's Memoirs, wherein Savary alludes to this connexion.*

As the winter approached, a change was discernible in Napoleon. The alterations which he had planned in the island ceased to interest him; he rode less frequently on horseback, and sunk occasionally into fits of deep contemplation, mingled with gloomy anxiety. And yet it was after this that he could play his part so consummately with Lord Ebrington. "He became, also," says Sir Walter Scott, "subjected to uneasiness, to which he had hitherto been a stranger, being that arising from pecuniary inconveniences. He had plunged into expenses with imprudent eagerness, and without weighing the amount of his resources

* See *ante*, vol. iii., p. 9.

against the cost of the proposed alterations. The ready money which he brought from France seems to have been soon exhausted, and to raise supplies, he commanded the inhabitants of his island to pay up, in the month of June, the contributions of the last year. This produced petitions, personal solicitations, and discontent. It was represented to him, that, so poor were the inhabitants of the island, in consequence of want of sale for their wine for months past, that they would be driven to the most extreme difficulties if the requisition should be persisted in. In some of the villages, the tax-gatherers of the Emperor were resisted and insulted. Napoleon, on his side, sent part of his troops to quarter upon the insurgent peasantry, and to be supported by them at free cost, till the contributions should be paid up."

We cannot help thinking that at Elba as afterwards at St. Helena, Napoleon for very obvious purposes tried to make people believe he was much poorer than he really was. An exhibition of poverty and destitution could hardly fail of exasperating to madness and preparing for any enterprise, however desperate, his faithful followers and attached troops, who had been accustomed to see him with such immense wealth at his command—with the ample means of executing the most stupendous works.* It would besides sound badly in Europe, and tell against them that the dishonesty of the Bourbons in not executing the treaty of Fontainebleau, exposed the great Napoleon to want. We repeat that we suspect Bonaparte, who was then actually sending large sums of money to his brother Joseph for political objects, was not so poor as he seemed, but still that the Court of France did not keep the treaty.

Sir Walter Scott, who believes his poverty to have been real, and who can hardly be suspected of favouring Bonaparte in opposition to the Bourbons, remarks—

"We have said, that Napoleon's impatience to execute whatsoever plans occurred to his fertile imagination, was the original cause of these pecuniary distresses. But they are not less to be imputed to the unfair and unworthy conduct of the French ministry. The French administration were, of all others, most intimately bound in conscience, honour, and policy, to see the treaty of Fontainebleau, as forming the footstool by which Louis XVIII. mounted his restored throne, distinctly observed towards Napoleon. The sixth article of that treaty provides an annuity or revenue of two millions five hundred thousand francs, to be registered on the great book of France, and paid without abatement or deduction to Napoleon Bonaparte. This annual provision was stipulated by the Marshals Macdonald and Ney, as the price of Napoleon's resignation, and the French ministers, could not refuse a declaration of payment without gross injustice to Bonaparte, and at the same time a severe in-

* For an account of the sums spent by Napoleon in public works, see Addenda.

sult to the allied powers. Nevertheless, so far from this pension being paid with regularity, we have seen no evidence that Napoleon ever received a single remittance on account of it. The British resident observing how much the ex-emperor was harassed by pecuniary straits, gave it, not once, but repeatedly as his opinion, 'that, if these difficulties pressed upon him much longer, so as to prevent him from continuing the external show of a court, he was perfectly capable of crossing over to Piombino with his troops, or committing any other extravagance.'

This was Sir Niel Campbell's opinion on the 31st of October, 1814; and Lord Castlereagh made strong remonstrances on the subject, although Great Britain was the only power among the allies, who, being no principal party to the treaty of Fontainebleau, might safely have left it to those States who were.

Not only were the claims of Napoleon left unsatisfied, but the pensions, stipulated for by the sixth article of the treaty of Fontainebleau, for the different members of his family were never paid by the restored Bourbons.

A portion of this disgrace most undeniably fell upon such of the allies as guaranteed the execution of the treaty of Fontainebleau. Baron Fain says—

"It must be recorded to the disgrace of European diplomacy, that those generous professions were never carried into execution. The legacies which Napoleon distributed to persons about him, on the faith of the treaty, have not been paid, and the legatees have not found in the signatures of princes, that irrevocable which is furnished by the signature of two attorneys in the most trifling matters of this nature between private individuals."

We cannot, indeed, believe for a moment, that Bonaparte ever intended to remain quietly at Elba; but the Bourbons, the Blacases, and the Ferrands, indisputably did all in their power to furnish him with justifiable grounds and excuses for leaving that island. The obstinate blindness (for such it was at last) of certain governments is altogether inexplicable, unless we seek explanations in causes of action or of passiveness most disgraceful to them. A distinguished writer, commenting on Bonaparte's projected return about the time of these events, observes—

"We have the best reason for believing that these accurate observers did not conceal their conviction from the principal governments of Europe, especially from the government of Great Britain. Indeed, from the condition of some of them, it was impossible that their opinion, with its reasons, should not have found its way to the British government. It is not our business to inquire in what country, or by what ministers, information relating to this subject was received with indifference and neglect, if not with scorn. The large remittances of money

made to Joseph Bonaparte in the Pays de Vaud,—the preparations made by him to assemble men, under pretence of the differences between that country and their ancient sovereigns at Bern,—his arrangement of quarters for several hundred French officers in his pay, are said to have been communicated by the Swiss government to the great courts with no other than a most mischievous effect on their policy. In the villages around Paris, as well as on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, the violet was the secret symbol by which they denoted their chief, and recognised each other. They wore rings of a violet colour, with the device, ‘*Elle reparaitra au printemps*’ (It will reappear in the spring.)

“When they asked, ‘*Aimez vous la violette*’ (Do you love the violet)? if the answer was ‘*Oui*’ (Yes), they inferred that the answer was not a confederate. But if the answer was, ‘*Eh bien*’ (Well then), they recognised a brother, initiated in the secrets of the conspiracy, and they completed his sentence, ‘*Elle reparaitra au printemps.*’

“These secret symbols, less important for their professed purposes of secrecy than as a romantic garniture of conspiracy, calculated to excite the imagination, and peculiarly adapted in that respect to the character of Frenchmen, had been employed a twelvemonth before by the partisans of the house of Bourbon. A royalist then sounded any man, of whom he entertained hopes, by saying ‘*Deli.*’ If the answer was ‘*Vrance,*’ the recognition of principle was reciprocal and satisfactory.

“M. Ferrand (one of the old regime heroes celebrated by Bourrienne), an old bigot of despotism, made a minister in France for no apparent merit but the extravagance of his monarchical opinions, who was intrusted with the department of the post-office, has, since the landing of Bonaparte, publicly stated, that he had read the whole project in the letters broken open at his office! The seizure of a Bonapartean correspondence on Lord Oxford, though it is said to have produced no discovery more interesting than a letter of Excelmans to Joachim, was a proof of the suspicions of the French government; though it is not improbable that Lord Oxford was chosen as bearer of so many letters to Italy, and information given of their number to the police, as a false scent, to divert the attention of that government from the real channels of information.”*

The universality of the opinion that Napoleon was making mysterious preparations in Elba, ought to have opened the eyes of the blind; but those who could not, and those who *would not* see, preserved all their former apathy.

As early as the month of July, 1814, there was much fermentation in Italy, to which the close neighbourhood of Elba, and the sovereignty of Murat, at Naples, occasioned a general

* See Edinburgh Review.

resort of Bonaparte's friends and admirers. This agitation gradually increased, and means were adopted for disseminating a prospect of Napoleon's return to power. Parties of recruits came over from Italy to enlist in his guards, and two persons employed in this service were arrested at Leghorn, in whose possession were found written lists of the names of several hundred persons willing to serve Napoleon.

The embers of discontent were fanned into a flame by the unpopular, imprudent conduct of Prince Rospigliosi, the civil Governor of Tuscany, and of the other ministers of the restored governments. In Italy, as in France, these obsolete old men seemed to think, that twenty-five years of revolutions and wars had wrought no change in the spirits of men, and that the world was to be governed in 1815 as it had been in 1790.

In Piedmont, among other precious relics of the past, the legitimate sovereign of the House of Savoy had positively restored the use of torture to the criminal courts! All these things must be taken into consideration when we attempt to account for Napoleon's movements in 1815.

Napoleon's conduct towards those who joined him at Elba was well calculated to make devoted partisans. On the 11th of July, Colomboni, commandant of a battalion of the 4th regiment of the line in Italy, was presented to the Emperor as newly arrived. "Well, Colomboni, your business in Elba?"—"First, to pay my duty to your Majesty; secondly, to offer myself to carry a musket among your guards."—"That is too low a situation, you must have something better," said Napoleon; and instantly named him to an appointment of 1200 francs yearly.

About the middle of summer, Napoleon was visited by his mother, and his sister the Princess Pauline. Both these ladies had very considerable talents for political intrigue, and their natural faculties in this way had not lain dormant or been injured by want of practice. In Pauline this finesse was partially concealed by a languor and indecision of manner, and an occasional assumption of *niaiserie*, or almost infantine simplicity; but this only threw people the more off their guard, and made her finesse the more sure in its operation. Pauline was handsome too, uncommonly graceful, and had all that power of fascination which has been attributed to the Bonaparte family. She could gain hearts with ease, and those whom her charms enslaved were generally ready to devote themselves, absolutely to her brother. She went and came between Naples and Elba, and kept her brother-in-law, Murat, in mind of the fact, that the lion was not yet dead, nor so much as sleeping, but merely retiring the better to spring forward on his quarry.

Porto-Ferrajo gradually merited its name in the Greek sense, for it became really Cosmopolitan, being resorted to by men of all nations—by Italians, Sicilians, Corsicans, Frenchmen, Germans, and even Greeks. A certain Theologos, a Greek, was

much spoken of at the time as being one of the most active and skilful of Napoleon's secret agents. Another of these agents was one Domenico Ettori, a monk who had fled from his convent to Elba. These men were continually going to and fro, now to the Tuscan coast, scarcely three leagues off, now to Naples, and now to the shores of France. In the latter country, moreover, the cause of Bonaparte was served by a number of the soldiers of his guard, to whom he gave leave of absence, in order that they might *visit their friends*. In France, too, as we have already said, the conduct of the restored Bourbons was so unwise as necessarily to accelerate a crisis. The text of Bourrienne has shown some of the many follies committed there by an imbecile ministry; and the following are the comments of Fouché, who was at the time employed by Louis XVIII., and involved in some way or other in every intrigue that was carrying on. The astute old jacobin disliked Napoleon more than he did the Bourbons, but he was anxious to keep power and place under whichever of them might eventually prevail. He therefore closely studied the conduct and resources of both parties, and actually intrigued with both at one and the same time.

“I was convinced, beforehand, that the feeble and incompetent individuals who grasped the helm of government, would continue to follow erroneous maxims of policy, and to impart a false direction to affairs.

“What serious reflections, therefore, assailed my mind, with regard to the equivocal and incoherent position of the new government! As a statesman, it could not escape my notice, that a restoration had been effected without a revolution, since all the wheel-marks of the imperial government still subsisted; and nothing was changed, if I may so express it, except the individuality of power; and, in fact, what could be found after the lapse of twenty years in an immovable condition? Clergy, nobility, institutions, municipalities, hereditary proprietorships, nothing had escaped the general overthrow.

“The Bourbons, in reascending the throne, found support in public inclination, but not in national interest. Such was the origin and first cause of the commotion, the first indications of which already began to exhibit themselves to my eyes. France was divided between the votaries and adversaries of the restoration. Louis XVIII. reigned over a suffering and divided nation; all the favourers of imperial despotism, all the individuals who had distinguished themselves in our revolutionary crisis, feared to be obliged to share their dignities with the ancient nobility; they had required securities, and they had obtained them by that declaration which was solicited from the king, and promulgated by that prince before his entrance into his capital.

“But, on the other hand, the reverses of Napoleon had suc-

ceeded each other with so much rapidity, that the possessors of superior employments and great incomes had not sufficient time to retrench the luxury of their establishments. When the Bourbons were recalled, some calculation was necessary on their part, and it was indispensable to put a sudden stop to the unlimited course of their expenses. Here was a plentiful source of discontent and irritation among the upper ranks of the social order. Another still more alarming cause of instability for the new government, was to be found in the hitherto unmodified scale of the army; it had not received its *congé*, (an enormous error,) for all the old soldiers, and all the prisoners who were restored to France, were imbued with a spirit at variance with the restoration, and devoted to the interests of the ex-emperor.*

The king, instead of accepting the charter, had granted it; another subject of discontent to that great body of Frenchmen, whose political era dated from the revolution. The charter, it is true, confirmed titles, honours, and in some respect, places; it legalized the acquisition of national property; but that was not entirely satisfactory for so many restless and prejudiced individuals. The charter, moreover, had a multitude of objectors. According to one party it was not sufficiently liberal; according to the partisans of the ancient régime, the old constitution of the kingdom was preferable. To this state of things must be added, the laxity and uncertainty of the ministers, who, without being either royalists or patriots, took it into their heads that they could render France ministerial. The general apprehension must also be borne in mind which was entertained of the Congress of Vienna, which, while employed in the reconstruction of Europe, menaced such states as had become the seat of revolution with subjection to an anti-revolutionary régime; in this manner the interests produced by twenty-five years of troubles were thrown into alarm. The royalists enfeebled and divided their party in the same proportion as their adversaries, shuddering at the very name of the Bourbons, exhibited more pertinacity in disputing their rights. The possibility of Napoleon's return, considered at first as a chimera, became the favourite idea of the army; plots were formed, and the royal police countermined. It is easy to conceive, that having occupied so many elevated

* The allies most imprudently restored without any stipulation whatever, all the French prisoners they had taken during the war. In this manner more than 150,000 men, for the most part tried soldiers, were thrown like a lava-stream into France, where they soon openly expressed their old enthusiasm for Napoleon, and their contempt and hatred of the new government. They toasted the ex-emperor as "the little corporal," or, "Corporal Violet," and they confidently repeated wherever they went, "He will come back with the spring." It was impossible to prove to these men, that had they been present in France instead of being, as they were, prisoners to the Russians, the Prussians, and Austrians, Paris could never have been taken by the allies: there was no convincing them that Napoleon had not been betrayed, for when did the French ever acknowledge to have been defeated, except through treachery?—*Editor.*

posts in the state, and still preserving such numerous links of connexion with public affairs, and with so devoted a body of clients in the capital, my observations extended over all the intrigues which were concocting.”*

When the Bourbon government evinced an intention of reclaiming part of the landed property of the emigrants, which they soon did, they threw a very large portion of the nation into great alarm. Every man who had risen to wealth during the revolution—nay, every peasant in the kingdom, who had bought his five or six acres of ground, trembled at the prospect of having them wrenched from him and restored to the old and noble proprietors. Much of this property had changed hands several times, and was then held by individuals who had had nothing to do with the revolution, but had bought their lands or houses at a fair market-price, from sellers whose rights were acknowledged by the existing laws.

An old emigrant, one of the objects of Bourrienne’s scorn, was the first to make this dangerous move.

Monsieur Ferrand brought forward in the Chamber of Deputies, a motion for the restoration of such estates of emigrants as yet remained unsold. But this involved a question respecting the rights of the much more numerous class whose property had been seized upon by the state, and disposed of to third parties, to whom it was guaranteed by the charter. Since these gentlemen could not be restored *ex jure*, to their estates, as was proposed towards their more fortunate brethren, they had at least a title to the price which had been substituted for the property, of which price the nation had still possession.

These proposals called forth Monsieur Durbach, who charged Ferrand with the fatal purpose of opening the door on the vast subject of national domains. “Already,” continued the orator, “the two extremities of the kingdom have resounded with the words of the minister, as with the claps which precede the thunderbolt. The effect which they have produced has been so rapid and so general, that all civil transactions have been at once suspended. A general distrust and excessive fear have caused a stagnation, the effects of which even the royal treasury has felt. The proprietors of national property can no longer sell or mortgage their estates. They are suddenly reduced to poverty in the very bosom of wealth. Whence arises this calamity? The cause of it is the declaration of the minister, that the property they possessed does not legally belong to them. For this is, in fact, the consequence of his assertion, that the law recognises in the emigrants a right to property which always existed in them.”

The highminded and the most honourable Marshal Macdonald, who after serving Bonaparte to the very last with un-

* Fouché’s Memoirs, vol. ii.

blemished faith, had entered the service of the Bourbons and the constitutional monarchy with a determination of being equally faithful to them, endeavoured to compromise these matters, by coupling a boon to the army with partial compensation to the emigrants so to satisfy both parties.

At the king's request he undertook to bring forward a plan for satisfying the emigrants, as far as the condition of the nation permitted; and for giving, at the same time, some indemnity for the pensions assigned by Bonaparte to veteran soldiers, which, during his reign, had been paid from countries beyond the verge of France, until after the retreat from Moscow, when they ceased to be paid at all. The marshal's statement of the extent of the sale of the national domains, shows how formidable the task of undoing that extensive transference of property must necessarily have been; the number of persons directly or indirectly interested in the question of their security, amounting to nine or ten millions. "Against this colossus," continued the marshal, "whose height the eye cannot measure, some impotent efforts would affect to direct themselves; but the wisdom of the king has foreseen this danger, even for the sake of those imprudent persons who might have exposed themselves to it." He proceeded to eulogize the conduct of the emigrants, to express respect for their persons, compassion for their misfortunes, honour for their fidelity, and proceeded to observe, that the existence of these old proprietors, as having claims on the estates which had been acquired by others, placed them in a situation which ought not to exist. He therefore proposed that the nation should satisfy the claims of these unfortunate persons, if not in full, at least upon such terms of composition as had been applied to other national obligations. Upon this footing, he calculated that an annuity of twelve millions of livres yearly, would pay off the claims of the various emigrants of all descriptions. He next drew a picture of the distressed veteran soldiers; pensioners of the state, who had been reduced to distress by the discontinuance of their pensions, bought with their blood in a thousand battles. Three millions more of livres he computed as necessary to discharge this sacred obligation.

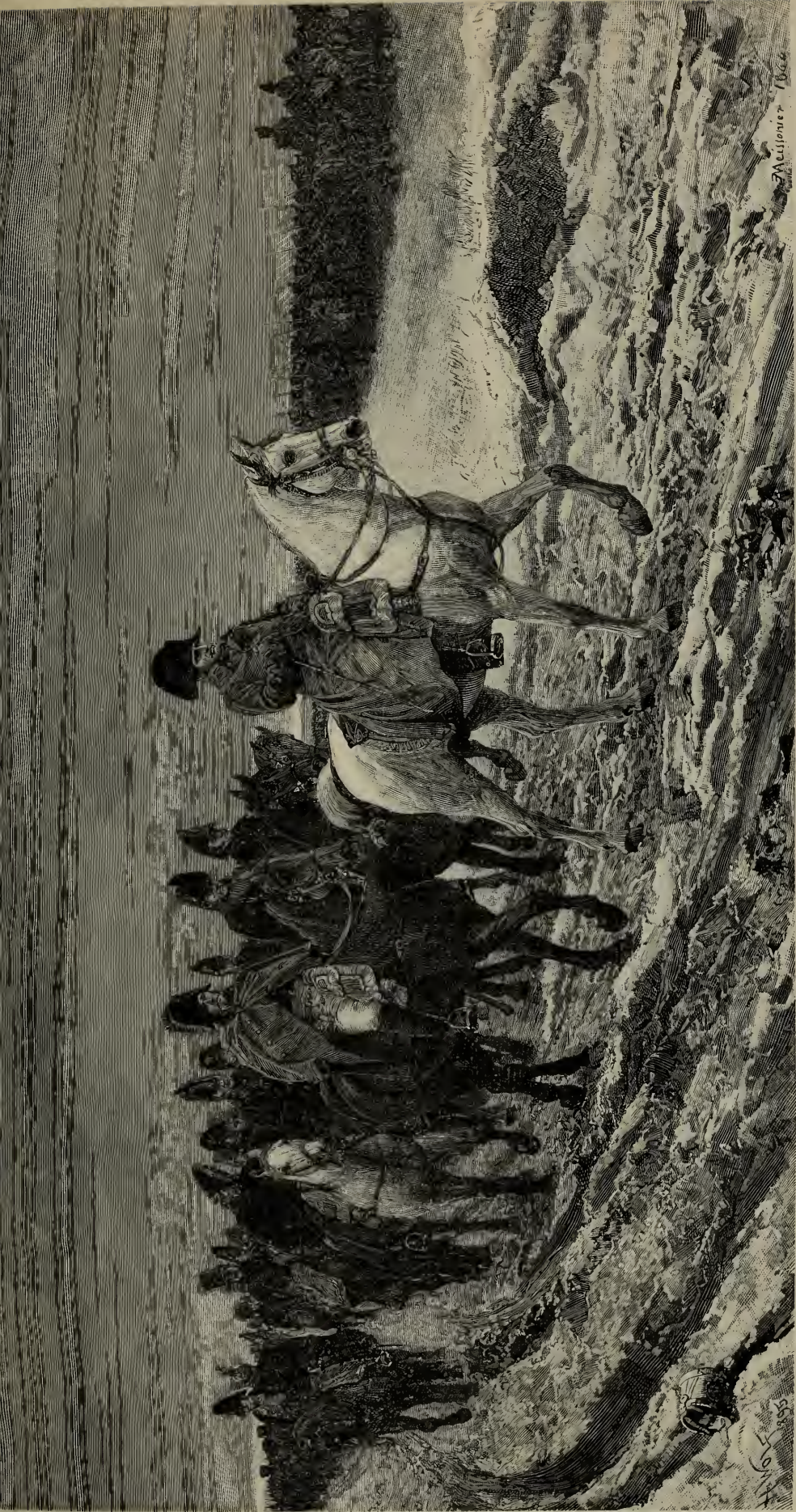
The wise and manly plan of the marshal was rejected by government, because (as it was made to appear) they were too poor to afford to pay a yearly sum of fifteen millions of francs, unless, indeed, they continued the *droits-réunis*, which oppressive tax the Bourbons, on their entrance into France, had solemnly promised to abolish. As far as it applied to the emigrants, something like Macdonald's project was carried into execution some ten years later; but, at the crisis of 1815, things were left *in statu quo*: consequently, while the emigrants were abandoned to poverty and dissatisfaction, the veterans of the army were goaded into fury, and the alarms of the holders of national property continued. These, in themselves, were causes sufficient to



SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR

FILIAL ANXIETY OF A CONSCRIPT.

DURING the campaign of 1814, the services of every French soldier were required for the defence of that empire, then invaded in all quarters. On one occasion, as Napoleon was passing along the front of the line on horseback, a soldier stepped out of the ranks, and presented his arms; "Sire," said he, in offering a petition to the emperor's notice, "my mother is old and infirm, and is dependent solely on my labours for subsistence." Napoleon was forcibly struck with these words, uttered with timidity, as though the man had felt the want of an excuse. He took the petition and proceeded; and on arriving at head-quarters, his first care was to read the petition, which stated that the soldier's poor mother was in great necessity; that her only son, who supported her, was called upon to fight for his country; and that he now sought permission to return and perform his first and most important duty. On this, Napoleon issued an order to the sub-prefect of the *arrondissement* where the old woman resided, to seek her out, and to tell her that the emperor would take her under his protection, and give her 1200 francs with a pension. At the same time the poor fellow's colonel was directed to tell him to be at ease on his mother's account, as the emperor would provide for her, but his services could not be dispensed with, as soldiers were required to oppose the enemies of his country.



FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER, IN THE COLLECTION OF M. GUST. DELAHANTE.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

«1814» — CAMPAIGN OF FRANCE.

Meissonier 1866

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.



facilitate Napoleon's march from the coast of Provence to Paris, and there were many others almost equally strong in full operation during the spring of 1815.

One of these causes was only an extension or enlargement of what we have already alluded to. It arose out of the numerical preponderance, the deadly spite, and still untamed pride of the military—out of the warlike habits, recklessness, and ferocity of character, that so many years of war had produced on the great body of the French people, no fewer than seven hundred thousand of whom were said to have borne arms at one time.

In 1814 nearly all France looked like a disbanded camp. A friend of the editor, who visited the country in that memorable year, was forcibly struck by the appearance of the people. He says—

“The most impressive feature of the crowd before us, and that which most struck us with a sense of novelty and of interest, was its military aspect. Almost every man had some indication of the military profession about his person, sufficient to denote that he had been engaged in war; at the same time, there was a self-willed variety in the dress of each, which had a very unpleasant effect, inasmuch as it prevented us from recognising that stamped assurance of legitimacy as an armed force which is impressed on the aspect of British troops. We could scarcely imagine that the dark-visaged beings, some in long, loose great-coats, some in jackets, some in cocked-hats, some in round ones, some in caps, who darted at us keen looks of a very overclouded cast, had ever belonged to regiments, steady, controlled, and lawful;—they seemed, rather, the fragments of broken-up gangs, brave, dexterous, and fierce, but unprincipled and unrestrained. Much of this irregularity and angriness of appearance was, doubtless, occasioned by the great disbandment of the army that had just taken place. The disbanded had no call to observe the niceties of military discipline, although they still retained such parts of their military uniform as they found convenient. They had not then either pursuits to occupy their time, or even prospects to keep up their hopes; they still lounged about in idleness, although their pay had been stopped; and disappointment and necessity threw into their faces an expression deeper than that of irritation—approaching, in fact, to the indications of indiscriminate and inveterate hatred. They carried about with them in their air the branded characteristics of forlorn men, whose interests and habits were opposed to the peace of mankind;—men who would cry, with the desperate Constance—

“‘War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war!’”—*King John*.*

We deplore the carnage, but, taking a large view of the state of affairs, we *do* consider the return of Bonaparte, and the battle of

* See a Visit to France in 1814, by the late John Scott, Esq.

Waterloo, as having been indispensably necessary to the great settlement of Europe—a settlement not secured in 1814, when the allies showed so much forbearance to the French, that all the Bonapartists (giving them no credit for generosity) thought, and even boasted, that they were *afraid* of them. With a few exceptions on the part of Prussia, the allies left intact the wonderful Napoleon Museum, enriched with pictures and statues, forcibly torn from Italy, Spain, and Germany; which stolen works of art, and the books and rare manuscripts exacted in treaties, signed at the bayonet's point, were all considered by a large portion of the Parisians and military as trophies of victory. The influence exercised on public opinion by this single circumstance was really considerable, and it required the great moral lesson, the restitution of these treasures (which was made in 1815), to bring the French to reason. If at the time of that restitution it had been deemed right (which it *was*) and feasible (which in many cases it was not) to insist on the restoration of the works of art which had been seized by Napoleon's generals, and kept on their own account, how many more pictures would have been sent back to Italy and Spain than actually were sent! The history of Marshal Soult's collection, so rich in the pictures of Murillo, Velasquez, Alonzo Cano, Casa del Campo, Coello, and others of the best Spanish masters, is perfectly well known. Marshal Soult lately sold this collection to King Louis Philippe.

Even as respected the Bourbons, the returned emigrants, and all the ultra-royalists, the events of 1815, and the convulsion of the hundred days, were absolutely required to put them into a proper state of mind. On the second restoration, which took place in consequence of the battle of Waterloo, a great improvement was obvious in the spirit and in the measures of government; and though, undeniably, many errors continued to be committed, and some prejudices to be indulged in, France had never before seen so much *real* liberty as that which she enjoyed during the years which intervened between the second return and the death of Louis.

These facts, most of which were proved only after the event, did not enter into the calculations of the allied powers, whose object, and whose duty it was, at that period, to place Bonaparte in such a retreat as should offer the least possible facilities to him for endangering anew the peace of Europe. But instead of doing this, they positively selected the point most favourable to him for such an enterprise. Next to France the main strength of Napoleon's party was in Italy, and Elba was an Italian island lying close to the coast of Italy, and at a convenient distance from Naples, where his brother-in-law was king.

On the prudence of selecting that spot as the place of residence for the restless Napoleon we subjoin the following remarks:

“When the secret history of the negotiations which passed from the 20th of March to the 10th of April, is disclosed to our



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

FROM A PAINTING BY LEJEUNE, BELONGING TO THE FRENCH WAR DEPARTMENT.

LAZARE-NICOLAS-MARGUERITE CARNOT, WAR MINISTER 1793-95, POPULARLY CALLED "THE ORGANIZER OF VICTORY." HIS GRANDSON WAS THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

posterity, the motives, if not the reasons, of this singular convention may be understood. At the moment of its publication, all its conditions, but especially the place of his residence, excited universal astonishment. This sentiment was expressed by men of all parties and conditions, from the most celebrated statesmen of England to the porters of Vienna; and the former might have expressed them as openly as the latter did, if they had not been silenced by the most obvious considerations of prudence. The island of Elba appears to have been (at least publicly) suggested by Marshal Ney. It is said that Bonaparte originally demanded Corfu, which was refused as too valuable a possession, under the ludicrous pretext that his residence there *might disturb the tranquillity of Turkey!* The island to which he was sent united every property which Bonaparte could have desired for new plans of ambition. Its small size and population disarmed jealousy, and gave it the appearance of a mere retreat. It contained an impregnable fortress, capable of being defended by a handful of faithful soldiers. It was within a few hours' sail of the coast of Italy, even then dreading the yoke of her old masters. Through Italy and Switzerland, communications with the French army might be opened through unsuspected channels; and, in the long line of the Alps and the Jura, it was scarcely possible to intercept them. The distance from the coast of France somewhat diminished the facility of watching the port; and he was near enough to Provence for such a sudden enterprise as his situation allowed. If the globe had been searched for that residence in which Napoleon was most dangerous to France, all sagacious searchers must have pointed to Elba.

“The decision of the majority who took a part in that deliberation, will not astonish those who know them. But it is not so easy to comprehend the acquiescence of such men as M. Talleyrand and M. Pozzo-di-Borgo; men certainly of distinguished talents, and familiarly acquainted with the character of Napoleon. Perhaps, indeed, it may one day appear, that they were both overruled. Perhaps in the noise of triumph, and in the eagerness to carry the main point, every contingent danger was overlooked; and in the insolence of victory, a prostrate enemy might be despised. The parade of cheap magnanimity which distinguishes some sovereigns—the family connexion of others with the deposed emperor—the remains of habitual deference from them all to their late master, probably contributed to their acquiescence in the plan which he had suggested, or which he had approved. The anxiety of all to prevent the bloodshed which the prolongation of uncertainty might still produce, was a commendable, and, within certain limits, a reasonable ground of action. It was thought proper, perhaps, to give a decent disguise to the conduct of the marshal or marshals who had betrayed him, and a reasonable satisfaction to the scruples of the marshals, who, though without personal attachment or poli-

tical connexion, were influenced by the military virtue of fidelity to him from whom they had accepted command. Forty thousand soldiers, in the neighbourhood of Fontainebleau, and probably thirty more in the provinces on the Loire, still showed symptoms of attachment to their chief; irregular, indeed, and fluctuating, sometimes appearing to be suspended, but at other times seeming to be capable of being kindled into a terrible flame. The dispositions of Soult were more than suspected; and it is now known that he fought the battle of Toulouse with a full knowledge of the changes at Paris. These military fears might, indeed, justify the purchase of Napoleon's abdication at a liberal price. But they do not account for the choice of his residence.

“The sudden and apparently complete change in the opinion of the army as well as of the people, which followed the abdication of Fontainebleau, is a symptom of the character of Frenchmen and of armies, which deserves much more reflection than we can bestow on it. He who, ten months before, had seemed the undisputed sovereign of France—who, a week before, seemed to retain the enthusiastic affection of the flower of the army, was then conducted by four foreign officers to the place of embarkation—unnoticed during the first part of his journey, and, during the latter part of it, protected by a foreign escort from destruction by the populace of Provence. Every opponent yielded to the Bourbons. Carnot, with the garrison of Antwerp, proclaimed their submission, and exemplified it by the surrender of that fortress—above all other conquests the object of national pride and policy. Davoust acknowledged the authority of a prince before whom he was sure to be accused by the people of Hamburg. Soult, who had rendered himself so odious to the royal family, by his insulting proclamations against the Duc d'Angoulême, evinced, by his tardy adhesion, that the torrent was too strong even for him to resist. The restoration of the house of Bourbon had every character of an unanimous national act. Louis XVIII. might almost wonder where his enemies had fled, and where his friends had been so long hidden. All seemed to be allegiance, and jubilee, and triumph.”*

Having shown the facilities allowed him by his position, we may now proceed to Napoleon's escape into France.

Having taken his resolution, and chosen his time, he kept the secret of his expedition until the last moment; and means were found to make the requisite preparations. A portion of the soldiers were embarked in a brig called “The Inconstant,” and the remainder in six small craft. It was not till they were all on board that the troops first conceived a suspicion of the Emperor's purpose; a thousand or twelve hundred men had sailed to regain possession of an empire containing a population of thirty millions! He commenced his voyage on Sunday, the 25th of

* Edinburgh Review.



RETOUR DE L'ILE D'ELBE.

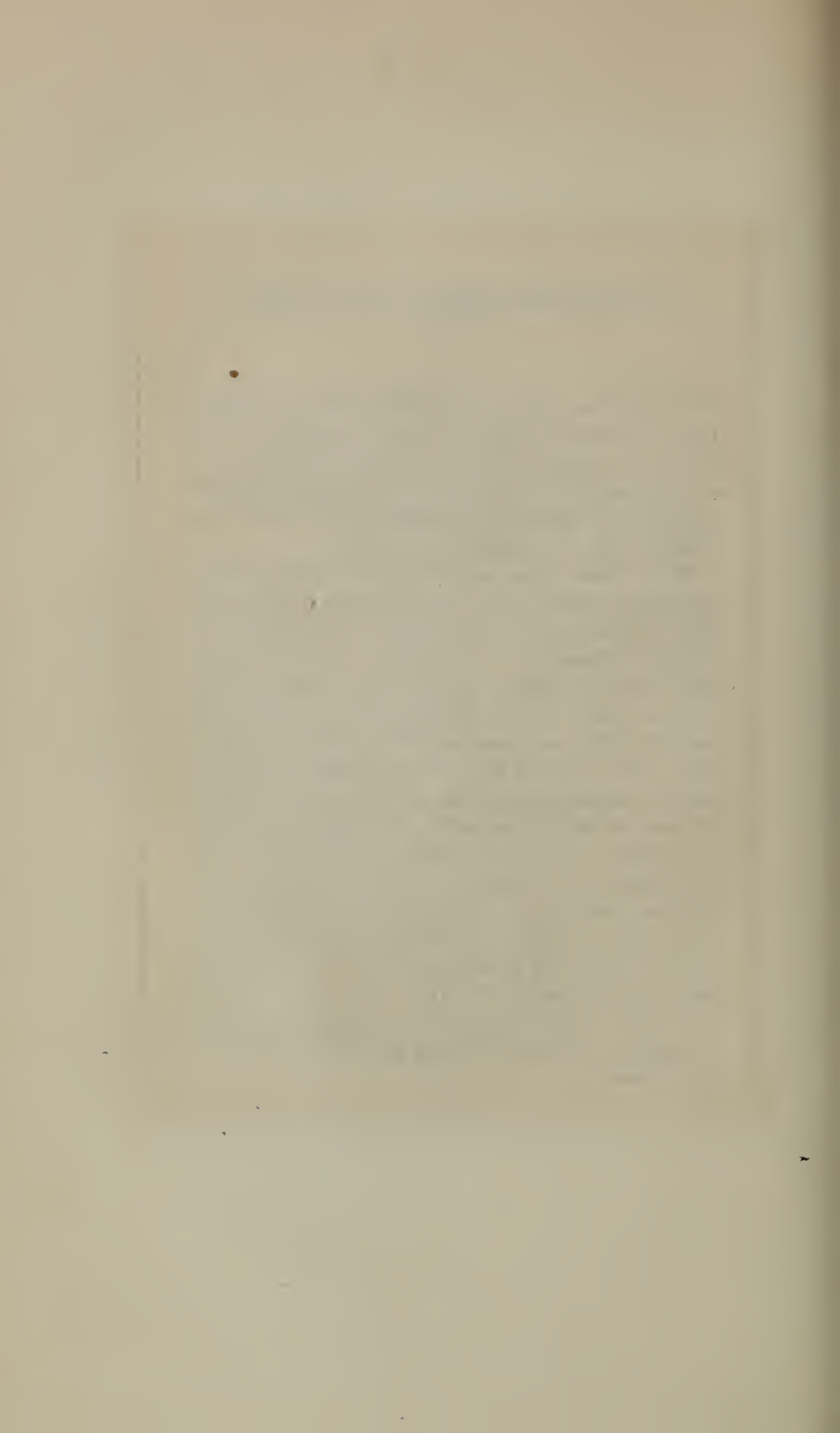
THE RETURN FROM ISLE D'ELBE.

Trachten I.

NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM ELBA.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of March, 1815, that Napoleon landed at Cannes, in Gulf Juan. From thence he proceeded towards Paris with his little army, then consisting only of 500 grenadiers of the guard, 200 dragoons, and 100 Polish lancers; these last being without horses, were obliged to carry their saddles on their backs.

When between Mure and Vizele, Cambronne, who commanded the advanced guard of 40 grenadiers, met a battalion which had been sent from Grenoble to arrest their march. Colonel La Badoyere, who headed the battalion, refused to parley with Cambronne; upon which the Emperor, without hesitation advanced alone; followed at some distance by 100 grenadiers with their arms reversed. There was profound silence until Napoleon had approached within a few paces, when he halted, and throwing open his surtout exclaimed, "If there be amongst you a soldier who would kill his general—his emperor—let him do it now!—Here I am!" The cry of *Vive l'Empereur* burst instantaneously from every lip. Napoleon threw himself among them, and taking a veteran private, covered with cheverons and medals, by the whisker, said, "Speak honestly, old moustache, couldst thou have had the heart to kill thy emperor?" The man dropped his ramrod into his piece to shew that it was uncharged, and answered, "Judge if I could have done thee much harm,—all the rest are the same."



February, 1815; and the next morning at ten o'clock, was not out of sight of the island, to the great annoyance of the few friends he had left behind. At this time, Colonel Sir Neil Campbell was absent on a tour to Leghorn, but being informed by the French consul and by Spanocchi, the Tuscan governor of the town, that Napoleon was certainly about to sail for the continent, he hastened back; and giving chase to the little squadron in the Partridge sloop of war, which was cruising in the neighbourhood, only arrived in time to get a distant view of the flotilla, after Bonaparte and his troops had landed.*

* The whole conduct of Sir Neil Campbell was severely censured at the time in various quarters. The following defence of it was put forward by his friends, and published in a London newspaper. Campbell was a gallant officer, and it is but justice to him to reprint that statement here :

“From this period, until the assembling of the congress at Vienna, Bonaparte evinced the greatest predilection for the constant personal presence and society of Sir Neil Campbell; but the discussion of the allied powers touching his future situation, and the arrangements of the Italian states, seemed to awaken his slumbering passions, and create rancour in his mind; he evidently alienated himself from the habits he had before cultivated with the British resident. Bonaparte's restlessness and dissatisfaction with his situation at Elba daily increased. About this time, several of his relations and old friends arrived at Elba from the continent; a frequent intercourse took place with Italy, and he evidently showed Sir N. Campbell, that his company was not so acceptable as formerly. Under these and other circumstances, Colonel Campbell found it expedient occasionally to visit the continent, for the purpose of being the better enabled to watch, ascertain, and communicate to his government and its functionaries on the continent, such intrigues of Bonaparte as might be carried forward, and which it was impossible to do by a constant residence at Elba; and there is reason to believe, that he did not fail to report, from time to time, what appeared to him deserving of notice, as well on the continent as in Elba. It is therefore to be presumed, that even this exposition of the footing on which he was at Elba, will evince the injustice of the disgraceful language in which the public prints have indulged, in attributing to him a situation which he would have scorned to hold,—a power which he did not possess, and a negligence, which the whole tenour of his military life most decidedly contradicts: nor will the public ascribe to an insulated individual, so situated, the means of preventing Napoleon's departure from Elba; the signal for which, had Colonel Campbell been on the spot, would have been his imprisonment, and consequent deprivation of all means of previous report to Government. It is necessary to observe, that Colonel Campbell's absence from Elba, at the time of Bonaparte's departure from it, was as short as possible, consistent with the performance of the public duty on which he was then employed.”

The pointed allusion in this letter to discussions carried on at Vienna “*touching his (Napoleon's) future situation,*” merits a very particular attention. It is confidently asserted by many that *the island of St. Helena was talked of in congress, and that Napoleon was told it was the intention of the allies to send him to that island, before he made up his mind to quit Elba, and again try the fortune of his sword.* Such an announcement was certainly enough to force him into the most desperate chances; and if it be true that those who were parties to the treaty of Fontainebleau contemplated the seizure and deportation of Bonaparte's person, why then they must have been, what we cannot designate without using very coarse language. There is, however, just one little doubt in favour of the allies at Vienna. May they not, must they not, have known of Bonaparte's plots of escape and counter-revolution? And did they not speak of the security of St. Helena after obtaining that knowledge? In such a case it was justifiable, and indeed a duty, to place the perilous man where he could do no further mischief.

There were between five and six hundred men on board the brig (The Inconstant) in which Bonaparte embarked. On the passage, they met with a French ship of war, with which they spoke. The guards were ordered to pull off their caps, and lie down on the deck or go below, while the captain exchanged some words with the commander of the frigate, whom he afterwards proposed to pursue and capture. Bonaparte rejected the idea as absurd, and asked why he should introduce this new episode into his plan?

As they stood over to the coast of France, the Emperor was in the highest spirits. The dye was cast, and he seemed to be quite himself again. He sat upon the deck, and amused the officers collected round him with a little history of his campaigns, particularly those of Italy and Egypt. When he had finished, he observed the deck to be encumbered with several large chests belonging to him. He asked the maître d'hôtel what they contained. Upon being told they were filled with wine, he ordered them to be immediately broken open, saying, "*Nous partagerons le butin.*" (We will divide the booty.) The Emperor superintended the distribution himself, and presented bottle by bottle to his comrades, till tired of this occupation, he called out to Bertrand, "*Grand maréchal, aidez-moi, je vous prie. Servons à ces messieurs.*" And then with emphasis, "*Ils nous serviront un jour!*" (Grand Marshal, assist me, if you please. Let us wait upon these gentlemen.—They will help us some day.) It was with this species of bonhomie that he captivated, when he chose, all around him. The following day he was employed in various arrangements, and among others in dictating to Colonel Raoul the proclamations to be issued on his landing. In one of these, after observing, "*Il faut oublier que nous avons donné la loi aux nations voisines*" (We must forget that we have given law to the neighbouring nations), Napoleon stopped. "*Qu'est-ce que j'ai dit?*" (What have I said?) Colonel Raoul read the passage. "*Halte!*" said Napoleon, "*Effacez voisines, dites toujours aux nations!*" (Stop! Omit the word "neighbouring:" say simply "to nations.") It was thus his pride blazed out on every occasion; and his ambition seemed to rekindle at the very recollections of his former greatness. The world could have no hope of peace with such a man.

He landed without any accident on the 1st of March at Cannes, a small seaport in the Gulf of St. Juan, not far from Frejus, where he had disembarked on his return from Egypt sixteen years before, and where he had embarked the preceding year for Elba. A small party of the guards who presented themselves before the neighbouring garrison of Antibes, were made prisoners by General Corsin, the governor of the place. Some one hinted that it was not right to proceed till they had released their comrades; but the Emperor observed, that this was poorly to estimate the magnitude of the undertaking;

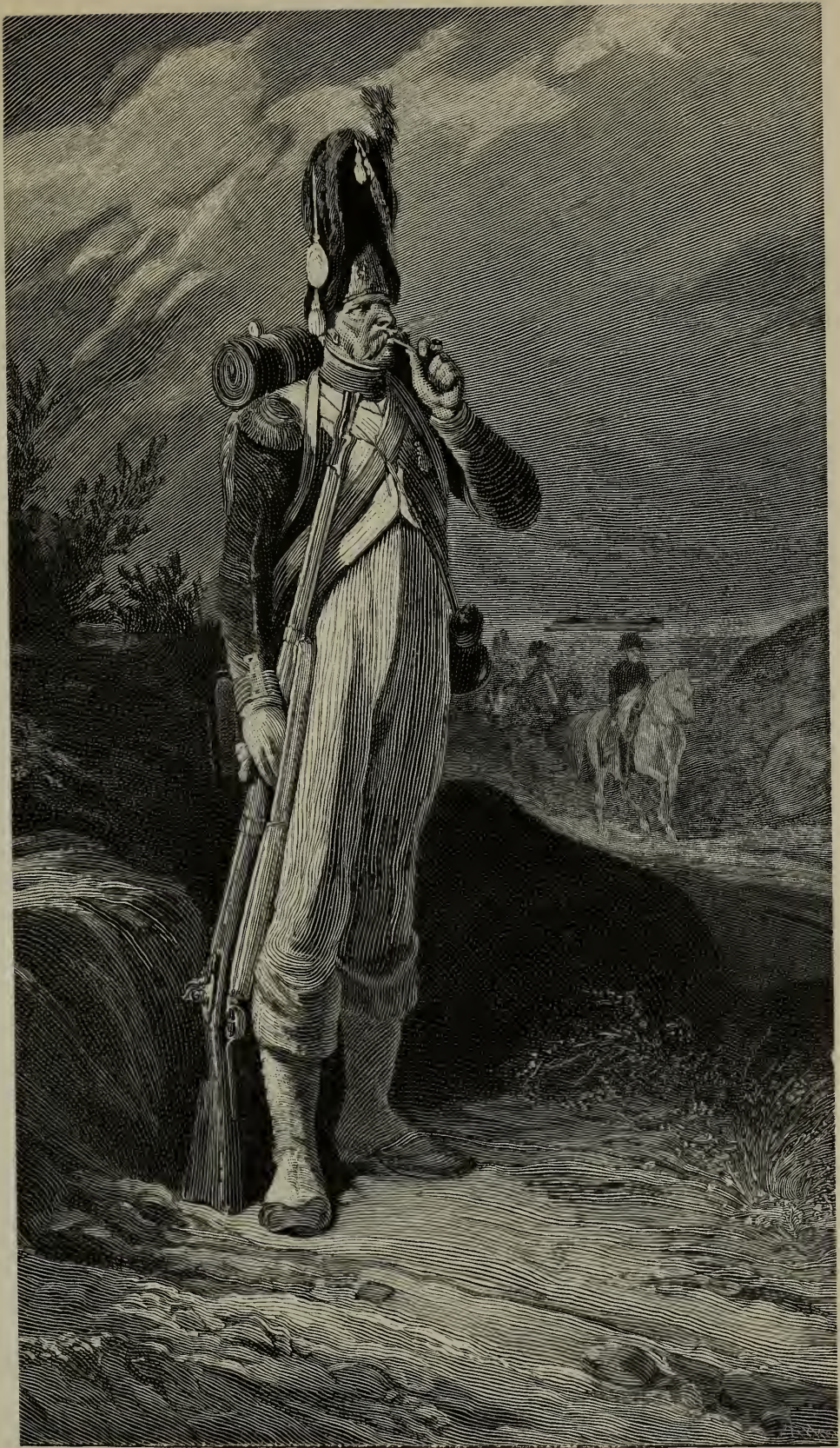
before them were thirty millions of men *waiting to be set free!* He, however, sent the war commissioner to try what he could do, calling out after him, "Take care you do not get yourself made prisoner too!" At nightfall the troops bivouacked on the beach.* Just before, a postilion, in a splendid livery, had been brought to Napoleon. It turned out that this man had formerly been a domestic of the Empress Josephine, and was now in the service of the Prince of Monaco, who himself had been equerry to the Empress. The postilion, after expressing his great astonishment at finding the Emperor there, stated, in answer to the questions that were put to him, that he had just come from Paris; that all along the road, as far as Avignon, he had heard nothing but regret for the Emperor's absence; that his name was constantly echoed from mouth to mouth; and that, when once fairly through Provence, he would find the whole population ready to rally round him. The man added, that his laced livery had frequently rendered him the object of odium and insult on the road. This was the testimony of one of the common class of society: it was very gratifying to the Emperor, as it entirely corresponded with his expectations. The Prince of Monaco himself, on being presented to the Emperor, was less explicit. Napoleon refrained from questioning him on political

* Napoleon himself bivouacked in an olive-grove a little above and in rear of the beach. The soldiers destroyed a few trees, and made good fires. The flames and the smoke thus produced attracted the attention of the peasantry, many of whom went to the spot from considerable distances. They were thunder-struck when they heard that the great Napoleon was there! One fine moonlight night, whilst sailing in a French ship along the coast of Provence, and near to the town of Cannes, we had this scene very graphically described to us by one of the sailors who had witnessed it, though he was at the time but young. Like many others he ran to the olive-grove, eager to get a glimpse of him whose name had filled their ears for so long a time. On coming to the spot he found an impenetrable wall of grenadiers drawn out into a circle. They were so tall, and stood so close, that he could not see within the circle. In the ardour of his boyish curiosity he went down on his knees and crept between the soldiers' legs, in doing which he got a smart tap on the nape of the neck from the butt-end of a musket. He, however, obtained his end—he saw the wonderful man. "But," said the sailor, "I was strangely disappointed, for, young as I was, I expected to see in the great Emperor a giant of a man, with a crown of gold on his head, and covered all over with diamonds; and, instead of this, I saw a corpulent, middling-sized man, with a queer old hat on, and buttoned up in a plain gray great-coat! Every one of the officers that stood about him was finer and grander than he, but they all seemed to look up to him as to a god, and spoke to him hat in hand—so I knew it was Napoleon. As I looked into the Emperor's face the fire glared redly upon it, and it seemed as if it were *covered all over with blood.*" An elder brother of this sailor, who also went to the olive-grove got into conversation with some of Napoleon's guard, who so dazzled him with prospects of glory and promotion, that he not only enlisted, but went home and privately abstracted a mule from his father's stable for the service of the Emperor. A mule to carry baggage was of more consequence to the invaders than a peasant lad. Two days after his absconding he returned home, but he neither brought back the mule, nor any money to pay for it. "So that the return of the Emperor from Elba," sighed the sailor, "was a very sad thing indeed for our family!"

matters. The conversation therefore assumed a more lively character, and turned altogether on the ladies of the former imperial court, concerning whom the Emperor was very particular in his inquiries.

As soon as the moon had risen, which was about one or two in the morning of the 2d, the bivouacs broke up, and Napoleon gave orders for proceeding to Grasse. There he expected to find a road which he had planned during the empire, but in this he was disappointed, the Bourbons having given up all such expensive works through want of money. Bonaparte was therefore obliged to pass through narrow defiles filled with snow, and left behind him in the hands of the municipality his carriage and two pieces of cannon, which had been brought ashore. This was termed a capture in the bulletins of the day. The municipality of Grasse was strongly in favour of the royalist cause; but the sudden appearance of the Emperor afforded but little time for hesitation, and they came to tender their submission to him. Having passed through the town, he halted on a little height some way beyond it, where he breakfasted. He was soon surrounded by the whole population of the place; and he heard the same sentiments, and the same prayers, as before he quitted France. A multitude of petitions had already been drawn up, and were presented to him, just as though he had come from Paris, and was making a tour through the departments. One complained that his pension had not been paid; another, that his cross of the Legion of Honour had been taken from him. Some of the more discontented secretly informed Napoleon that the authorities of the town were very hostile to him, but that the mass of the people were devoted to him, and only waited till his back was turned to rid themselves of the miscreants. He replied, "Be not too hasty. Let them have the mortification of seeing our triumph, without having any thing to reproach us with." The Emperor advanced with all the rapidity in his power. "Victory," he said, "depended on my speed. To me, France was in Grenoble. That place was a hundred miles distant, but I and my companions reached it in five days; and with what weather and what roads! I entered the city just as the Count d'Artois, warned by the telegraph, was quitting the Tuileries."

Napoleon himself was so perfectly convinced of the state of affairs, that he knew his success in no way depended on the force he might bring with him. A picket of gendarmes, he said, was all that was necessary. Every thing turned out as he foresaw. At first he owned he was not without some degree of uncertainty and apprehension. As he advanced, however, the whole population declared themselves enthusiastically in his favour: but he saw no soldiers. It was not till he arrived between Mure and Vizille, within five or six leagues from Grenoble, and on the fifth day after his landing, that he met



AFTER THE PAINTING BY NICOLAS TOUSSAINT CHARLET, IN THE LOUVRE

A GRENADIER.

a battalion. The commanding officer refused to hold even a parley. The Emperor, without hesitation, advanced alone, and one hundred grenadiers marched at some distance behind him, with their arms reversed. The sight of Napoleon, his well-known costume, and his gray military great-coat, had a magical effect on the soldiers, and they stood motionless. Napoleon went straight up to them, and, baring his breast, said, "Let him that has the heart, now kill his Emperor!"

The soldiers threw down their arms; their eyes moistened with tears; and cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* resounded on every side. Napoleon ordered the battalion to wheel round to the right, and all marched on together. At a short distance from Grenoble, Colonel Labédoyère,* who had been sent at the head of the 7th regiment to oppose his passage, came to join the Emperor. The impulse thus given in a manner decided the question. Labédoyère's superior officer in vain interfered to restrain his enthusiasm and that of his men. The tri-coloured cockades which had been concealed in the hollow of a drum were eagerly distributed by Labédoyère among them; and they threw away the white cockade as a badge of their nation's dishonour. The peasantry of Dauphiny, the cradle of the revolution, lined the road-side: they were transported and mad with joy. The first battalion, which has just been alluded to, had shown some signs of hesitation; but thousands of the country people crowded round it, and by their shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" endeavoured to urge the troops to decision; while others who followed in Napoleon's rear encouraged his little troop to advance, by assuring them that they would meet with success. Napoleon said he could have taken two millions of these peasants with him to Paris; but that then he would have been called the King of the Jacquerie.

Napoleon issued two proclamations on the road. He at first regretted that he had not had them printed before he left Elba; but this could not have been done without some risk of betraying his secret designs. He dictated them on board the vessel, where every man who could write was employed in copying them. These copies soon became very scarce; many of them were illegible; and it was not till he arrived at Gap, on the 5th of March, that he found means to have them printed. They were from that time circulated and read every where with the utmost avidity.

The proclamation to the French people was as follows:

"Frenchmen! the defection of the Duke of Castiglione (Augereau), delivered up Lyons without defence to our enemies.

* Labédoyère was young, nobly born, gallant, handsome, and possessed of many high qualities, but his enthusiasm for Napoleon led him sadly astray. He was connected by his marriage with the loyal family of the Duke of Damas, and it was through that connexion he obtained active employment from Louis XVIII. He paid dearly for his disloyalty, for after the second restoration he was shot, like Ney.

The army, the command of which I had intrusted to him, was by the number of its battalions, the courage and patriotism of the troops that composed it, in a condition to beat the Austrian troops opposed to it, and to arrive in time on the rear of the left flank of the army which threatened Paris. The victories of Champ-Aubert, of Montmirail, of Château-Thierry, of Vau-champs, of Mormans, of Montereau, of Craonne, of Rheims, of Arcis-sur-Aube, and of St. Dizier, the rising of the brave peasants of Lorraine and Champagne, of Alsace, Franche-Compté and Burgundy, and the position which I had taken in the rear of the hostile army, by cutting it off from its magazines, its parks of reserve, its convoys, and all its equipages, had placed it in a desperate situation. The French were never on the point of being more powerful, and the *élite* of the enemy's army was lost without resource; it would have found a tomb in those vast plains which it had so mercilessly laid waste, when the treason of the Duke of Ragusa delivered up the capital and disorganized the army. The unexpected misconduct of these two generals, who betrayed at once their country, their prince, and their benefactor, changed the fate of the war; the situation of the enemy was such that at the close of the action which took place before Paris, he was without ammunition, in consequence of his separation from his parks of reserve. In these new and distressing circumstances, my heart was torn, but my mind remained immovable; I consulted only the interest of the country; I banished myself to a rock in the middle of the sea; my life was yours, and might still be useful to you. Frenchmen! in my exile I heard your complaints and your wishes; you accused my long slumber; you reproached me with sacrificing the welfare of the country to my repose. I have traversed seas through perils of every kind; I return among you to reclaim my rights, which are yours."

The address to the army was considered as being still more masterly and eloquent, and it was certainly well suited to the taste of French soldiers, who, as Bourrienne remarks, are wonderfully pleased with grandiloquence, metaphor, and hyperbole, though they do not always understand what they mean. Even a French author of some distinction praises this address, as something sublime. "The proclamation to the army," says he, "is full of energy: it could not fail to make all military imaginations vibrate. That prophetic phrase, 'The eagle, with the national colours, will fly from church-steeple to church-steeple, till it settles on the towers of Notre Dame,' was grand in the extreme."

The proclamation to the army ran thus:

"Soldiers!—We have not been conquered: two men, sprung from our ranks, have betrayed our laurels, their country, their benefactor, and their prince. Those whom we have beheld for twenty-five years traversing all Europe to raise up enemies

against us, who have spent their lives in fighting against us in the ranks of foreign armies, and in cursing our beautiful France, shall they pretend to command or enchain our eagles—they who have never been able to look them in the face? Shall we suffer them to inherit the fruit of our glorious toils, to take possession of our honours, of our fortunes; to calumniate and revile our glory? If their reign were to continue, all would be lost, even the recollection of those memorable days. With what fury they misrepresent them! They seek to tarnish what the world admires; and if there still remain defenders of our glory, they are to be found among those very enemies whom we have confronted in fields of battle. Soldiers! in my exile I have heard your voice; I have come back in spite of all obstacles and all dangers. Your general, called to the throne by the choice of the people, and raised on your shields, is restored to you: come and join him. Mount the tri-coloured cockade: you wore it in the days of our greatness. We must forget that we have been the masters of nations; but we must not suffer any to intermeddle in our affairs. Who would pretend to be master over us? Who would have the power? Resume those eagles which you had at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Wagram, at Friedland, at Tudela, at Eckmuhl, at Essling, at Smolensk, at the Moskwa, at Lutzen, at Wurtchen, at Montmirail. The veterans of the armies of the Sambre and Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, of the West, of the Grand Army, are humiliated: their honourable scars are stained; their successes would be crimes, the brave would be rebels, if, as the enemies of the people pretend, the legitimate sovereigns were in the midst of the foreign armies. Honours, recompences, favours, are reserved for those who have served with them against the country and against us. Soldiers! come and range yourselves under the banners of your chief: his existence is only made up of yours; his rights are only those of the people and yours; his interest, his honour, his glory, are no other than your interest, your honour, and your glory. Victory shall march at a charging-step; the eagle, with the national colours, shall fly from steeple to steeple, till it reaches the towers of Notre-Dame. Then you will be able to show your scars with honour; then you will be able to boast of what you have done: you will be the liberators of the country! In your old age, surrounded and looked up to by your fellow-citizens, they will listen to you with respect as you recount your high deeds; you will each of you be able to say with pride, ‘And I also made part of that grand army which entered twice within the walls of Vienna, within those of Rome, of Berlin, of Madrid, of Moscow, and which delivered Paris from the stain which treason and the presence of the enemy had imprinted on it.’ Honour to those brave soldiers, the glory of their country!”

These words certainly produced an immense effect on the

French soldiery, who every where roared "Vive l'Empereur! Vive le petit Caporal!" "We will die for our old comrade!" till the welkin rang again.

It was some distance in advance of Grenoble that Labédoyère joined; but that officer could not make quite sure of the garrison of that city which was commanded by General Marchand, a man resolved to be faithful to the oath he had taken, and to the sovereign whose bread he was eating. The shades of night had fallen when Bonaparte arrived in front of the walls of Grenoble, where he stood for some minutes in a painful state of suspense and indecision. We were assured, some years after, while travelling in the south of France, that but for the tumultuous character of the people of Grenoble, and the revolutionary or Bonaparteian spirit of the mass of the inhabitants, General Marchand would have succeeded in calming the mutiny of the troops, and maintaining his position, at least for some time: This would have been exceedingly awkward to Napoleon; but Ney with his powerful corps, was not far off, and the mass of the French soldiery was so thoroughly disaffected to the Bourbons, as not to allow those princes any hope of making a stand against Napoleon by their means.

It was on the 5th of March, and, as we have mentioned, at nightfall, that Bonaparte stood before the walls of Grenoble. He found the gates closed, and the commanding officer refused to open them. The garrison assembled on the ramparts, shouted *Vive l'Empereur!* and shook hands with Napoleon's followers through the wickets; but they could not be prevailed on to do more. It was necessary to force the gates; and this was done under the mouths of ten pieces of artillery, loaded with grape-shot. In none of his battles did Napoleon ever imagine himself to be in so much danger as at the entrance into Grenoble. The soldiers seemed to turn upon him with furious gestures: for a moment it might be supposed that they were going to tear him to pieces. But these were the suppressed transports of love and joy. The Emperor and his horse were both borne along by the multitude; and he had scarcely time to breathe in the inn where he alighted, when an increased tumult was heard without; the inhabitants of Grenoble came to offer him the broken gates of the city, since they could not present him with the keys.

From Grenoble to Paris, Napoleon found no further opposition. During the four days of his stay at Lyons, where he had arrived on the 10th, there were continually upwards of twenty thousand people assembled before his windows, whose acclamations were unceasing. It would never have been supposed that the Emperor had even for a moment been absent from the country. He issued orders, signed decrees, reviewed the troops, as if nothing had happened. The military corps, the public bodies, and all classes of citizens eagerly came forward to tender their homage and their services. The Count d'Artois,

who had hastened to Lyons, as the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême had done to Bourdeaux, like them in vain attempted to make a stand. The national horse-guards (who were known royalists) deserted him at this crisis; and in his flight, only one of them chose to follow him. Bonaparte refused their services when offered to him, and sent the decoration of the Legion of Honour to the single volunteer who had thus shown his fidelity by following the duke. As soon as the Emperor quitted Lyons, he wrote to Ney, who, with his army, was at Lons-le-Saulnier, to come and join him. Ney had set off from the court with a promise to bring Napoleon, "like a wild beast in a cage, to Paris."

These were words of falsehood and treachery, for Ney had made up his mind to a very different line of action, even at the moment he uttered them. This is denied by the majority of French writers, though Ney himself afterwards proclaimed and boasted of his deliberate treason. We know that even Sir Walter Scott excuses Ney's heart at the expense of his head, and fancies that the marshal was rather carried away by circumstances, by vanity, and by fickleness, than actuated by premeditated treachery; yet still, after a careful examination of a mass of evidence, our conviction remains unchanged.

At all events, the facts of the case were these:

On the 11th of March, Ney being at Besançon, learned that Napoleon was at Lyons. To those who doubted whether his troops would fight against their old comrades, he said, "They *shall* fight! I will take a musket from a grenadier, and begin the action myself! I will run my sword to the hilt in the body of the first man who hesitates to fire!" At the same time he wrote to the minister of war at Paris, that he hoped "to see a fortunate close to this mad enterprise."

He then advanced to Lons-le-Saulnier, where, on the night between the 13th and 14th of March, not quite three days after his furious protestations of fidelity, he received, without hesitation, a letter from Bonaparte, inviting him by his old appellation of "the bravest of the brave," to join his standard. With this invitation Ney immediately complied, and published an order of the day that declared the cause of the Bourbons, which he had sworn to defend, lost for ever.

It is pleaded in extenuation of Ney's disloyalty, that both his officers and men were beyond his control, and determined to join their old master; but in that case he ought to have given up his command, and retired in the same way that Marshals Macdonald and Marmont and other honourable men did.* But even among his own officers, Ney had a proper example set him, for many of them, after remonstrating in vain, threw up their commands. One of them broke his sword in two, and

* Marshal Augereau kept himself aloof. He could not be much flattered by the mention made of him in Bonaparte's proclamation to the troops.

threw the pieces at Ney's feet, saying, "It is easier for a man of honour to break iron than to break his word."

The ex-emperor, when at Saint Helena, gave a very different reading to these incidents. On this subject he was heard to say, "If I except Labédoyère, who flew to me with enthusiasm and affection, and another individual, who, of his own accord, rendered me important services, nearly all the other generals whom I met on my route evinced hesitation and uncertainty; they yielded only to the impulse about them, if, indeed, they did not manifest a hostile feeling towards me. This was the case with Ney, with Massena, St. Cyr, Soult, as well as with Macdonald and the Duke of Belluno; so that if the Bourbons had reason to complain of the complete desertion of the soldiers and the people, they had no right to reproach the chiefs of the army with conspiring against them, who had shown themselves mere children in politics, and would be looked upon as neither emigrants nor patriots."*

Between Lyons and Fontainebleau Napoleon often travelled several miles ahead of his army, with no other escort than a few Polish lancers. His advanced guard now generally consisted of the troops (miscalled *royal*) who happened to be before him on the road whither they had been sent to oppose him, and to whom couriers were sent forward to give notice of the Emperor's approach, in order that they might be quite ready to join him with the due military ceremonies. White flags and cockades every where disappeared—the tri-colour resumed its pride of place. It was spring, and, true to its season, the violet had reappeared! The joy of the soldiers and the lower orders was almost frantic; but even among the industrious poor there were not wanting many who regretted this precipitate return to the old order of things—to conscription, war, and bloodshed; while in the superior classes of society there was a pretty general consternation. The vain, volatile soldiery, however, thought of nothing but their Emperor—saw nothing before them but the restoration of all their laurels—the humiliation of England, and the utter defeat of the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians.

On the night between the 19th and 20th of March Napoleon reached Fontainebleau, and again paced, as had formerly been his custom, with short, quick steps, through the antiquated but splendid galleries of that old palace. What must have been his feelings on revisiting the chamber in which, the year before, it is said he had attempted suicide! Baron Fain thus relates this report:

"On the night of the 12th, the silence which reigned in the long corridors of the palace was suddenly interrupted by the sound of hurried footsteps. The servants of the palace were heard running to and fro; candles were lighted in the inner

* Napoleon, we presume, called all the French who were for the Bourbons "emigrants," and all who were for himself "patriots."

apartment, and the valets-de-chambre were called up. Doctor Yvan and Grand Marshal Bertrand were also summoned. The Duke of Vicenza was sent for, and a message was despatched to the Duke of Bassano, who resided at the Chancellery. All these individuals arrived, and were successively introduced into the Emperor's bedchamber. Curiosity in vain lent an anxious ear; nothing was heard but groans and sobs escaping from the antechamber, and resounding through the gallery. At length Doctor Yvan came out of the chamber; he hastily descended into the courtyard, where, finding a horse fastened to the railing, he mounted him and galloped off. The secret of this night has always been involved in profound obscurity. The following story has, however, been related:

"During the retreat from Moscow Napoleon had, in case of accident, taken means to prevent his falling alive into the hands of the enemy. He procured from Surgeon Yvan a bag of opium,* which he wore hung about his neck as long as danger was to be apprehended. He afterwards carefully deposited this bag in a secret drawer of his cabinet. On the night of the 12th he thought the moment had arrived for availing himself of this last expedient. The valet-de-chambre, who slept in the adjoining room, the door of which was half open, heard Napoleon empty something into a glass of water, which he drank, and then returned to bed. Pain soon extorted from him an acknowledgment of his approaching end. He then sent for the most confidential persons in his service. Yvan was sent for also; but learning what had occurred, and hearing Napoleon complain that the poison was not sufficiently quick in its effect, he lost all self-possession, and hastily fled from Fontainebleau. It is added, that Napoleon fell into a long sleep, and that after copious perspiration every alarming symptom disappeared. The dose was either insufficient in quantity, or time had mitigated the power of the poison. It is said that Napoleon, astonished at the failure of his attempt, after some moments of reflection, said, "God has ordained that I shall live!" and yielding to the will of Providence, which had preserved his existence, he resigned himself to a new destiny. The whole affair was hushed in secrecy."

Louis XVIII. left the palace of the Tuileries at nearly the same hour that Bonaparte entered that of Fontainebleau.

The most forlorn hope of the Bourbons was now in a considerable army posted between Fontainebleau and Paris. Meantime the two armies approached each other at Melun; that of the king was commanded by the faithful Macdonald. On the 20th, his troops were drawn up in three lines to receive the invaders, who were said to be advancing from Fontainebleau. There was a

* It was not opium alone, but a preparation described by Cabanis, and the same which Condorcet made use of to destroy himself.

long pause of suspense, of a nature which seldom fails to render men more accessible to strong and sudden emotion. The glades of the forest, and the acclivity which leads to it, were full in view of the royal army, but presented the appearance of a deep solitude. All was silence, except when the regimental bands of music, at the command of the officers, who remained generally faithful, played the airs of "Vive Henri Quatre,"—"O Richard,"—"La Belle Gabrielle," and other tunes connected with the cause and family of the Bourbons. The sounds excited no corresponding sentiments among the soldiers. At length, about noon, a galloping of horse was heard. An open carriage appeared, surrounded by a few hussars, and drawn by four horses. It came on at full speed; and Napoleon, jumping from the vehicle, was in the midst of the ranks which had been formed to oppose him. His escort threw themselves from their horses, mingled with their ancient comrades, and the effect of their exhortations was instantaneous on men, whose minds were already half made up to the purpose which they now accomplished. There was a general shout of "Vive Napoleon!" The last army of the Bourbons passed from their side, and no further obstruction existed betwixt Napoleon and the capital, which he was once more—but for a brief space—to inhabit as a sovereign.*

Louis, accompanied only by a few household troops, had scarcely turned his back on the capital of his ancestors, when Lavallette hastened from a place of concealment and seized on the post-office in the name of Napoleon. By this measure all the king's proclamations† were intercepted, and the restoration of the emperor was announced to all the departments. General Excelmans, who had just taken a new oath to Louis (a gratuitous piece of perjury) pulled down with his own hands the white-coloured flag that was floating over the Tuileries, and hoisted the three-coloured banner.

It was late in the evening of the 20th, that Bonaparte entered Paris in an open carriage, which was driven straight to the gilded gates of the Tuileries. He received the acclamations of the military, and of the lower classes of the suburbs; but most of the respectable citizens looked on in silent wonderment. It was quite evident then that he was recalled by a party—a party, in truth, numerous and powerful, but not by the unanimous voice of the nation. The enthusiasm of his immediate adherents, however, made up for the silence and lukewarmness of others. They filled and crammed the square of the Carrousel, and the courts and avenues of the Tuileries—they pressed so closely upon him, that he was obliged to cry out, "My friends, you stifle me!" and his aides-de-camp were obliged to carry him in their arms up the grand

* Walter Scott, vol. viii.

† On the 12th of April, Louis XVIII. issued a declaration at Ghent (see notes at the end of the present chapter); but even that paper could not be circulated in France until after the battle of Waterloo.



L BY PIERRE PRUDHON, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DUC DE TRÉVISE.

JOSEPHINE.

staircase, and thence into the royal apartments. It was observed, however, that amongst these *ardent friends* were very many men who had been the first to desert him in 1814, and that these individuals were the most enthusiastic in their demonstrations, the loudest in their shouts. But this was a matter of course!

And thus was Napoleon again at the Tuileries where, even more than at Fontainebleau, his mind ought to have been flooded by the deep and rushing recollections of the past! A few nights after his return thither, he is said to have fallen into a "melting mood." This was in talking about his former wife, poor Josephine, to whom he was certainly attached, even when he abandoned her. He had sent for M. Horan, one of the physicians who had attended her during her last illness:

"So, Monsieur Horan," said he, "you did not leave the empress during her malady?"

"No, sire."

"What was the cause of that malady?"

"Uneasiness of mind . . . grief."

"You believe that?" (and Napoleon laid a strong emphasis on the word *believe*, looking steadfastly in the doctor's face.) He then asked, "Was she long ill? Did she suffer much?"

"She was ill a week, sire—her majesty suffered little pain."

"Did she see that she was dying?—Did she show courage?"

"A sign her majesty made when she could no longer express herself, leaves me no doubt that she felt her end approaching—she seemed to contemplate it without fear."

"Well! . . . well!" and then Napoleon much affected, drew close to M. Horan, and added, "You say that she was in grief—from what did that arise?"

"From passing events, sire; from your majesty's position last year."

"Ah! she used to speak of me then?"

"Often . . . very often."

Here Napoleon drew his hand across his eyes, which seemed filled with tears. He then went on.

"Good woman!—My excellent Josephine! She loved me truly—she—did she not? . . . Ah! She was a Frenchwoman!"

"Oh! yes, sire, she loved you, and she would have proved it, had it not been for dread of displeasing you—she had conceived an idea . . ."

"How? . . . What would she have done?"

"She one day said, that as empress of the French, she would drive through Paris with eight horses to her coach, and all her household in gala livery, to go and rejoin you at Fontainebleau, and never quit you more."

"She would have done it—she was capable of doing it!"

Napoleon again betrayed deep emotion, on recovering from which he asked the physician the most minute questions about

the nature of Josephine's disease—the friends and attendants who were around her at the hour of her death, and the conduct of her two children, Eugène and Hortense.

DECLARATION OF LOUIS XVIII.

“ Ghent, April 12, 1815.

“ At a moment when we are about to see a new war commence, we consider that we owe to France, in the face of Europe, to give the formal declaration of our allies.

“ When Heaven and the nation recalled us to the throne, we made before God the solemn promise, very soothing to our heart, to forget injuries, and to labour without relaxation for the happiness of our subjects. The sons of St. Louis have never betrayed either Heaven or their country.

“ Already had our people recovered, through our care, plenty at home and peace abroad—the esteem of all nations—already the throne, weakened by so many shocks, had begun to be firmly re-established, when treason forced us to quit our capital, and to seek refuge on the confines of our states. However, Europe has taken up arms—Europe, faithful to its treaties, will know no other King of France except ourselves. Twelve hundred thousand men are about to march, to assure the repose of the world, and a second time to deliver our fine country.

“ In this state of things, a man whose whole strength is at present made up of artifice and delusion, endeavours to lead astray the spirit of the nation by his fallacious promises—to raise it against its king, and to drag it along with him into the abyss, as if to accomplish his frightful saying of 1814:—‘ If I fall, it shall be known how much the overthrow of a great man costs.’

“ Amid the alarms which the present danger of France have revived in our hearts, the crown, which we have never looked upon but as the power of doing good, would to our eyes have lost all its charms, and we should have returned with pride to the exile in which twenty years of our life were spent in dreaming of the happiness of the French people, if our country was not menaced for the future with all the calamities which our restoration had terminated—and if we were not the guarantees for France to the other sovereigns. The sovereigns who now afford us so strong a mark of their affection, cannot be abused by the cabinet of Bonaparte, with the Machiavelism of which they are acquainted. United by the friendship and interests of their people, they march without hesitation to the glorious end where Heaven has placed the general peace and happiness of nations. Thoroughly convinced, in spite of all the tricks of a policy now at its last extremity, that the French nation has not made itself an accomplice in the attempts of the army, and that the small number of Frenchmen who have been led astray must soon be sensible of their error, they regard France as their ally. Wherever they shall find the French people faithful, the fields will be respected, the labourer protected, the poor succoured; they reserve the weight of the war to let it fall on those provinces who at their approach refuse to return to their duty.

“ This restriction, directed by prudence, would sensibly afflict us, if our people were less known to us; but whatever the fears may be with which it is endeavoured to inspire them with respect to our intentions, since our allies make war only against rebels, our people have nothing to dread, and we rejoice to think that their love for us shall not have been altered by a short absence, nor by the calumnies of libellers, nor by the promises of the chief of a faction, too much convinced of his weakness not to caress those who burn to destroy him.

“ On our return to our capital, a return which we consider as now near at hand, our first care shall be to recompense virtuous citizens who have devoted themselves to the good cause, and in labouring to banish even, to all appearance, disasters which may have withdrawn from us some of the French people.

(Signed)

“ LOUIS.”

STATEMENT

OF THE EXPENSES INCURRED BY NAPOLEON ON ACCOUNT OF
PUBLIC WORKS.

The following official tables, which were esteemed as correct, will convey a good notion of the outlay made during the power of Napoleon, or from 1804 to 1813, for great public works.

ROADS.

NAMES OF ROADS.	Calculated ex- pense of the whole.	Sums actually spent upon them between 1804 and 1813.	Sums yet to be spent to com- plete the roads.
	frs.	frs.	frs.
Mont Cenis	16,000,000	13,500,000	2,500,000
The Simplon	9,200,000	6,100,000	3,100,000
La Corniche	15,500,000	6,500,000	9,000,000
Mont Genevre	5,400,000	2,800,000	2,600,000
Fenestrelle	1,800,000	800,000	1,000,000
Lantaret	3,500,000	1,800,000	1,700,000
From Alessandria to Savona	4,000,000	2,600,000	1,400,000
From Ceva to Port Maurice	2,600,000	560,000	2,040,000
From Genoa to Alessandria, by Garvi	1,800,000	150,000	1,650,000
From Etacenza to Genoa	5,500,000	300,000	5,200,000
From Parma to La Spezzia	3,700,000	2,000,000	1,700,000
From Paris to Madrid, by Bayonne	8,000,000	4,200,000	3,800,000
From Paris to Amsterdam	6,300,000	4,300,000	2,000,000
From Paris to Hamburg	9,800,000	6,000,000	3,800,000
From Maestricht to Venloo	2,100,000	1,960,000	140,000
From Paris to Mayence	5,000,000	5,000,000	
From Tournus to Chambery	4,000,000	100,000	3,900,000
Different roads in the departments	104,200,000	58,670,000	45,530,000
Total		218,814,549	
		277,484,549	

BRIDGES.

NAMES OF BRIDGES.	Total amount of the projects.	Expenses for work done be- tween the years 1804 and 1813.	Expenses re- maining to be made.
	frs.	frs.	frs.
Bridge of Vercelli	560,000	530,000	30,000
Bridge of the Scrivia	300,000	300,000	
Bridge of Tours	3,000,000	3,000,000	
Bridge of Tilsitt at Lyons	3,000,000	3,000,000	
Bridge of the Isere and others on that route	4,000,000	4,000,000	
Bridge over the Durance	1,500,000	1,500,000	
Bridge over the Po at Turin	3,500,000	1,850,000	1,650,000
Bridge over the Dora	1,100,000	820,000	280,000
Bridge of Bordeaux	6,000,000	1,000,000	5,000,000
Bridge and Quays at Rouen	5,000,000	800,000	4,200,000
Bridge of Rouanne	2,400,000	1,500,000	900,000
Bridge of Serin and Arsenal at Lyons	1,000,000	300,000	700,000
Bridge of Avignon	1,200,000	600,000	600,000
Bridge of Givet	700,000	500,000	200,000
Bridge of the Vey	1,500,000	500,000	1,000,000
Bridge of Arves	350,000	200,000	150,000
Bridges of Laune, Moisac, Agen, &c.	7,000,000	700,000	6,300,000
Bridge of Sevres	2,000,000	800,000	1,200,000
Bridge of St. Cloud	800,000	775,000	25,000
Spent on different bridges since 1804	44,910,000	22,675,000	22,235,000
Total		7,930,000	
		30,605,000	

CANALS AND DRAINING.

NAMES OF CANALS.	Total amount of the works as projected.	Sums actually spent between 1804 and 1813.	Expenses re- maining to be made.
	frs.	frs.	frs.
St. Quentin	11,000,000	10,000,000	1,000,000
La Somme	5,000,000	1,200,000	3,800,000
La Haine (Mons à Conde)	5,000,000	3,000,000	2,000,000
Seine and Aube	15,000,000	6,000,000	9,000,000
Napoleon	17,000,000	10,500,000	6,500,000
Bourgogne	24,000,000	6,800,000	17,200,000
Ille and Rance	8,000,000	5,000,000	3,000,000
The Blavet	3,300,000	2,800,000	500,000
Nantes to Brest	28,000,000	1,200,000	26,800,000
Niort	9,000,000	1,500,000	7,500,000
Arles and Port de Bouc	8,500,000	3,800,000	4,700,000
The Cher	6,000,000	1,100,000	4,900,000
Dieuze	3,500,000	900,000	2,600,000
The Colancelle	2,000,000	900,000	1,100,000
	145,300,000	54,700,000	90,600,000
Draining, and works to recover bogs } and swamped lands at—			
Rochefort	7,000,000	3,000,000	4,000,000
Carenton	4,500,000	2,600,000	1,900,000
The Scheldt	3,200,000	2,800,000	400,000
Blankenberg	3,000,000	3,000,000	
Dikes of the river Po	1,000,000	800,000	200,000
Works at Péraché, on the Saone, &c.	4,000,000	2,000,000	2,000,000
Total for Canals, Draining, &c.	168,000,000	68,900,000	99,100,000
Minor Works for Canals, Draining, &c.		53,687,898	
Total of real outlay		122,587,898	

WORKS AT PARIS.

	Amount of the Projects.	Money actually spent for work done between 1804 and 1813.	Expenses remaining to be made.
		frs.	frs.
Canal of L'Ouicq	38,000,000	19,500,000	18,500,000
Abattoirs (Slaughter-houses)	13,500,000	6,700,000	6,800,000
Market and Cellars for Wine	12,000,000	4,000,000	8,000,000
Market and Cellars for Corn	800,000	750,000	50,000
The Great Market (Grande Halle)	12,000,000	2,600,000	9,400,000
Market-places	8,500,000	4,000,000	4,500,000
Granaries of reserve	8,000,000	2,300,000	5,700,000
Mills and Magazines of St. Maur	8,000,000	1,000,000	7,000,000
Bridge of Austerlitz	3,000,000	3,000,000	
Bridge of Arts	900,000	900,000	
Bridge of Jena	6,200,000	4,800,000	1,400,000
Quays on the Seine	15,000,000	11,000,000	4,000,000
Schools (<i>Lycées</i>)	5,000,000	500,000	4,500,000
Church of St. Geneviève	2,500,000	2,000,000	500,000
Church of St. Denis	2,500,000	2,200,000	300,000
Expenses on Archbishop's Palace, &c.	2,500,000	2,500,000	
Grand Office of Foreign Affairs	6,000,000	1,000,000	5,000,000
Post Office (now Treasury)	6,000,000	1,800,000	4,200,000
Record and Archive Office	20,000,000	1,000,000	19,000,000
Temple of Glory (Church of the Magdalen)	8,000,000	2,000,000	6,000,000
Palace for the Corps Legislatif	3,000,000	3,000,000	
Column in Place Vendome	1,500,000	1,500,000	
Obelisk of Pont Neuf	5,300,000	1,200,000	4,100,000
Triumphal Arch de l'Etoile	9,000,000	4,500,000	4,500,000
Statues on the bridges and squares	1,500,000	600,000	900,000
Square of the Bastille	1,200,000	600,000	600,000
Opening of new streets and squares	4,000,000	4,000,000	
Botanical Garden (Jardin des Plantes)	3,000,000	800,000	2,200,000
Exchange (la Bourse)	6,000,000	2,500,000	3,500,000
	212,900,000	92,250,000	120,650,000
Various works not designated		10,171,000	
Total spent		102,421,000	

SEAPORTS.

NAMES OF PORTS.	Estimated ex- pense of the whole.	Sums actually spent upon them between 1804 and 1813	Sums yet to be spent to com- plete the works
	frs.	frs.	frs.
Port of Cherbourg	142,700,000	26,000,000	72,570,000
Port of Antwerp		18,000,000	
Port of Flushing		5,600,000	
Port of New-Diep		1,500,000	
Port of Havre		6,300,000	
Port of Dunkirk		4,500,000	
Port of Ostend, with Canal		3,600,000	
Port of Marseilles		1,500,000	
Port of St. Valery		200,000	
Port of Calais		500,000	
Port of Dieppe		1,100,000	
Port of Bayonne	430,000		
Port of Cette	900,000		
Different works in Ports not designated	142,700,000	70,130,000	72,570,000
		47,198,710	
Total		117,328,710	

DIFFERENT PUBLIC WORKS.

	Sums re- quired for the whole.	Sums actually spent upon them between 1804 and 1813.	Sums yet to be spent to complete the works.
	frs.	frs.	frs.
Workhouses for Poor	29,000,000	12,000,000	17,000,000
Repairs of Prisons	30,000,000	6,000,000	24,000,000
Works of Napoleon-Ville, a new town } in the Vendée	12,500,000	7,500,000	5,000,000
For rebuilding Houses and Churches in } the West	1,800,000	1,500,000	300,000
Bathing Establishments	3,600,000	1,500,000	2,100,000
Works at Rome	6,000,000	2,000,000	4,000,000
Works at Napoleon (Morbihan)	1,500,000	1,100,000	400,000
Orphan Houses	1,500,000	1,200,000	300,000
Theatre at Strasburg	1,200,000	500,000	700,000
	87,100,000	33,300,000	53,800,000
Various works in the departments		115,808,550	
Total		149,108,550	

IMPERIAL PALACES, AND OTHER EDIFICES APPERTAINING TO THE CROWN.

NAMES OF THE PALACES, &c.	Amount of the projected im- provement, &c.	Expenses ac- tually incur- red between 1804 and 1813.	Value of work remaining to do.
	frs.	frs.	frs.
The Louvre and Musée Napoleon	14,000,000	11,100,000	2,900,000
The Napoleon Gallery and Church	36,000,000	10,300,000	25,700,000
The Tuileries	6,700,000	6,700,000	
Triumphal Arch in the Carrousel	1,400,000	1,400,000	
The Palace of the King of Rome	30,000,000	2,500,000	27,500,000
Versailles	6,600,000	5,200,000	1,400,000
Water Machinery at Marly	3,000,000	2,450,000	550,000
Fontainebleau	6,242,000	6,242,000	
Compiègne	4,366,000	4,366,000	
Different improvements at St. Cloud, } Rambouillet, Trianon, &c.	108,308,000	50,258,000	58,050,000
		11,796,583	
Total		62,054,583	

CHAPTER III.

1815.

Correspondence from Vienna, Ghent, and Copenhagen—Extracts from the letters of M. de Talleyrand, Count François de Jaucourt, and the Marquis de Bonnay.

I WILL now present to the reader some extracts from official letters which I received from M. de Talleyrand at Vienna, from Count François de Jaucourt at Ghent, and from the Marquis de Bonnay at Copenhagen. The Count de Jaucourt had, in consequence of M. de Talleyrand's departure for the congress, received from the king the portfolio of foreign affairs. After I wrote to M. de Talleyrand, acquainting him with my arrival in Hamburg, I received an answer, dated Vienna, April 19, 1815, in which he informed me, that the allied troops were approaching the French frontiers with all possible speed. "In the military measures," said he, "the greatest energy and activity every where prevails. The Russian troops, who were on the Vistula, have arrived in Bohemia four days sooner than they were expected, and will reach the Rhine at the same time with the Austrian troops. It is expected that operations will commence about the middle of May, and the immense resources which have been combined, leave no doubt respecting the issue of the events. Murat, thinking that at a moment when all the powers are uniting their efforts against Bonaparte, he would experience few obstacles in Italy, has entered the legations with his army, and advanced upon the Po. But he failed in an attack upon the bridge head of Occhio Bello, and has been obliged to retire. Since then, the Austrian troops, who are daily receiving reinforcements, have gained some advantages over Murat in the direction of Modena."

In my new place of abode, I did not wish to multiply my correspondence uselessly, and having rarely any thing of importance to communicate to M. de Talleyrand, I did not often address myself to him. In a second letter which I received from that minister, dated Vienna, March 5th, he very obligingly

requested me to write oftener. In that letter he observed, "Since you received my communication of the 19th of April, you will have learned that the Duke d'Angoulême has been unable to maintain himself, as we hoped he would, in the southern provinces. France is, therefore, for the moment, entirely under the yoke of Bonaparte; but hostilities against him will not commence for some time, because it is wished to attack him simultaneously on all points, and with great masses. The most perfect concord prevails among the powers with respect to the military measures. The war is carried on against Murat with a degree of success which warrants the hope that it will not be of long duration. He has made two successive applications for an armistice, which has not been granted."

These extracts say more respecting the affairs of the time, than any reflections with which I could accompany them. Without further preamble, therefore, I lay before my readers a third letter of M. de Talleyrand, who, at the time he wrote it, was impatiently looked for at Ghent. When I urged M. de Jaucourt to send me my credentials, which I had not been able to obtain in the hurry of my departure, he wrote to me in a letter, dated the 12th of May, "We daily expect M. de Talleyrand here, and I shall not fail to remind him of your credentials." The following is the letter from M. de Talleyrand, which I have just mentioned: I need scarcely draw the reader's attention to the allusions it contains relative to those acts of the congress which I have already adverted to:

SIR, —

Bonaparte, since his arrival in Paris, having first denied the authenticity of the declaration of the 13th of March, and next endeavoured to weaken its effect by different publications, some persons here have thought that it would be advisable to draw up a second. The congress submitted this question to the consideration of a committee who presented its report in the conference of the 12th instant. That report, after confirming the intentions manifested by the powers in the declaration of the 13th of March, refuting the sophisms of Bonaparte, and exposing his imposture, concludes, that his position with respect to Europe not being changed, either by the first success of his enterprise, or by his offer of ratifying the treaty of Paris, a second declaration is in no degree necessary. I have the honour to send you some copies of the minutes of the conference in which the report is literally inserted. From these documents you will perceive that Europe is not making war for the king, or on his appeal, but that she is making war on her own account, because her interests require it, and her safety demands it. This is the course most satisfactory to Louis XVIII., and most favourable to his cause. If it were supposed in France that war was renewed solely for the interests of the king, his subjects would regard him as the author of the disasters to which the conflict may expose them. Such an opinion could have no other effect than to alienate their affections from his majesty, and to

induce them to espouse the cause of Bonaparte; instead of which, on the grounds on which the war is maintained, its evil consequences must be attributed to Bonaparte alone. It is important that every one should be convinced of this truth, especially in France.

I cannot afford a better idea of what was doing at Vienna, and especially of the opinions that were formed there, than by quoting the letters of the first diplomatist of Europe, for such M. de Talleyrand undoubtedly proved himself at that difficult period. At Vienna he could not, as at Tilsit, support himself on the right of conquest: his task was to advocate the rights of the conquered, and yet he induced the allied powers to acknowledge as a principle, the legitimacy of the throne of Naples in favour of a Bourbon prince, and at the same time prevented Prussia from aggrandizing herself too far at the expense of Saxony. I soon received from M. F. de Jaucourt a letter fully explaining the instructions which the king wished to transmit to his diplomatic agents in foreign countries. As a supplement to his correspondence, M. de Jaucourt sent me the *Journal Universel*,* which was printed under the direction of the government. In his letter, which was dated May 29, 1815, he observed, "The allied powers have no design of encroaching on the independence of the French nation; they refrain from interfering in its internal government, or even prescribing the choice of a sovereign; but all their wishes and designs go to second their ally, Louis XVIII., and his august dynasty. The restoration of the legitimate authority is the object of their efforts, as it will infallibly prove the consequence of their success."

The preceding extracts are from letters which the ancients would have called *de negotiis*; those which I shall now subjoin are somewhat more *de hominibus*. They are copied from the correspondence addressed to me by the Marquis de Bonnay, Louis XVIII.'s minister at Copenhagen, and they threw considerable light on what was then going on abroad, and on the opinion entertained of some men of the time. M. de Bonnay, who was a faithful servant of the king, was well aware of the dangers which threatened the monarchy before the 20th of March.

Being informed at Hamburg of the exertions which were making at the head-quarters of the imperial diplomacy to get Bonaparte's government acknowledged abroad, and knowing

* M. Bertin, the elder, who gave so many proofs of his zeal in the cause of the restoration, took refuge at Brussels after the 20th of March, and was invited to Ghent to edit the official journal of the king. The first number was printed under the title of the *Moniteur Universel*; but at the moment when it was about to be published, M. Bertin received orders to substitute the title of *Journal Universel*, as the government of the Netherlands dared not allow it to appear under the title of the "Official Journal of France." M. Bertin had the sole management of the paper until Louis XVIII.'s return to France.



Talleyrand

le grand Talleyrand

that the consuls appointed by the king had received letters stamped with the eagle, I communicated these facts to M. de Bonnay, who thus replied to me: "I thank you, sir, for your information respecting the letters, stamped with the eagle, addressed to the French consuls in the Baltic. I immediately found a pretence for recalling M. Desaugiers. I do not know whether you are acquainted with him. He is not a bad man, but he has the worst head in the world. At this moment, his horror at seeing the foreign troops enter France, has absolutely driven him mad. He wishes that Bonaparte had ended his days at Elba, or at the bottom of the sea. But since he is fairly in Paris, he would prefer seeing him reign tranquilly to the alternative of the evils with which the allied powers would visit France, under the pretence of delivering her. The king, he says, is nothing to him; but France is every thing."

While the French minister was making every effort to induce the allied powers a second time to recognise the integrity of France, Prussia betrayed views of aggrandizement at the expense of Alsace, Lorraine, and French Flanders. It is true that all these aggrandizements were not for herself; but her intention was, that those who partook of the spoil should give her an equivalent. The Marquis de Bonnay, being informed of these dispositions of Prussia, mentioned the subject to the Prussian minister at Copenhagen; and on the 9th of May he wrote a letter to me, in which he said, "The stupid Prussian minister, with whom I remonstrated against his claims upon Saxony, his pretended rights of indemnity, rights of conquest, &c., observed to me, with great simplicity, that if the right of conquest were not admitted, France must return to what she was before the treaty of Westphalia.—'Very well,' said I, 'but in that case I shall regard you only as the representative of the petty Marquis of Brandenburg, vowing fidelity, and doing homage to the republic of Poland for the duchy of Prussia. Your old acquaintance, the Prussian minister in Hamburg, is not such a fool as ours; but I believe he is ill-disposed towards France.'"

In the same letter, the Marquis de Bonnay added, that he knew for a certainty that M. de M——, who was sent to Vienna by Fouché, had taken part in a dialogue to the following effect:

"Do not go to war with us, and we will rid you of that man."—"Well, then, rid us of him at once."—"Would you like the King of Rome, or a regency?"—"No."—"The Duke of Orleans?"—"No."—"Well, Louis XVIII. ? since it must be so. But no nobility, no priestcraft, and, above all, no Blacas."—"Begin by ridding us of Bonaparte and all his race."

In allusion to M. de Blacas, M. de Bonnay observed, "I am grieved to hear the universal outcry which is raised against a

man whose ascendancy appears to be indestructible, and whose presence about the king is said to be an irremediable evil. I know the king, and I know M. de Blacas. The latter has an upright heart and pure intentions: all his faults arise from an excess of vanity and presumption; but he is devoted to the king, and his majesty will never hear reason or truth as far as he is concerned."

Bonaparte opened registers for the acceptance of his additional act to the constitution of the empire; and as he affected love of liberty, every individual was entitled to give contrary votes, and to assign his reasons for so doing. M. Florian de Kergorlay published his vote, firmly rejecting the pretended additional act, on the ground that its last article excluded the Bourbons for ever from the throne of France. That he suffered no molestation for this act of courage, was doubtless owing to Carnot, who behaved admirably on several occasions. The first step he took, on accepting the office of minister of the interior, was to despatch an order to Lavallette, who had again resumed the superintendence of the post-office, directing that the privacy of correspondence should be respected. Me de Bonnay wrote me a letter full of exultation on hearing of the protest of M. de Kergorlay.

In another letter, dated the 29th of May, M. de Bonnay again said to me—

It would appear, sir, that at length you and I agree about M. de Blacas. I believe I informed you that I wrote to him candidly on all that concerned him. I should certainly be sorry to distress the king uselessly; but it appears to me, that those who attack his confidant, have observed more delicacy than they are accustomed to do in similar cases. My opinion still is, that he cannot remain in office. For if he should, I defy the king ever to form, what the English call, a solid administration.

In spite of what M. de Bonnay says in this fragment of his correspondence, I did not concur with him so perfectly as he imagined on the subject of M. de Blacas, whom I always regarded as the principal author of the evils which assailed France in 1815. Another thing which much surprised me in one of M. de Bonnay's letters was, the rather unfavourable way in which he spoke of M. de Chateaubriand. Bonaparte, who was so well able to judge of men when he was not blinded by passion, did not hesitate to declare to his friends at St. Helena, that he would have had no chance of attempting his project had M. de Chateaubriand been at the head of affairs in 1814. On that point I was always of his opinion.

I shall subjoin a few more extracts from the letters of M. de Bonnay, begging the reader to bear in mind that the opinions expressed in them are not mine, but those of a man sufficiently well-informed to represent the intelligent portion of the royalist

party in 1815, though his prejudices, and the distance at which he was placed from the theatre of events, occasionally render the accuracy of his views doubtful. In June, 1815, he wrote to me thus :

You relieve me much by saying that you are sure the Duke of Orleans was sounded during his stay in Paris, and that he repelled all the advances made to him. Heaven grant that he may continue in this favourable disposition !

Though the Journal de Gand says nothing on the subject, it appears to me evident that the proclamation of the king to the French people, which is parcelled out to us by the German journals, is authentic, and that it is the work of M. de Lally-Tollendal. It is even more verbose than the report of M. de Chateaubriand, and that is too much so. How I wish that the arrival of M. de Talleyrand would put an end to all this scribbling !

Again in June, 1815, my correspondent says—

I am pressed for time to-day, and, therefore, write you a hurried letter. If Berthier has fallen from a window, he doubtless threw himself out. You will ask why ? You will tell me what he said to you at Brussels, but do we know what he has done since ? The German journals informed us that he was under supervision, and that he wished to return to France in disguise. Are we sure that he was not committed by some correspondence which was seized ?

Copenhagen, June 17, 1815.

At length, sir, this eternal congress is at an end. Prince Talleyrand wrote to me on the 7th, to say that he would sign the minute on the 9th, and that he would immediately set out for Ghent. He leaves the Duke d'Alberg to sign the copies.

In spite of all that the Parisian journals may say on the subject, I am convinced that the Champ de Mai has not made a single dupe in France, nor obtained one partisan for Bonaparte. It is a farce which the Parisians have witnessed so often, that they now look on and shrug their shoulders. The eleven departments which did not answer the appeal, spoke more loudly than any who were present ; and if Bonaparte's speech be well analyzed, it will be found that he possesses little of the confidence which he affects.

June 20th.

The postscript of the Borsen-hall has put us on the rack, and possibly we shall not be relieved for the next eight-and-forty hours. But if in the interval no courier or estafette arrive, I shall begin to think that the affair has not been of much consequence, or at any rate, that it has not had an unfavourable termination ; for bad news flies apace. I confess I do not like the idea of Bonaparte having struck the first blow. I do not like that attack in the night, which was, perhaps, a surprise : I detest those battles which are still going on at the departure of the courier—a phrase invented to conceal a defeat—in short, I shall be all anxiety until the arrival of your next letter.

This moment the arrival of a Swedish estafette has relieved all my

apprehensions, by informing me of the happy issue of the attack of the 16th, which very likely commenced on the 15th. I cannot conceive how it was that the Duke of Wellington allowed himself to be taken unawares. He left Brussels on the morning of the 16th to make a reconnoissance, and calculated on returning in the evening. He must (if he took the right road) have found the battle commenced at six leagues from his own hotel. The Prince of Orange must have acquired great honour by sustaining the shock and repulsing, with great loss, as the letter says, Bonaparte and his eighty thousand men. You must excuse me for not deploring the loss of the Duke of Brunswick, who was not good for much except on the day of a battle. I hope to hear the details after to-morrow.

An officer, who left Paris on the 4th of June, and who, trusting to his memory, did not take any papers with him, gave to the Duke of Wellington all the requisite details respecting the force and distribution of the French army. According to a calculation, including all who were expected to join the army, the troops of the line amount to two hundred and twenty-seven thousand men, and the national guards to between one hundred, and one hundred and fifty thousand. The infantry is good, and in excellent condition; the cavalry poor, and unclothed. The light artillery is better than might have been expected; and, what is luckier than all for Bonaparte, there are five hundred pieces of artillery. The fortresses are in bad condition, and ill-provisioned, with the exception of Lille, Valenciennes, and Condé, which are intrusted to the national guard and the old disbanded soldiers. I hope that some of them will soon open their gates.

It is a great thing to have foiled Bonaparte's first enterprise. He can now neither recede nor stand still. The Austrians would do well to enter without waiting for the Russians. They have not 40,000 men before them.

A letter from M. de Staël (written perhaps to the prince royal himself) dated the 2d of May, states that Bonaparte can hold out no longer, and that France is divided into two parties, one in favour of a republic (for which Benjamin Constant writes and preaches), the other in favour of the Duke of Orleans. This party is composed of all those who are too deeply stained to expect to be employed by the king.

You name my most confidential and intimate friend when you speak of Pozzo-di-Borgo. I can answer for him as for myself. The king has not a better or a more useful servant. It is now sixteen years since he and I have been united in heart and opinion. I have constantly said that no man in Europe was better fitted to oppose and overthrow Bonaparte. Pozzo-di-Borgo is certainly not one of those who least contributed to his first fall; and I confidently hope that he will powerfully aid the second. He is one of the ablest men of the day; and I may add, that he possesses a noble heart, and is incapable of compromising principles. It is sometimes useful for him to have some one by him to moderate his warmth: but this is the man we should secure, if Russia will only resign him. Be assured, that to serve France is his sole ambition; and, in fact, he belongs to the king, since he is a Corsican.

Copenhagen, June 27, 1815.

The great events which have occurred seem to overwhelm us. We bow beneath their weight, and are unable to measure their extent, or calculate their results. It takes some time to arrange them in one's head. The news is scarcely credible; it seems, if I may say so, too good to be true. Such are my impressions after perusing the post-script of the Borsen-hall. Dare we believe that fifteen thousand prisoners, and two hundred pieces of cannon have been taken? Will there not be a deduction from this? If the next post, or some welcome courier should confirm all and every thing, it is evident that Bonaparte is lost beyond redemption, and that your prophecy of the king's return in the month of August will be fulfilled.

July 18, 1815.

Instead of waiting till August, you will have returned to Paris on the 8th of July, for I presume that you arrived in time to witness the entrance of the king. Honoured be the prophet! I hope to receive a letter from you by next post.*

July 25, 1815.

How happens it that all confidential places are given away, and that I do not find your name on any list? How happens it, on the contrary, that I find names which would seem to exclude yours? When you have time you must give me a key to this, and many other riddles.

At what time, and in what place, was the choice of Fouché determined upon? Who made the election? Did it come from the heart of the king?

I thank you for the quotation of that sublime passage from the king's letter to Prince Talleyrand, relative to the bridge of Jena.† The French used the Prussians ill, and the Prussians are now taking their revenge. When will concord resume her sway over this earth? When shall we see peace and justice hand in hand? Though I dislike national hatred, yet if the French must cherish any, I would rather it should be directed against the Prussians than against any other nation of the continent.

August.

As to Brennus Blucher and his Prussians, who are more barbarous than the ancient Gauls, our indignation against them will, I doubt not, descend to our children's children. I hope, however, that the other allies will bring them to reason, and that we shall not be forced to obtain justice for ourselves, an alternative which may cause the sacrifice of some millions of men in a few months. The foreign armies, it is true, would be exterminated; but France would be more ravaged, more desolated, and more ruined, than Spain has been after a six years' war.

* The reader will recollect that while Louis XVIII. was at Lille, previous to his departure from France, I mentioned to his majesty my conviction that he would be restored to his throne before three months.

† The letter here alluded to is that in which Louis XVIII. expressed his determination, that if the Prussians persisted in their design of destroying the bridge of Jena, he would station himself upon it at the moment of its being blown up.

August 26, 1815.

There is a man whom you name as the Marquis de Carabas (the Duke d'Alberg). It is he who has done all, appointed every one, decided, and disposed of every thing. How happens it that Prince Talleyrand did not himself form his ministry? Why has he shown so much deference to the choice of another? Is it subjection, seduction, or indifference?

How does it happen, that since M. de Talleyrand, who sees and listens to you, who hears and reads the truth every where, and who knows that natives and foreigners agree as to the necessity of a vigorous government, capable of punishing crime, and restoring morality and good principles, how happens it, I say, that M. de Talleyrand should obstinately persevere in a system of tolerance resembling carelessness? I am sometimes thinking he is merely looking forward to the meeting of the chambers, and that then, if he should obtain all the support which he requires, he will adopt a different course, and perhaps himself destroy the instruments he has employed. If the royalists prove themselves calm, prudent, and sensible; if they show that their strength is in their minds, and not in their lungs, France will be at their feet, and consequently at the feet of the king; but they must not be furious and extravagant, like the brawling party of our poor right side, which has done us so much harm.*

You tell me nothing about the army. As well as I can judge at the distance at which I am, I think a good plan has been adopted for reorganizing it. I am anxious to know whether the rebels will attempt resistance. Macdonald will deserve a statue if he extricate himself. His choice of some chiefs of division excites astonishment; but I am slow to blame men of whom I have a good opinion.

Bonaparte said of Madame, † that she is the only man in the family; but I hope Monsieur will prove to France and Europe that he also is a man. But he must command himself and those about him; and he must recollect that under a form of government like that which now prevails, the heir and the heirs to the throne have absolutely no part to perform. The king is the only centre; and the ministers and the king are but one. I fear the clamour of what was once called the *Œil-de-Bœuf*. ‡

* These heirs of the *brawling* party of the right side of the constituent assembly brought about the dissolution of the chamber in 1815. M. de Talleyrand wisely adopted a system of toleration, which, with all due deference to the knights errant of morality and good principles, was much more salutary to the restoration than a contrary system would have been.

† The Duchess of Angoulême.

‡ An old court faction, composed of the heir to the throne, the princes of the blood, &c.—*Editor*.

CHAPTER IV.

1815.

My departure from Hamburg—The king at Saint-Denis—Fouché appointed minister of the police—Delay of the king's entrance into Paris—Effect of that delay—Fouché's nomination due to the Duke of Wellington—Impossibility of resuming my post—Fouché's language with respect to the Bourbons—His famous postscript—Character of Fouché—Discussion respecting the two cockades—Declaration of the officers of the national guard—Manifestations of public joy repressed by Fouché—Composition of the new ministry—Kind attention of Blucher—The English at Saint-Cloud—Blucher in Napoleon's cabinet—My prisoner become my protector—Blucher and the innkeeper's dog.

THE fulfilment of my prediction was now at hand; for the result of the battle of Waterloo enabled Louis XVIII. to return to his dominions. As soon as I heard of the king's departure from Ghent, I quitted Hamburg, and travelled with all possible haste, in the hope of reaching Paris in time to witness his majesty's entrance. I arrived at Saint-Denis on the 7th of July, and, notwithstanding the intrigues that were set on foot, I found an immense number of persons assembled to meet the king. Indeed, the place was so crowded, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could procure even a little garret for my lodging.

Having resumed my uniform of a captain of the national guard, I proceeded immediately to the king's palace. The saloon was filled with ladies and gentlemen who had come to congratulate the king on his return. At Saint-Denis I found my family, who, not being aware that I had left Hamburg, were much surprised to see me.

They informed me that the Parisians were all impatient for the return of the king—a fact of which I could judge by the opposition manifested to the free expression of public feeling. Paris having been declared in a state of blockade, the gates were closed, and no one was permitted to leave the capital, particularly by the Barrière de la Chapelle. It is true that special permission might be obtained, and with tolerable ease, by those

who wished to leave the city; but the forms to be observed for obtaining the permission, deterred the mass of the people from proceeding to Saint-Denis, which, indeed, was the sole object of the regulation. As it had been resolved to force upon the king Fouché and the tri-coloured cockade, it was deemed necessary to keep apart from his majesty all who might persuade him to resist the proposed measures. Madame de Bourrienne told me, that on her arrival at Saint-Denis, she called upon M. Hue and M. Le Febvre, the king's physician, who both acquainted her with those fatal resolutions. Those gentlemen, however, assured her that the king would resolutely hold out against the tri-coloured cockade, but the nomination of the ill-omened man appeared inevitable.

Fouché minister of the police! If, like Don Juan, I had seen a statue move, I could not have been more confounded than when I heard this news. I could not credit it, until it was repeated to me by different persons. How, indeed, could I think that at the moment of a reaction the king should have intrusted the most important ministerial department to a man to whose arrest he had a hundred days before attached so much consequence; to a man, moreover, whom Bonaparte had appointed, at Lyons, to fill the same office. This was inconceivable! Thus, in less than twenty-four hours, the same man had been intrusted to execute measures the most opposite, and to serve interests the most contradictory. He was one day the minister of usurpation, and the next the minister of legitimacy! How can I express what I felt when Fouché took the oath of fidelity to Louis XVIII.—when I saw the king clasp in his hands the hands of Fouché! I was standing near M. de Chateaubriand, whose feelings must have been similar to mine, to judge from a passage in his admirable work, “*La Monarchie selon la Charte.*” “About nine in the evening,” he says, “I was in one of the royal antechambers. All at once the door opened, and I saw the president of the council enter, leaning on the arm of the new minister.—Oh! Louis-le-Désiré! Oh! my unfortunate master! you have proved that there is no sacrifice which your people may not expect from your paternal heart!” Fouché, as will be seen, was put forward through Wellington's influence.*

Fouché was resolved to have his restoration, as well as M. de Talleyrand, who had had his the year before; he therefore contrived to retard the king's entry into Paris for four days. The prudent members of the chamber of peers, who had taken no part in the king's government in 1814, were the first to declare that it was for the interest of France to hasten his majesty's

* The friends of the Duke of Wellington deny that his grace had any thing to do with this appointment.—*Editor.*

entrance into Paris, in order to prevent foreigners from exercising a sort of right of conquest in a city, which was a prey to civil dissension and party influence. Blucher informed me that the way in which Fouché contrived to delay the king's return, greatly contributed to the pretensions of the foreigners, who, he confessed, were very well pleased to see the population of Paris divided in opinion, and to hear the alarming cries raised by the confederates of the Faubourgs, when the king was already at Saint-Denis.

I know for a fact, that Louis XVIII. wished to have nothing to do with Fouché, and indignantly refused to appoint him, when he was first proposed. But he had so nobly served Bonaparte during the hundred days, that it was necessary he should be rewarded. Fouché, besides, had gained the support of a powerful party among the emigrants of the Faubourg Saint Germain, and *he possessed the art of rendering himself indispensable*. I have heard many honest men say very seriously, that to him was due the tranquillity of Paris. Moreover, as I have just stated, Wellington was the person by whose influence in particular Fouché was made one of the counsellors of the king. After all the benefits which foreigners had conferred upon us, Fouché was, indeed, an acceptable present to France and to the king !

I was not ignorant of the Duke of Wellington's influence upon the affairs of the second restoration ; but for a long time I refused to believe that his influence should have outweighed all the serious considerations opposed to such a perfect anomaly as appointing Fouché the minister of a Bourbon. But I was deceived. France and the king owed to him Fouché's introduction into the council, and I had to thank him for the impossibility of resuming a situation which I had relinquished for the purpose of following the king into Belgium. Could I be prefect of police under a minister, whom, a short time before, I had received orders to arrest, but who eluded my agents ? That was impossible. The king could not offer me the place of prefect under Fouché, and if he had I could not have accepted it. I was therefore right in not relying on the assurances which had been given me ; but I confess, that if I had been told to guess the cause why they could not be realized, I never should have thought that cause would have been the appointment of Fouché as a minister of the King of France. At first, therefore, I was of course quite forgotten, as is the custom of courts when a faithful subject refrains from taking part in the intrigues of the moment.

I have already frequently stated my opinion of the pretended talent of Fouché ; but admitting his talent to have been as great as was supposed, that would have been an additional reason for not intrusting the general police of the kingdom to him. His principles and conduct were already sufficiently known.

No one could be ignorant of the language he held respecting the Bourbons, and in which he indulged as freely after he became the minister of Louis XVIII., as when he was the minister of Bonaparte. It was universally known, that in his conversation the Bourbons were the perpetual butt for his sarcasms, that he never mentioned them but in terms of disparagement, and that he represented them as unworthy of governing France. Every body must have been aware that Fouché, in his heart, favoured a republic, where the part of president might have been assigned to him. Could any one have forgotten the famous postscript he subjoined to a letter he wrote from Lyons to his worthy friend Robespierre:—"To celebrate the fête of the republic suitably, I have ordered two hundred and fifty persons to be shot!" And to this man, the most furious enemy of the restoration of the monarchy, was consigned the task of consolidating it for the second time! But it would require another Claudian to describe this new Rufinus!

Fouché never regarded a benefit in any other light than as the means of injuring his benefactor. The king, deceived like many other persons by the reputation which Fouché's partisans had conjured up for him, was certainly not aware that Fouché had always discharged the functions of minister for his own interest, and never for the interest of the government which had the weakness to intrust him with a power always dangerous in his hands. Fouché had opinions, but he belonged to no party; and his political success is explained by the readiness with which he always served the party he knew must triumph, and which he himself overthrew in its turn. He maintained himself in favour from the days of blood and terror, until the happy time of the second restoration, only by abandoning and sacrificing those who were attached to him; and it might be said that his ruling passion was the desire of continual change. No man was ever characterized by greater levity or inconstancy of mind. In all things he looked only to himself, and to this egotism he sacrificed both subjects and governments. Such were the secret causes of the sway exercised by Fouché during the Convention, the Directory, the Empire, the Usurpation, and after the second return of the Bourbons. He helped to found and to destroy every one of those successive governments. Fouché's character is perfectly unique. I know no other man, who, loaded with honours, and almost escaping disgrace, has passed through so many eventful periods, and taken part in so many convulsions and revolutions.

On the 7th of July the king was told that Fouché alone could smooth the way for his entrance into Paris: that he alone could unlock the gates of the capital, and that he alone had power to control public opinion. The reception given to the king on the following day afforded an opportunity of judging of the truth of these assertions. The king's presence was the signal for a

feeling of concord, which was manifested in a very decided way. I saw upon the Boulevards, and often in company with each other, persons, some of whom had resumed the white cockade, while others still retained the national colours; and harmony was not in the least disturbed by these different badges.

The question of the cockades was again discussed at Saint-Denis on the 7th of July. In the evening Marshal Masséna arrived, and was immediately introduced to the king. It was reported that the object of Masséna's interview was to induce the king to make his entry into Paris with the national cockade. Masséna remained but a short time with the king, and his return was awaited by every one in the saloon with the greatest anxiety, excited by different causes. Several commanders of the legions of the national guard, seduced by Fouché, wished for the adoption of the tri-coloured cockade, and took no pains to conceal their opinion on that point. However, I have reason to believe that on the 7th of July, many of those who signed the following declaration, would have been glad to have withdrawn their names. The declaration, which was presented to the king by Masséna, who commanded the national guard, was as follows:

The undersigned, commanders of legions, and officers of the national guard of Paris, in reply to the order of the day of the 6th of July, 1815, have the honour of declaring to Marshal Masséna, their commander-in-chief, that they will consider it a point of honour, to preserve for ever the national colours, which cannot be abandoned without danger.

They venture to affirm that their individual opinion corresponds with that of the great majority of their brethren in arms; and therefore they beg their marshal to submit this declaration to the members of the committee of the government, and to request them to give it the greatest publicity in order to prevent the disorders which might result from any uncertainty on such a point.

I was informed that there existed among the king's counsellors a difference of opinion on the subject of this declaration, but it was at length understood that prudent considerations had prevailed, and that the king had firmly rejected the extraordinary proposition made to him. For my part I thought, and I expressed my mind to the persons around me, that it was enough that the provisional government of 1814, in neglecting Marmont's wise advice, should have committed the fault of not preserving the national colours, without our now wishing the king to commit the fault of adopting them in 1815. That which, the year before, would have been an act of good policy, would now have been nothing less than a weak concession. Fouché knew this well, and for that very reason he made himself the soul of the intrigue; for to him is to be attributed the mischievous suggestion. If I should be reproached with vili-

fyng Fouché's memory, I only crave the reader's patience for a while. I shall presently describe a conversation I had with him, in which he manifested his hatred of the Bourbons without any reserve.

Having returned to private life solely on account of Fouché's presence in the ministry, I yielded to that consolation which is always left to the discontented. I watched the extravagance and inconsistency that were passing around me, and the new follies which were every day committed; and it must be confessed that a rich and varied picture presented itself to my observation. The king did not bring back M. de Blacas. His majesty had yielded to prudent advice; and on arriving at Mons, sent the unlucky minister as his ambassador to Naples. Vengeance was talked of, and there were some persons inconsiderate enough to wish that advantage should be taken of the presence of the foreigners, in order to make what they termed "an end of the revolution;" as if there were any other means of effecting that object, than frankly adopting whatever good the revolution had produced. The foreigners observed with satisfaction the disposition of these shallow persons; which they thought might be turned to their own advantage. The truth is, that on the second restoration our pretended allies proved themselves our enemies.

But for them, but for their bad conduct, their insatiable exactions, but for the humiliation that was felt at seeing foreign cannon levelled in the streets of Paris, and beneath the very windows of the palace, the days which followed the 8th of July might have been considered by the royal family as the season of a festival. Every day people thronged to the garden of the Tuileries, and expressed their joy by singing and dancing under the king's windows. This ebullition of feeling might perhaps be thought absurd, but it at least bore evidence of the pleasure caused by the return of the Bourbons.

This manifestation of joy, by numbers of persons of both sexes, most of them belonging to the better classes of society, displeased Fouché, and he determined to put a stop to it. Wretches were hired to mingle with the crowd, and sprinkle corrosive liquids on the dresses of the females: some of them were even instructed to commit acts of indecency, so that all respectable persons were driven from the gardens through the fear of being injured or insulted. As it was wished to create disturbance under the very eyes of the king, and to make him doubt the reality of the sentiments so openly expressed in his favour, the agents of the police mingled the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" with that of "Vive le Roi!" and it happened oftener than once, that the most respectable persons were arrested, and charged by Fouché's infamous agents with having uttered seditious cries. A friend of mine, whose royalist opinions were well known, and whose father had been massacred during the revolution, told me, that while

walking with two ladies, he heard some individuals near him crying out "Vive l'Empereur!" This created a great disturbance. The guard advanced to the spot, and those very individuals themselves had the audacity to charge my friend with being guilty of uttering the offensive cry. In vain the bystanders asserted the falsehood of the accusation; he was seized and dragged to the guard-house, and after being detained for some hours, he was liberated on the application of his friends.

By dint of these wretched manœuvres, Fouché triumphed. He contrived to make it be believed that he was the only person capable of preventing the disorders of which he himself was the sole author. He got the police of the Tuileries under his control. The singing and dancing ceased, and the palace was the scene of dullness.

While the king was at Saint-Denis he restored to General Desolles the command of the national guard. The general ordered the barriers to be immediately thrown open. On the day of his arrival in Paris, and not before, the king determined as a principle, that the throne should be surrounded by a privy council; the members of which were to be the princes and persons whom his majesty might appoint at a future period. The king then named his new ministry, which was thus composed:

Prince Talleyrand, peer of France, president of the council of ministers, and secretary of state for foreign affairs.

Baron Louis, minister of finance.

The Duke of Otranto, minister of the police.

Baron Pasquier, minister of justice, and keeper of the seals.

Marshal Gouvion-Saint-Cyr, war minister.

Count de Jaucourt, peer of France, minister of the marine.

The Duke de Richelieu,* peer of France, minister of the king's household.

The portfolio of the minister of the interior, which was not immediately disposed of, was provisionally intrusted to the minister of justice. But what was most gratifying to the public, in the composition of this new ministry, was, that M. de Blacas,

* Some time after it was thought proper to suppress the office of minister of the king's household, and to substitute in its stead the office of intendant-general;—an arrangement which I thought better calculated for a constitutional government. M. de Richelieu's successor in this office was the Count de Pradel, a man of great ability. The office of minister of the king's household was again restored in favour of my old friend Lauriston, whose elevation did not alter his sentiments towards his old comrades. After his death, the office underwent another metamorphosis, and received again the title of intendant-general, which it still retains, and is now filled by M. de la Bouillerie, one of those men whom Bonaparte, during the consulate and afterwards, esteemed for his talents and probity. I recollect often having heard him say, speaking of M. de la Bouillerie. "He is the man to manage money matters. There is no need to revise his accounts." Bonaparte sent for him from Paris to the camp at Boulogne, to examine the accounts, and afterwards appointed him treasurer of the crown after we lost Estève, our old companion, in the Egyptian expedition.

who had made himself so odious to every body, was superseded by M. de Richelieu, whose name revived the memory of a great minister, and who, by his excellent conduct, throughout the whole course of his career, deserves to be distinguished as a model of honour and wisdom.

General satisfaction was expressed on the appointment of Marshal Macdonald to the post of grand chancellor of the Legion of Honour, in lieu of M. de Pradt. M. de Chabrol resumed the prefecture of the Seine, which, during the hundred days, had been occupied by M. de Bondy. M. de Molé was made director-general of bridges and causeways; I was superseded in the prefecture of police by M. de Cazes, and M. Ferrand continued director-general of the post-office.

I think it was on the 10th of July that I went to Saint-Cloud to pay a visit of thanks to Blucher. I had been informed, that as soon as he learned I had a house at Saint-Cloud, he sent a guard to protect it. This spontaneous mark of attention was well deserving of grateful acknowledgment, especially at a time when there was so much reason to complain of the plunder practised by the Prussians.* My visit to Blucher presented to observation a striking instance of the instability of human greatness. I found Blucher residing like a sovereign in the palace of Saint-Cloud, where I had lived so long in the intimacy of Napoleon, at a period when he dictated laws to the kings of Europe, before he was a monarch himself. In that cabinet in which Napoleon and I had passed so many busy hours, and where so many great plans had their birth, I was received by the man who had been my prisoner at Hamburg. The Prussian general immediately reminded me of the circumstance:—"Who could have foreseen," said he, "that after being your prisoner, I should become the protector of your property? You treated me well at Hamburg, and I have now an opportunity of repaying your kindness. Heaven knows what will be the result of all this! One thing, however, is certain, and that is, that the allies will now make such conditions as will banish all possibility of danger for a long time to come. The Emperor Alexander does not wish to make the French people expiate too dearly the misfortunes they have caused us. He attributes them to Na-

* The English occupied Saint-Cloud after the Prussians. My large house, that in which the children of the Count d'Artois were inoculated, was respected by them; but they occupied a small house forming part of the estate. The English officer who commanded the troops stationed a guard at the large house. One morning we were informed that the door had been broken open, and a valuable looking-glass stolen. We complained to the commanding officer, and on the affair being inquired into, it was discovered that the sentinel himself had committed the theft. The man was tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death; a circumstance which, as may naturally be supposed, was very distressing to us. Madame de Bourrienne applied to the commanding officer for the man's pardon, but could only obtain his reprieve. The regiment departed some weeks after, and we could never learn what was the fate of the criminal.

oleon, but Napoleon cannot pay the expenses of the war, and they must be paid by some one. It was all very well for once; but we cannot pay the expense of coming back a second time. However," added he, "you will lose none of your territory; that is a point on which I can give you positive assurance. The Emperor Alexander has several times repeated in my presence to the king my master, 'I honour the French nation; and I am determined that it shall preserve its old limits.'"

The above are the very words which Blucher addressed to me. Profiting by the friendly sentiments he expressed towards me, I took the opportunity of mentioning the complaints that were every where made of the bad discipline of the troops under his command. "What can I do?" said he. "I cannot be present every where; but I assure you that in future and at your recommendation I will severely punish any misconduct that may come to my knowledge."

Such was the result of my visit to Blucher; but, in spite of his promises, his troops continued to commit the most revolting excesses. Thus the Prussian troops have left in the neighbourhood of Paris, recollections no less odious than those produced by the conduct of Davoust's corps in Prussia. Of this an instance now occurs to my memory, which I will relate here. In the spring of 1816, as I was going to Chevreuse, I stopped at the *Petit Bicêtre* to water my horse. I seated myself for a few minutes near the door of the inn, and a large dog belonging to the innkeeper began to bark and growl at me. His master, a respectable-looking old man, exclaimed, "Be quiet, Blucher!"—"How came you to give your dog that name?" said I.—"Ah, sir! it is the name of a villain who did a great deal of mischief here last year. There is my house; they have left scarcely any thing but the four walls. They said they came for our good; but let them come back again. we will watch them and spear them like wild boars in the wood."—The poor man's house certainly exhibited traces of the most atrocious violence, and he shed tears as he related to me his disasters.*

* There is no exaggeration in this account of the excesses and revengeful spirit of the Prussian troops, compared to whom even the Cossacks were angels of mercy. Even so late as the years 1819 and 1820 the ravages they had committed were sadly visible over a great part of France. The provocation the Prussians had received from the French was immense, but they ought to have remembered that their retaliation was a sure means of perpetuating the spirit that led to those enormities. The country people of France were generally much to be pitied—but it was *amusing* to hear the marauding soldiery of Bonaparte talking pathetically about the miseries and iniquities of foreign invasion—the fierce spirit of the Prussians, &c. To hear them, one might have thought they had never invaded the rights of others—had never subjected more than the half of Europe to all the horrors and exactions of warfare. But this time the war came round their own villages and homesteads—*voilà la guerre chez eux!* and they felt just as the Prussians, Russians, Austrians, and the rest must have felt, when they, the French, were ruining their countries and rendering their homes deso-

late. But the evils inflicted by the allied troops on France were nothing compared to those the French had perpetrated in Austria, Prussia, Russia, Spain, Portugal, and the south of Italy. During the whole time of the foreign occupation of France, the discipline of the English, Austrian, and even the Russian army (deducting a little for the *scapades* of the Cossacks) was admirable.—*Editor.*

CHAPTER V.

1815.

My daughter's marriage contract—Rigid etiquette—My appointment to the presidentship of the Electoral College of the Yonne—My interview with Fouché—His hatred of the Bourbons—His invective against the royal family—My audience of the king—His majesty made acquainted with my conversation with Fouché—The Duke of Otranto's disgrace—Carnot deceived by Bonaparte—My election as deputy—My colleague, M. Randot—My return to Paris—Regret caused by the sacrifice of Ney—Noble conduct of Macdonald—A drive with Rapp in the Bois de Boulogne—Rapp's interview with Bonaparte in 1815—The Duke de Berri and Rapp—My nomination to the office of minister of state—My name inscribed by the hand of Louis XVIII.—Conclusion.

BEFORE the king departed for Ghent, he had consented to sign the contract of marriage between one of my daughters and M. Massieu de Clerval, though the latter was at that time only a lieutenant in the navy. The day appointed for the signature of the contract happened to be Sunday, the 19th of March, and it may well be imagined that in the critical circumstances in which we then stood, a matter of so little importance could scarcely be thought about. In July I renewed my request to his majesty, which gave rise to serious discussions in the council of ceremonies. Lest any deviation from the laws of rigid etiquette should commit the fate of the monarchy, it was determined that the marriage contract of a lieutenant in the navy, could be signed only at the petty levee. However, his majesty, recollecting the promise he had given me, decided that the signature should be given at the grand levee. Though all this may appear exceedingly ludicrous, yet I must confess that the triumph over etiquette was very gratifying to me.

A short time after, the king appointed me a counsellor of state, a title which I had held under Bonaparte ever since his installation at the Tuileries, though I had never fulfilled the functions of the office. In the month of August, the king having resolved to convoke a new chamber of deputies, I was appointed president of the Electoral College of the department of the Yonne. As soon as I was informed of my nomination, I waited on M. de Talleyrand for my instructions; but he told me, that inconfor-

mity with the king's intentions, I was to receive my orders from the minister of police. I observed to M. de Talleyrand, that I must decline seeing Fouché on account of the situation in which we stood with reference to each other. "Go to him, go to him," said M. de Talleyrand, "and be assured Fouché will say nothing on the subject."

I felt great repugnance to see Fouché, and consequently I went to him quite against my inclination. I naturally expected a very cold reception. What had passed between us rendered our interview extremely delicate. I called on Fouché at nine in the morning, and found him alone, and walking in his garden. He received me as a man might be expected to receive an intimate friend whom he had not seen for a long time. On reflection I was not very much surprised at this, for I was well aware that Fouché could make his hatred yield to calculation. He said not a word about his arrest; and it may well be supposed that I did not seek to turn the conversation on that subject. I asked him whether he had any information to give me respecting the elections of the Yonne. "None at all," said he, "get yourself nominated if you can; only use your endeavours to exclude General Desfournaux. Any thing else is a matter of indifference to me."—"What is your objection to Desfournaux?"—"The ministry will not have him."

I was about to depart, when Fouché called me back saying, "Why are you in such haste? Cannot you stay a few minutes longer?" He then began to speak of the first return of the Bourbons, and asked me how I could so easily bring myself to act in their favour. He then entered into details respecting the royal family, which I conceive it to be my duty to pass over in silence; I will, however, describe the latter part of our conversation; and in so doing I shall endeavour to give it as accurately as possible, with a due observance of that decorum which Fouché lost sight of.

To his first question I replied, that wishing to see France released from the horrors of the revolution and military despotism, I eagerly contributed my assistance in bringing about the return of the royal family, an event which I had long foreseen and wished for. "I felt a conviction," added I, "that Louis XVIII. would acknowledge the necessity of a constitutional government, the only possible one in France; that he would guarantee true public liberty; and that, in short, he would conciliate the past and the present."—"Do you think there is a unison of opinion among the French people on the subject of the restoration?"—"I believe the majority are favourable to it."—"Then you are not aware that opposition to the government of the dynasty of the Bourbons was observable in all the departments during the first few months which succeeded their return? The old partisans of the republic, and the agents of Bonaparte, were taking great pains to impress upon

the public mind that the royal family had returned with all the superstitions of the emigration. I could show you a hundred reports, all coinciding in this particular. You must confess that all that the government has done, or attempted for a year past, proves but too well what were its intentions. Could any thing be more directly opposed to the interests and glory of the nation? The decided return to the past alarmed every one. The royalists of 1815 proved themselves to be what they were in 1789. In all the important transactions of 1814, there was a total disregard of past events, and of the progress of the age. The mad attempt was made to force a people enlightened by experience, to forget what they had learned, and to imbibe other ideas. The Bourbons determined at all hazards to retrograde, to bring every thing again into question, and to make the present decide on the past in their favour. This inexplicable conduct caused it to be said, that there was a wish to place the counter-revolution on the throne. This is still wished; but while I am here, I will oppose it with all my might. There must be an end to the grand conflict of the revolution, which is not yet terminated, after five-and-twenty years of trouble and lessons of experience. The nobility and clergy have no partisans, except in La Vendée. Scarcely one-sixth of the French people would be willing to adopt the old régime, and I assure you there is not one-fifth sincerely devoted to the legitimate authority. You seem not to be aware that in 1814, a foreign prince, the Duke of Orleans,* and a regency were openly talked of; and there is no foreign prince which the constitutional party would not have received from the hands of the allied powers in preference to Louis XVIII., because they might have required, as a condition of submission, that the rights of the people should be maintained. The constitutional party made but one exclusion, and that was the family of our old kings: certainly, you do not reckon the constitutional party among the partisans of the Bourbons?"

I was confounded to hear such language from the mouth of a minister of the king, yet I thus replied to Fouché: "I am far from approving in any way the system followed in 1814, and nobody that I know of has more loudly condemned it than myself; but permit me to say that I do not, like you, see the evils which superstition and the emigration are to bring upon France. No doubt there will be faults again: there will be men incrustated in old prejudices; but time will wear them away, and I think I can already perceive a gradual conciliation in favour of the Bourbons, the number of whose partisans increases daily. There will, of course, be stragglers in the march of civilization, as well as in the march of a triumphant army.

* For an account of the intrigues to place Louis Philippe on the throne in 1814, see notes at the end of present chapter.—*Editor.*

I have long been, as you well know, one of the most decided advocates for the propagation of knowledge, and you also know the disputes I had on this subject with the first consul. But the light of knowledge must, like the light of day, be progressive: a sudden transition from darkness to light would have its danger. There are no ameliorations which I do not wish for; but I would not have them abrupt and precipitate. I am, therefore, convinced that the Bourbons can only establish true public liberty gradually. The king is not a common man, and I am persuaded that he is as well assured as any one, that national franchises and true public liberty must, in course of time, become the strongest props of his throne. You, I confess, must be better informed than I of the state of public opinion; but those who address reports to you take their own view of affairs, and you know men well enough to be perfectly aware that they see things through the prism of their personal opinions. If the reports which you receive are accurate, our situation would be deplorable indeed. Complaints would be succeeded by threats, and threats by violence: an attempt would be made to overthrow the existing state of things, and civil war would infallibly ensue. From that, Heaven preserve us!"

Fouché listened to me with considerable attention, and after a few moments' consideration, drawing his long fingers across his pale forehead, he replied, "I think you are wrong; but even if civil war should break out, there would not be, in upwards of sixty departments, more than a handful of royalists to oppose the mass of the people. The royalists would prevail in one-eighth of the departments at most, and in the rest would be reduced to silence."—"From what you say, duke, it might be inferred that you do not think the Bourbons can remain in France."—"I do not tell you my opinion," said Fouché, with a significant smile. "However," added he, you may draw from my words what inferences you please. I care very little about that."

I now broke off this extraordinary conversation, which was more strange in reality than it can appear from my description. I have been under the necessity of suppressing things, the bare recollection of which is painful to me, and which I cannot repeat. I shall only observe that it was impossible to carry indecorum of language and revolutionary cynicism further than Fouché did. The Duke of Otranto spoke of the royal family in such terms of contempt, that he appeared like a bold conspirator or a perfidious seducer rather than a minister of the king. I could almost have fancied that he was attempting to practise upon me the treachery of which Joseph Bonaparte had once made me the dupe at Fouché's house: in short, that he was playing the part of a spy; but knowing, as I did, his odious principles, I felt no doubt that what he said to me in his usual tone of levity was the sincere expression of his sentiments.

The love of gold, which was Fouché's insatiable passion, made him bend to power, whatever it might be.

I conceived it to be my duty to make the king acquainted with this strange conversation, and as there was now no Count de Blacas to keep truth and good advice from his majesty's ear, I was, on my first solicitation, immediately admitted to the royal cabinet. I cautiously suppressed the most revolting details; for, had I literally reported what Fouché said, Louis XVIII. could not, possibly, have given credit to it. The king thanked me for my communication, and I could perceive he was convinced that by longer retaining Fouché in office he would become the victim of the minister who had been so scandalously forced upon him on the 7th of July. The disgrace of the Duke of Otranto speedily followed, and I had the satisfaction of having contributed to repair one of the evils with which the Duke of Wellington visited France.

Fouché was so evidently a traitor to the cause he feigned to serve, and Bonaparte was so convinced of this, that during the hundred days, when the ministers of the king at Ghent were enumerated in the presence of Napoleon, some one said, "But where is the minister of the police?"—"Eh! parbleu," said Bonaparte, "that is Fouché?" It was not the same with Carnot, in spite of the indelible stain of his vote: if he had served the king, his majesty could have depended on him, but nothing could shake the firmness of his principles in favour of liberty. I learned from a person who had the opportunity of being well informed, that he would not accept the post of minister of the interior, which was offered to him at the commencement of the hundred days, until he had a conversation with Bonaparte, to ascertain whether he had changed his principles. Carnot placed faith in the fair promises of Napoleon, who deceived him, as he had deceived others.

Soon after my audience with the king, I set off to discharge my duties in the department of the Yonne, and I obtained the honour of being elected to represent my countrymen in the chamber of deputies. My colleague was M. Randot, a man who, in very trying circumstances, had given proofs of courage by boldly manifesting his attachment to the king's government. The following are some facts which I learned, and which I circulated as speedily as possible among the electors, of whom I had the honour to be president. Bonaparte, in his way from Lyons to Paris, after his landing at the gulf of Juan, stopped at Avalon, and immediately sent for the mayor, M. Randot. He instantly obeyed the summons. On coming into Napoleon's presence, he said, "What do you want, General!" This appellation displeased Napoleon, who nevertheless put several questions to M. Randot, who was willing to oblige him as a traveller, but not to serve him as an emperor. Napoleon having given him some orders, this worthy

servant of the king replied, "General, I can receive no orders from you, for I acknowledge no sovereign but the king, to whom I have sworn allegiance." Napoleon then directed M. Randot, in a tone of severity, to withdraw, and I need not add, that it was not long before he was dismissed from the mayoralty of Avalon.

The elections of the Yonne being over, I returned to Paris, where I took part in public affairs only as an amateur, while waiting for the opening of the session. I was deeply grieved to see the government resort to measures of severity to punish faults, which it would have been better policy to attribute only to the unfortunate circumstances of the times. No consideration can ever make me cease to regret the memory of Ney, who was the victim of the influence of foreigners. Their object, as Blucher intimated to me at Saint-Cloud, was to disable France from engaging in war for a long time to come; and they hoped to effect that object, by stirring up between the royal government and the army of the Loire, that spirit of discord which the sacrifice of Ney could not fail to produce. I have no positive proofs of the fact; but in my opinion, Ney's life was a pledge of gratitude, which Fouché thought he must offer to the foreign influence which had made him minister.

About this time, I learned a fact which will create no surprise, as it affords another proof of the chivalrous disinterestedness of Macdonald's character. When, in 1815, several marshals claimed from the allied powers their endowments in foreign countries, Madame Moreau, to whom the king had given the rank of a marshal's widow, and who was the friend of the Duke of Tarentum, wrote, without Macdonald's knowledge, to M. de Blacas, our ambassador at Naples, begging him to endeavour to preserve for the marshal the endowment which had been given him in the kingdom of Naples. As soon as Macdonald was informed of this circumstance, he waited upon Madame Moreau, thanked her for her kind intentions, but at the same time informed her, that he should disavow all knowledge of her letter, as the request it contained was entirely averse to his principles: The marshal did, in fact, write the following letter to M. de Blacas: "I hasten to inform you, sir, that it was not with my consent that Madame Moreau wrote to you, and I beg you will take no step that might expose me to a refusal. The King of Naples owes me no recompence for having beaten his army, revolutionized his kingdom, and forced him to retire to Sicily." Such conduct was well worthy of the man who was the last to forsake Napoleon in 1814, and the last to rejoin him, and that without the desire of accepting any appointment in 1815. M. de Blacas, who was himself much surprised at Macdonald's letter, communicated it to the King of Naples, whose answer deserves to be

recorded. It was as follows: "If I had not imposed a law upon myself, to acknowledge none of the French endowments, the conduct of Marshal Macdonald would have induced me to make an exception in his favour." It is gratifying to see princes such scrupulous observers of the laws they themselves make.

About the end of August, 1815, as I was walking on the Boulevard des Capucins, I had the pleasure of meeting Rapp, whom I had not seen for a long time. He had just come out of the house of Lagrenée, the artist, who was painting his portrait. I was on foot, and Rapp's carriage was waiting, so we both stepped into it, and set off to take a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. We had a great deal to say to each other, for we had not met since the great events of the two restorations! The reason of this was, that in 1814, I passed a part of the year at Sens, and since the transactions of March, 1815, Rapp himself had been absent from Paris. I found him perfectly resigned to his change of condition, though indulging in a few oaths against the foreigners. Rapp was not one of those generals who betrayed the king on the 20th of March. He told me that he remained at the head of the division which he commanded at Ecouen, under the orders of the Duke de Berri, and that he did not resign it to the war minister until after the king's departure.—"How did Napoleon receive you?" I inquired.—"I waited till he sent for me. You know what sort of fellow I am. I know nothing about politics; not I. I had sworn fidelity to the king. I know my duty, and I would have fought against the emperor."—"Indeed!"—"Yes, certainly I would, and I told him so myself."—"How! did you venture so far?"—"To be sure. I told him that my resolution was compulsory.—'Pshaw!' . . . replied he, angrily. 'I knew well that you were opposed to me. If we had come to an action, I should have sought you out on the field of battle. I would have shown you the Medusa's head. Would you have dared to fire on me?'—'Without doubt,' I replied.—'Ah! Parbleu! this is too much,' he said. 'But your troops would not have obeyed you. They had preserved all their affection for me.'—'What could I do?' resumed I, 'You abdicated, you left France, you recommended us to serve the king—and then you return! Besides, I tell you frankly, I do not augur well of what will happen. We shall have war again. France has had enough of that.'—"Upon this," continued Rapp, "he assured me that he had other thoughts; that he had no further desire for war; that he wished to govern in peace, and devote himself solely to the happiness of his people. When I hinted opposition on the part of the foreign powers, he said that he had made alliances. He then spoke to me of the king, and I said I had been much pleased with him; indeed, the king gave me a very gratifying

reception on my return from Kiow, and I see no reason why I should complain, when I was so well used. During the conversation the emperor much extolled the conduct of the Duke of Orleans. He then gave me some description of his passage from the Isle of Elba, and his journey to Paris. He complained of being accused of ambition; and observing that I looked astonished and doubtful—"What!" he continued, "am I ambitious, then?" And patting his belly with both his hands, "Can a man," he asked, "so fat as I, be ambitious?" I could not for my soul, help saying, "Ah! sire, your majesty is surely joking." He pretended, however, to be serious, and after a few moments, noticing my declarations, he began to banter me about the cross of Saint Louis and the cross of the Lily, which I still wore."

I asked Rapp whether all was true that had been said about the enthusiasm which was manifested along the whole of Napoleon's route from the Gulf of Juan to Paris. "Ma foi!" he replied, "I was not there any more than you; but all those who accompanied him, have assured me of the truth of the details which have been published; but I recollect having heard Bertrand say that on one occasion he was fearful for the safety of the emperor, in case any assassin should have presented himself. At Fossard, where the emperor stopped to breakfast, on his way to Paris, his escort was so fatigued as to be unable to follow, so that he was for some time almost alone on the road, until a squadron, which was in garrison at Melun, met him, and escorted him to Fontainebleau. As to any thing else, from all I have heard, the emperor was exposed to no danger."

We then began to talk of our situation, and the singular chances of our fortune. Rapp told me how, within a few days only, he had ceased to be one of the discontented; for the condition of the generals who had commanded army corps in the campaign of Waterloo, was very different in 1815 from what it had been in 1814. "I had determined," he said, "to live a quiet life, to meddle with nothing, and not even to wear my uniform. I had, therefore, since the king's return, never presented myself at court; when, a week ago, while riding on horseback two or three hundred paces from this spot,* I saw a group of horsemen on the other side of the avenue, one of whom galloped towards me. I immediately recognised the Duke de Berri. "How, Monseigneur, is it you?" I exclaimed. "It is, my dear general; and since you will not come to us, I must come to you. Will you breakfast with me to-morrow morning?" "Ma foi!" continued Rapp, "what could I do? The tone of kindness in which he gave this invitation quite charmed me. I went, and I was treated so well, that I shall go again. But I will ask for nothing: I only want these Prussians and English

* We were then near the Barrière de l'Etoile.

out of the way!" I complimented Rapp on his conduct, and told him that it was impossible so loyal and honest a man as he should not, some time or other, attract the king's notice. I had the happiness to see this prediction accomplished. Since that time, I regularly saw Rapp, whenever we both happened to be in Paris, which was pretty often.

I have already mentioned that, in the month of August, the king named me counsellor of state.* On the 19th of the following month I was appointed minister of state and member of the privy council. I may close these volumes by relating a circumstance very flattering to me, and connected with the last-mentioned nomination. The king had directed M. de Talleyrand to present to him, in his official character of president of the council of ministers, a list of the persons who might be deemed suitable as members of the privy council. The king having read the list, said to his minister, "But, M. de Talleyrand, I do not see here the names of two of our best friends, Bourrienne and Alexis de Noailles."—"Sire, I thought their nomination would seem more flattering in coming directly from your majesty." The king then added my name to the list, and afterwards that of the Count Alexis de Noailles; so that both our names are written in Louis XVIII.'s own hand, in the original ordinance.

I have now brought to a conclusion my narrative of the extraordinary events in which I have taken part, either as a spectator or an actor, during the course of a strangely diversified life, of which nothing now remains but recollections.

END OF BOURRIENNE'S MEMOIR.

NOTES ON LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The fact that the Duke of Orleans, who became King of the French by the revolution of 1830, was looked up to by a large party, as the man proper to be their ruler, both in 1814 and 1815, is established beyond the reach of doubt. The jacobin and the liberal parties feared the iron government of Napoleon, and thought the Duke of Orleans a man much more likely to submit to the guidance of a free representative government, or to their indulging in constitution-making, than Bonaparte would ever be.

In 1814 they thought he was just what they wanted—that the

* I discharged the functions of counsellor of state until 1818, at which time an ordinance appeared, declaring those functions incompatible with the title of minister of state.

temptation of a throne was too strong for human virtue to resist—that in ascending the throne of his relative, Louis XVIII., by their means, he would own that he held it by and through the revolution, and not by hereditary right. They also fancied that they should conciliate the allied powers, and the moderate constitutionalists of France, by choosing one who was at all events a prince of the House of Bourbon. The more cautious of these plotters recommended that Louis should be permitted to possess the crown as long as he lived, and that at his death, instead of devolving to the Count d'Artois (since Charles X.) it should be placed by the nation on the head of the Duke of Orleans; but the more impetuous part of the conspirators insisted on having Louis Philippe immediately. They sent to that prince a note without signature, and which merely contained these words: “*Nous le ferons sans vous; nous le ferons malgré vous; nous le ferons pour vous*” (We will do it without you—we will do it in spite of you—we will do it for you).

Though there are strong assertions to the contrary, it appears that the Duke of Orleans positively refused to involve himself in any of these plots.—*Editor.*

CONTINUATION OF THE MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VI.

1815.

Hundred days—Napoleon at Paris—Political manœuvres—The meeting of the Champ-de-Mai—Napoleon, the Liberals, and the moderate Constitutionalists—His love of arbitrary power as strong as ever—Preparations for his last campaign.

WE have described the return of the Emperor in safety to Paris and the Tuileries (see page 65). Napoleon, however, was scarcely reseated on his throne, when he found he could not resume that absolute power he had possessed before his abdication at Fontainebleau. He was obliged to submit to the curb of a representative government—but we are inclined to believe that he only yielded, *pro tempore*, and with a mental reservation, that as soon as victory should return to his

standard, and his army be completed and well organized, he would send the representatives of the people back to their departments, and make himself as absolute as he had ever been. His temporary submission was indeed obligatory.

The republicans and constitutionalists who had assisted, or not opposed his return, with Carnot, Fouché, Benjamin Constant, and his own brother, Lucien (a lover of constitutional liberty), at their head, would support him only on condition of his reigning as a constitutional sovereign: he therefore proclaimed a constitution under the title of "Acte additionnel aux Constitutions de l'Empire," which greatly resembled the charter granted by Louis XVIII. the year before. An hereditary Chamber of Peers was to be appointed by the Emperor, a chamber of representatives chosen by the electoral colleges, to be renewed every five years, by which all taxes were to be voted; ministers were to be responsible; judges irremovable; the right of petition was acknowledged, and property was declared inviolable. Lastly, the French nation was made to declare, that they would never recal the Bourbons.*

We all know how these oaths were kept—but we shall speak of the Champ-de-Mai presently.

Even before reaching Paris, and while resting on his journey from Elba at Lyons, the second city in France, and the ancient capital of the Franks, Napoleon arranged his ministry, and issued sundry decrees, which show how little his mind was prepared for proceeding according to the majority of votes in representative assemblies.

Cambacérès was named minister of justice; Fouché, minister of police (a boon to the revolutionists); Davoust appointed minister of war. Decrees upon decrees were issued, with a rapidity which showed how Bonaparte had employed those studious hours at Elba, which he was supposed to have dedicated to the composition of his memoirs. They were couched in the name of Napoleon, by the grace of God, Emperor of France, and were dated on the 13th of March, although not promulgated until the 21st of that month. The first of these decrees abrogated all changes in the courts of justice and tribunals, which had taken place during the absence of Napoleon. The second displaced all officers belonging to the class of emigrants, and introduced into the army by the King. The third suppressed the order of St. Louis, the white flag, cockade, and other royal emblems, and restored the tri-coloured banner and the imperial symbols of Bonaparte's authority. The same decree abolished the Swiss Guard and the household troops of the King. The fourth sequestered the effects of the Bourbons. A similar ordinance sequestered the restored property of emigrant families.

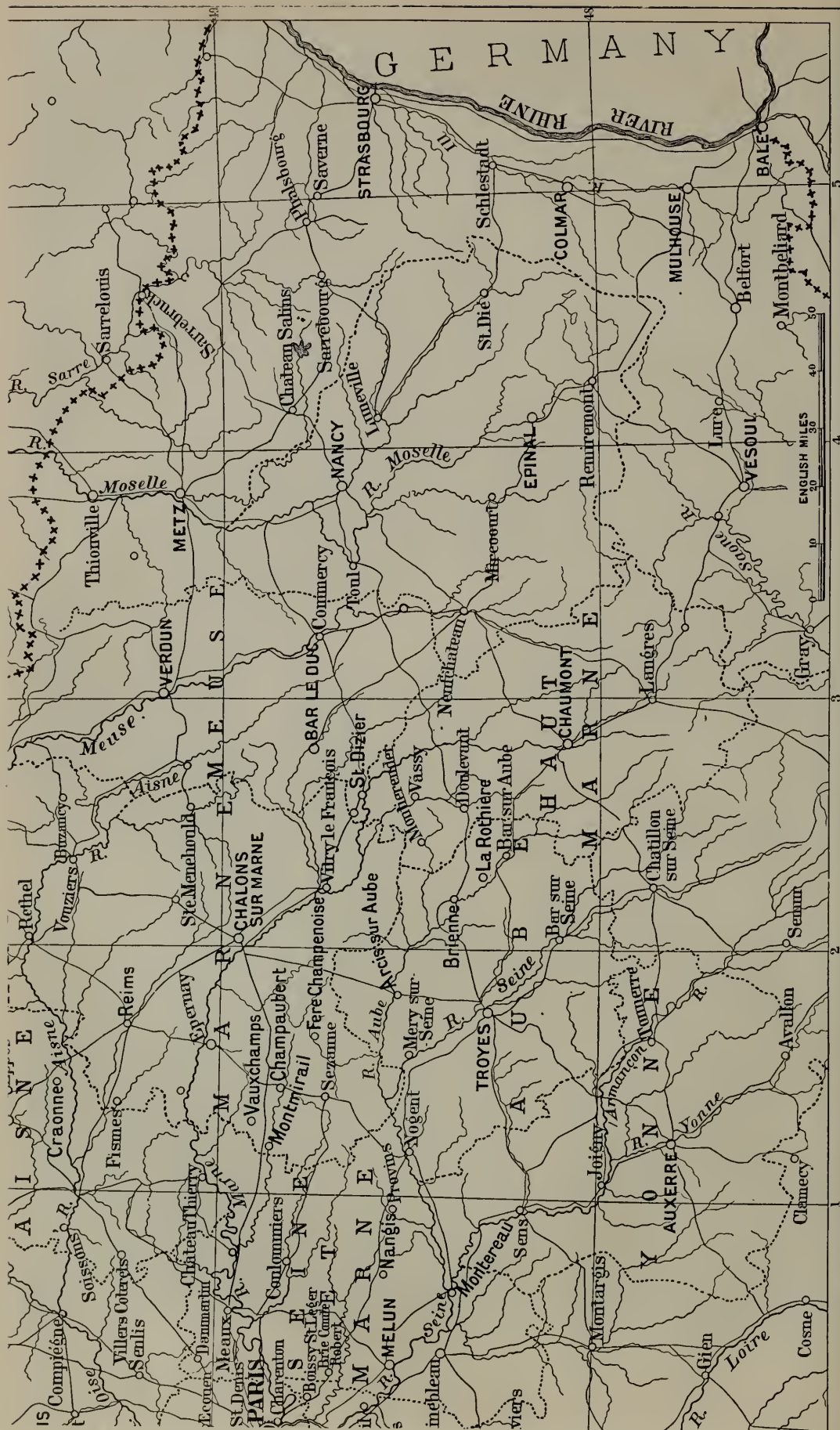
* See article "Bonaparte," in the Cyclopædia published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; *Reponse aux Mémoires du Général Lamarque*; and other pamphlets by Lucien Bonaparte.



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-LOUIS-ANDRÉ-THÉODORE GÉRICULT, IN THE LOUVRE.

EN

OFFICER OF THE MOUNTED CHASSEURS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD CHARGING.



The fifth decree of Lyons suppressed the ancient nobility and feudal titles, and formally confirmed proprietors of national domains in their possessions. (This decree was very acceptable to the majority of Frenchmen.) The sixth declared sentence of exile against all emigrants not erased by Napoleon from the list previously to the accession of the Bourbons, to which was added confiscation of their property. The seventh restored the Legion of Honour, in every respect as it had existed under the Emperor, uniting to its funds the confiscated revenues of the Bourbon order of St. Louis. The eighth and last decree was the most important of all. Under pretence that emigrants who had borne arms against France had been introduced into the Chamber of Peers, and that the Chamber of Deputies had already sat for the legal time, it dissolved both chambers, and convoked the electoral colleges of the empire, in order that they might hold, in the ensuing month of May, an extraordinary assembly—the Champ-de-Mai.

This national convocation, for which Napoleon found a name, and a sort of precedent, in the history of the ancient Franks, was to have two objects: First, to make such alterations and reformations in the constitution of the empire as circumstances should render advisable; secondly, *to assist at the coronation of the Empress and of the King of Rome*. The presence of these parties was spoken of as something that admitted of no doubt, though Bonaparte well knew there was no hope of getting them from Vienna. These various enactments, in general, were admirably calculated to serve Napoleon's cause. They flattered the army, and at the same time heated their resentment against the emigrants, by insinuating that they had been sacrificed by Louis to the interest of his followers. They held out to the republicans a speedy prospect of confiscations, proscriptions, and revolutions of government; while the imperialists were gratified with a view of ample funds for pensions, offices, and honorary decorations. To the proprietors of national domains security was promised; to the Parisians the *grand spectacle* of the Champ-de-Mai; and to all France, peace and tranquillity, since the arrival of the Empress and her son, so confidently asserted to be at hand, must be considered as a pledge of the friendship of Austria.*

Napoleon at the same time endeavoured to make himself very popular with the common people—the mob of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and other obscure corners and extremities of Paris. On the first evening of his return, as he walked round the glittering circle met to welcome him in the state apartments of the Tuileries, he kept repeating, "Gentlemen, it is to the poor and disinterested mass of the people that I owe every thing—it is they who have brought me back to the capital. It is the poor

* See Sir Walter Scott; Fouché's Memoirs; Thiers's Histoire, &c.

subaltern officers and common soldiers that have done all this. I owe every thing to the common people and the ranks of the army. Remember that! I owe every thing to the *army* and the *people!*” Some time after he took a few rides through the Faubourg St. Antoine, but the vulgar demonstrations of the mob gave him little pleasure, and it was easy to detect a sneer in his addresses to them. He had some slight intercourse with the men of the revolution—the fierce, operative jacobins, but even now he could not conceal his abhorrence of them, and, be it said to his honour, he had as little to do with them as possible. Fouché remarks here—

“This affectation of popularity had upheld him in public opinion until the moment of his ‘Acte additionnel aux Constitutions de l’Empire.’ Napoleon considered the latter as his title deeds to the crown, and in annulling them he would have considered himself in the light of commencing a new reign. He who could only date from possession, *de facto*, preferred to model his system in a ridiculous manner, after the fashion of Louis XVIII., who computed time according to the data of legitimacy. Instead of a national constitution, which he had promised, he contented himself with modifying the political laws and the senatus consulta which governed the empire. *He re-established the confiscation of property, against which almost all his counsellors protested.* In short, he persisted, in a council held upon this subject, in his refusal to submit his constitution to public inquiry, and to present it to the nation as an ‘Acte additionnel.’ I strongly opposed his resolution, as did also Decrès, Caulaincourt, and almost all the members present. He determined, in spite of our exertions, to comprise all his concessions within the compass of this irregular design.

“The word *additional* disenchanting the friends of liberty. They recognised in it the ill-disguised continuation of the chief institutions, created in favour of absolute power. From that moment Napoleon to their view became an incurable despot; and I, for my part, regarded him in the light of a madman delivered bound hand and foot to the mercy of Europe. Confined to that description of popular suffrage, which Savary and Réal directed, he caused some of the lowest classes to be assembled, and the latter, under the name of *Fédérés*, marched in procession under the windows of the Tuileries, uttering repeatedly exclamations of *Vive l’Empereur!* there he himself announced to this mobocracy that if the kings dared to attack him he would proceed to encounter them at the frontiers. This humiliating scene disgusted even the soldiers. Never had the extraordinary individual in question, who had worn the purple with so much lustre, contributed so greatly to degrade it. He was no longer, in patriotic opinion, considered in other light than as an actor subjected to the applauses of the vilest of the populace. Scenes of this humiliating description made a strong impression on my

mind ; well assured, moreover, that all the allied powers, unanimous in their resolution, were preparing to march against us, or, rather, against him, I proceeded early the next day to the Tuileries ; and a second time I represented to Napoleon, in still stronger colours, that it was an absolute impossibility for France, in her divided condition, to sustain the assault of universal and united Europe ; that it was incumbent upon him to explain himself frankly to the nation ; to assure himself of the ultimate intentions of the allied sovereigns, and that if they persisted, as every thing gave reason to infer, there would then be no possibility of hesitation ; that his interests, and those of his country, imposed upon him the obligation of withdrawing to the United States.

“ But, from the reply which he stammered out in which he mingled plans of campaigns, punishments, battles, insurrections, colossal projects, decrees of destiny, I perceived that he was resolved to trust the fate of France to the issue of war, and that the military faction carried the day in spite of my admonitions.

“ The assembly of the Champ-de-Mai was nothing but a vain pageantry, in which Napoleon, in the garb of a citizen, hoped to mislead the populace by the charm of a public ceremony. The different parties in France were no more satisfied with it, than they had been with the *acte additionnel* ; one faction wished that he had re-established a republic ; and the other that in divesting himself of the crown, he had left the sovereign people in possession of the right of offering it to the most worthy ; and, finally, the coalition of statesmen, of whom I constituted the soul, reproached him with not having availed himself of that solemnity to proclaim Napoleon II.—an event which would have given us a *point d'appui* in certain cabinets, and, probably, would have preserved us from a second invasion. It will not be denied that, in the critical position of France, the last expedient would have been most reasonable.

“ As soon as we had acquired the conviction that all attempts to produce this result in the interior of France would be unsuccessful, without proceeding to the extremity of a deposition, which the military party would not have suffered, it was necessary to make up our minds to the anticipation of seeing all the gates of war thrown open. My impatience then augmented, and I laboured to accelerate the march of events. It was in vain that Davoust, in council, had reiterated to the Emperor that his (Napoleon's) presence with the army was immediately called for, indeed indispensable. Relying too little on the capital to leave it behind him for any length of time without mistrust, Bonaparte did not resolve on his departure till every thing was ready to strike an effectual blow on the frontiers of Belgium, in the hope of making his debut by a triumph, and of reconquering popularity by victory.”*

* Fouché's Memoirs, vol. ii.

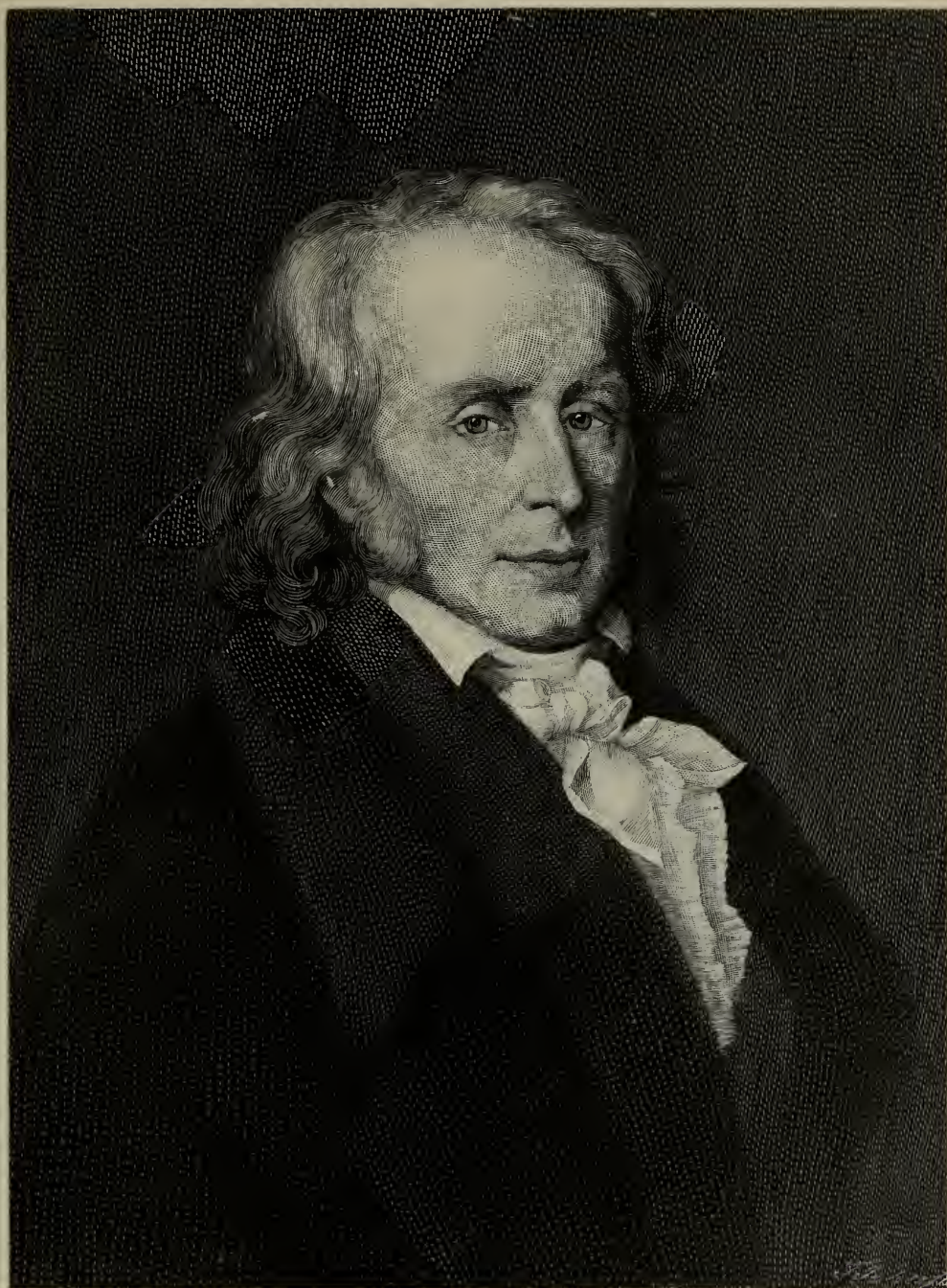
When at last he did depart, he took care before hand to leave large sums of money for the fédérés, in the hands of his devoted creature Real, under whose management that mob was placed. These sums were to be distributed at appropriate seasons, to make the mob cry in the streets of Paris, "Napoleon or death."* He also left, in the hands of Davoust, a written authority for the publication of his bulletins, many clauses of which were written long before the battles were fought that they were to describe. He gave to the same marshal a plan of his campaign, which he had arranged for the defensive. This was not confided to him without an injunction of the strictest secrecy; but Fouché says that Davoust communicated the plan to him. Considering Davoust's character, this is very likely; and it is also very far from improbable that Fouché communicated the plan to the Allies, with whom, and more particularly with Prince Metternich, he is well known to have been corresponding at the time.

But we are anticipating events. Shortly after his arrival, M. Benjamin Constant, a moderate and candid man, was deputed by the constitutional party to ascertain Napoleon's sentiments and intentions. Constant was a steady lover of constitutional liberty, and an old opponent of Bonaparte, whose headlong career of despotism, cut out by the sword, he had vainly endeavoured to check by the eloquence of the pen.

There could not have been a more proper medium of communication with the Emperor; and our confidence in M. Constant's honour and integrity does not allow us to doubt of the perfect veracity of his account of the interview.

It took place at the Tuileries. Bonaparte, as was his wont, began the conversation, and kept it nearly all to himself during the rest of the audience. He did not affect to disguise either his past actions or present dispositions.

* The market-women (*dames de la halle*), the fishwomen (*poissardes*), those valuable allies of the sans culottes revolutionists, and formerly of Napoleon, had partaken of the national fickleness, and changed sides. They were all for Louis XVIII.; and went about Paris singing a song that had not only the merit of loyalty, but that of a pun, or *calembourg*, which is always so acceptable to the Parisians. The burden of the song was "*Donnez nous nôtre paire de gants,*" which, so written, means "give us our pair of gloves," but which is, in pronunciation, just the same as, "*Donnez nous nôtre père de Ghent,*"—"Give us our father of Ghent." We remember asking one of the fishwomen, in 1819, why she and her sisterhood were so fond of Louis XVIII.? Her answer was, "*Mais mon enfant, il aimait tant les huitres!*" (But, my son, he was so fond of oysters.) The Paris joke on that monarch's name is well known: they converted *Louis Dix-huit* (Louis the Eighteenth), into *Louis des huitres* (Louis of the oysters). The Parisians, indeed, are profuse of this kind of small wit. When Louis was called to his fathers, and his brother, Charles X., was about to ascend the throne, they said, "*Louis Dix-huit a disparu et Charles Dix paraîtra,*" (Louis the Eighteenth has disappeared, and Charles the Tenth will appear): but, without the slightest change in pronunciation, these words sound as, "*Louis Dix-huit a disparu, et Charles disparaîtra*" (Louis the Eighteenth has disappeared, and Charles will disappear). The effect that jokes of this sort have upon that volatile people is well known.



THE PAINTING BY LINA VALLIER, IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

ENGRAVED BY T. J.

HENRI-BENJAMIN CONSTANT DE REBECQUE.

“The nation,” he said, “has had a respite of twelve years from every kind of political agitation, and for one year has enjoyed a respite from war. This double repose has created a craving after activity. It requires, or fancies it requires, a tribune and popular assemblies. It did not always require them. The people threw themselves at my feet when I took the reins of government. You ought to recollect this, who made a trial of opposition. Where was your support—your strength? Nowhere. I assumed less authority than I was invited to assume. At present all is changed. A feeble government, opposed to the national interests, has given to these interests the habit of standing on the defensive, and evading authority. The taste for constitutions, for debates, for harangues, appears to have revived. Nevertheless, it is but the minority that wishes all this, be assured. The people, or if you like the phrase better, the multitude, wish only for me. You would say so, if you had only seen this multitude pressing eagerly on my steps; precipitating themselves from the tops of the mountains, calling on me, seeking me out, saluting me. On my way from Cannes hither I have not conquered—I have administered. I am not alone (as has been pretended) the emperor of the soldiers; I am that of the peasants—of the plebeians of France. Accordingly, in spite of all that has happened, you see the people come back to me. There is sympathy between us. It is not as with the privileged classes. The noblesse have been in my service: they thronged in crowds into my antechambers. There is no place that they have not accepted or solicited. I have had the Montmorencys, the Noailles, the Rohans, the Beauvaus, the Montemarts, in my train. But there never was any cordiality between us. The steed made his curvets—he was well broke in; but I felt him quake under me. With the people, it is another thing. The popular fibre responds to mine. I have risen from the ranks of the people: my voice acts mechanically upon them. Look at those conscripts, the sons of peasants: I never flattered them; I treated them roughly. They did not crowd round me the less; they did not on that account cease to cry, *Vive l'Empereur!* It is that between them and me there is one and the same nature. They look to me as their support, their safeguard against the nobles. I have but to make a sign, or rather to look another way, and the nobles would be massacred in every province. So well have they managed matters in the last ten months; but I do not desire to be the king of a mob. If there are the means to govern by a constitution, well and good. I wished for the empire of the world; and to ensure it, a power without bounds was necessary to me. To govern France merely, it is impossible that a constitution can be better. I wished for the empire of the world; as who would not have done in my place? The world invited me to rule over it. Sovereigns and subjects alike emulously bowed the neck under

my sceptre. I have seldom met with opposition in France; but still I have encountered more of it from some obscure and unarmed Frenchmen, than from all these kings so resolute, just now, no longer to have a man of the people for their equal!—See then what appears to you possible: let me know your ideas. Public discussion, free elections, responsible ministers, the liberty of the press, I have no objection to all that, the liberty of the press especially: to stifle it is absurd. I am convinced on this point. I am the man of the people: if the people really wish for liberty, let them have it. I have acknowledged their sovereignty. It is just that I should lend an ear to their will, nay, even to their caprices. I have never been disposed to oppress them for my pleasure. I entertained great designs: fate has disposed of them; I am no longer a conqueror, nor can I be one. I know what is possible and what is not. I have no further object than to raise up France and bestow on her a government suitable to her. I have no hatred to liberty, I have set it aside when it obstructed my path; but I understand what it means; I was brought up in its school: besides, the work of fifteen years is overturned, and it is not possible to recommence it. It would take twenty years, and the lives of two millions of men to be sacrificed to it. As for the rest, I desire peace; but I can only obtain it by means of victory. I would not inspire you with false expectations. I permit it to be said that negotiations are going on; there are none. I foresee a hard struggle, a long war. To support it, I must be seconded by the nation; but in return, I believe they will expect liberty. They shall have it: the circumstances are new. All I desire is to be informed of the truth. I am getting old. A man is no longer at forty-five what he was at thirty. The repose enjoyed by a constitutional king may suit me: it will still more certainly be the best thing for my son.”

From this remarkable address Benjamin Constant concluded that not the shadow of a change had taken place in Bonaparte's views or feelings in matters of government, but, *being convinced that circumstances had changed, he had made up his mind to conform to them.* The part of the conclusion marked in Italics, we cannot admit—M. Constant must have been mistaken *there.* He says, and we cannot doubt it, that he listened to Napoleon with the deepest interest;—that there was a breadth and grandeur of manner as he spoke, and a calm serenity seated on a brow “covered with immortal laurels.”

While insisting, as we do, on the utter incompatibility of Napoleon and a constitutional government, we cannot, in fairness omit mentioning that the causes which repelled him from the altar and sanctuary of freedom were strong:—the real lovers of a rational and feasible liberty—the constitutional monarchy men were few—the mad ultra-liberals, the jacobins, the refuse of one revolution and the provokers of another, were numerous,

active, loud ; and in pursuing different ends these two parties, the respectable and the disreputable, the good and the bad, got somewhat mixed and confused with one another.

On the 14th of May, when the *Fédérés* or Federates were marshalled in processional order, and treated with what was called a solemn festival, as they moved along the Boulevards to the court of the Tuileries, they coupled the name of Napoleon, with jacobin curses and revolutionary songs. The airs and the words that had made Paris tremble to her very centre during the reign of terror—the “Marseillais hymn,” the “Carmagnole,” the “*Jour du départ*” (day of departure), the execrable ditty, the burden of which is, “And with the entrails of the last of the priests let us strangle the last of the kings”—were all roared out in fearful chorus by a drunken, a filthy, and furious mob. Many a day had elapsed since they had dared to sing these blasphemous, and antisocial songs in public. Napoleon himself, as soon as he had power enough suppressed them, and he was as proud of this feat and his triumph over the dregs of the jacobins as he was of any of his victories : and in this he was right—in this he proved himself the friend of humanity. As the tumultuous mass approached the triumphal arch, and the grand entrance into the palace, he could not conceal his abhorrence. His guards were drawn up under arms, and numerous pieces of artillery, ready loaded, were turned out on the Place du Carrousel. He hastily dismissed these dangerous partisans, with some praise, some money, and some drink. On coming into *very close* contact with such a mob, he did not feel his fibre respond to that of the populace ! Like Frankenstein, he loathed and was afraid of the mighty *monster* he had put together.

But it was not merely the mob that checked the liberalism or constitution of Napoleon—a delicate and doubtful plant in itself, that required the most cautious treatment to make it really take root and grow up in such a soil. Some of his counsellors, who called themselves “philosophical statesmen,” advised him to lay aside the style of emperor, and assume that of president, or Grand General of the *Republic* ! Fooled to the top of his bent, he withdrew from the Tuileries to the comparatively small and retired palace of the Elysée Bourbon, where he escaped these talking-dreamers, and felt himself again a sovereign. Shut up with Benjamin Constant and a few other reasonable politicians, he drew up the sketch of a new constitution, which was neither much better nor much worse than the royal charter of Louis XVIII. We will give an abridgment of its declarations.

The legislative power resides in the Emperor and two chambers.—The Chamber of Peers is hereditary, and the Emperor names them. Their number is unlimited.—The Second Chamber is elected by the people, and is to consist of 629 members ; none

are to be under the age of twenty-five. The President is appointed by the members, but approved of by the Emperor.—Members to be paid at the rate settled by the Constituent Assembly.—It is to be renewed every five years.—The Emperor may prorogue, adjourn, or dissolve the House of Representatives.—Sittings to be public.—The Electoral Colleges are maintained.—Land tax and direct taxes to be voted only for a year; indirect taxes may be imposed for several years.—No levy of men for the army, nor any exchange of territory, but by a law.—Taxes to be proposed by the Chamber of Representatives.—Ministers to be responsible.—Judges to be irremovable.—Juries to be established.—Right of petition, freedom of worship, inviolability of property, are recognised.

The last article says, that “the French people declare that they do not mean to delegate the power of restoring the Bourbons, or any prince of that family, even in case of the exclusion of the Imperial dynasty.”

The state of the popular mind, and the odd aspect presented by Paris to the stranger, during these days of sudden change, have often been described, but seldom better than in the words of an accomplished English lady, who had the courage to await the arrival of Bonaparte.

“The streets were quieter than usual; every person seemed to have a more serious mien, and to be preoccupied. Of the beau-monde, some had fled, others kept within their hotels. No carriages of the opulent contested the passage with the cabriolets, or with the vehicles of commerce—no belles skipped lightly along. In the shops, few purchasers, and those few looking gloomy and silent: suspicion and fear seemed to predominate. Entering two or three shops, where I had been in the habit of purchasing, they exclaimed, ‘Softly! softly! Mademoiselle; speak low, we are surrounded with spies. It will not do for Mademoiselle to remain here—she is too English, too independent in her expressions.’ At the open stalls, and in the shops on the bridges and on the quays, the proprietors were occupied in removing the engravings, and other emblems of the Bourbons, and replacing those of the usurper and of his military partisans. Ladders were placed at the corners of the streets and against the shops, while workmen were effacing the names and brevets of the Bourbon dynasty, to be replaced by those of the Corsican family—or in haste substituting a design analogous to the merchandise within. We entered for a moment the Chamber of Deputies. The *drapeaux* (flags) taken in the different campaigns were brought from their concealed depots. The President’s chair, embroidered with *fleur-de-lis*, was being removed.—‘Where will you find another?’ I hastily demanded. ‘*L’ancien fauteuil est au grenier* (The old chair is up in the garret), Mademoiselle,’ was the quick reply. In a few moments

it was brought down;—the portraits of the king and of the princes were already removed from their frames, and those of Napoleon and Marie Louise had replaced them.”

A preceding letter, by the same intelligent writer, written a few days after Napoleon's flight from Elba, conveys an excellent notion of the partial confidence, the doubts, misgivings, and confusion, that prevailed in the court circles. Many of the poor old emigrants would hardly believe Bonaparte was in France, until they actually saw him showing himself to the people in the open glass gallery of the Tuileries. Some fanatic priests and confessors assured their penitents that the progress of the impious man would be arrested by a vengeance coming direct from Heaven; but those bolts, which weak, erring humanity should never presume to meddle with, remained motionless and silent, and if they spoke at last it was only in the mortal thunder of Waterloo.

“A few days have made an awful change in our position. When I closed my last letter, the great mass of the inhabitants of Paris disappeared to revel in imaginary security; all was animation and gaiety, under the sway of a constitutional monarch. Rapidly flew the hours in our circle, where harmony and love presided: wit, talent, and loyalty were our inmates. *Les fleurs-de-lis* decorated the vases on our chimneypiece—emblem of the Bourbons, to whom we unanimously rendered homage, little thinking that in the *bouquets de violettes* which were offered to us in our walks, were hidden sentiments of treason! and that *Princesse* was the conspirators' rallying word. What charming prospects we had formed for the future!—Another marriage in perspective—*la comédie*—and parties in the environs! ‘*Mais l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.*’ We went to enjoy the breezes of a fine March morning, when an officer issued from the palace, and whispered Madame de C——, *that Bonaparte had landed!* Had a thunderbolt fallen at our feet, its effects could not have produced a more terrible sensation than did this unexpected intelligence on our hearts. We instantly returned home; and that night it was no longer a secret in Paris. Some could not conceal the terror the name of Napoleon always inspires; others, judging from their own loyal sentiments exclaimed, ‘*La main de Dieu y est visible!*’ (The hand of God is visible in this!) Another party, appreciating present circumstances, rejoiced in the idea that he would be taken and secured for ever; as if Napoleon, in risking the chance of success, had not secured the means of ensuring it. The King issued an ordonnance, declaring him a traitor. The Chamber of Deputies was convened; an express sent for Marshal Ney. The King, preserving admirable calmness, and confidence in his subjects, received the ambassadors,—‘*Ecrivez, Messieurs, à vos cours respectives que je me porte bien, et que la folle entreprise de cet*

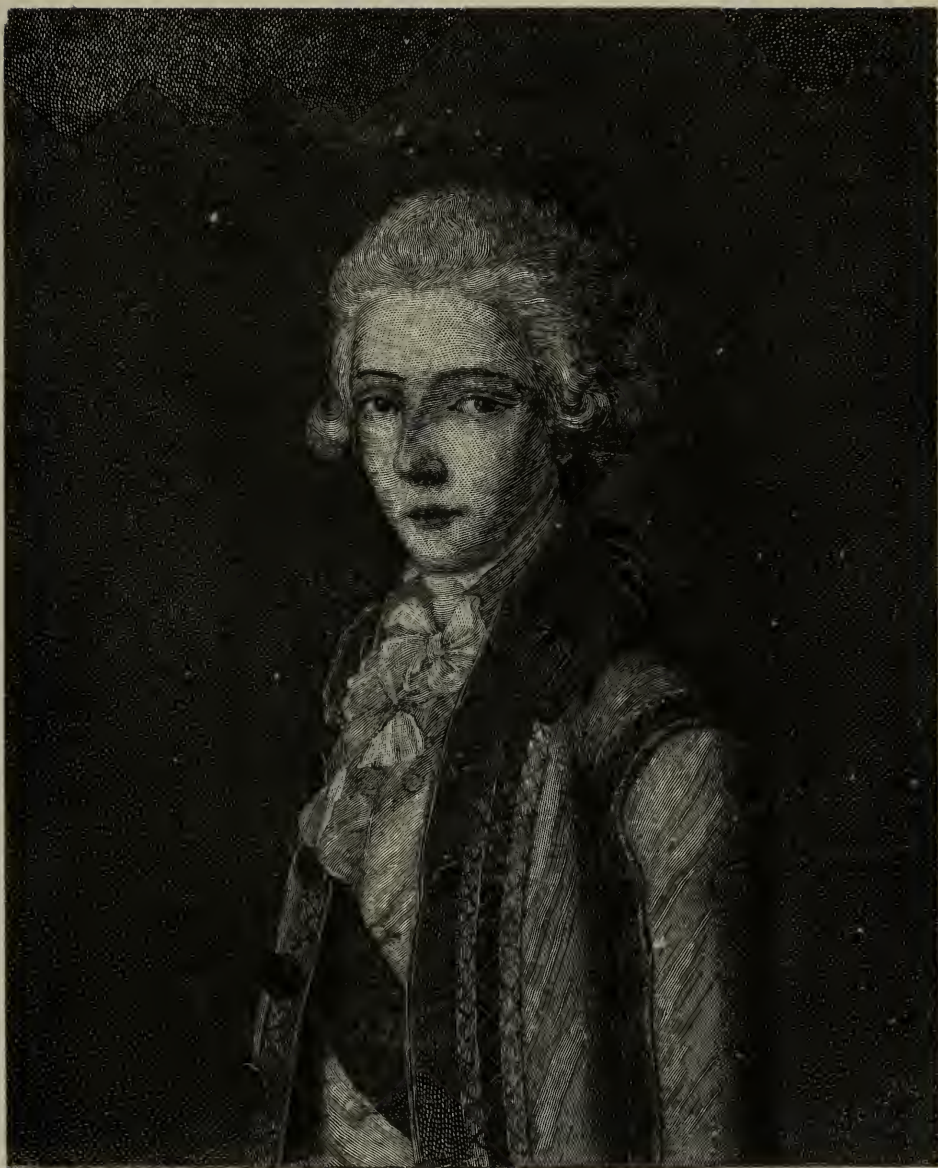
homme ne troublera plus la tranquillité de l'Europe ni la mienne. (Write gentlemen to your respective courts that I am in good health, and that the mad enterprise of this man will no longer trouble the repose of Europe nor my own.) The Prince de Condé, notwithstanding his advanced age, offered his services.

His majesty passed in review the troops, addressed the most flattering compliments to their generals, who surrounded him, and said to General Rapp, '*Malgré que ce ne soit pas le siège de Dantzic, je compte toujours sur votre bravoure et votre fidélité!*' (Although this is not the siege of Dantzic, I still count on your bravery and fidelity.) Rapp, affected, turned away and exclaimed, '*Il faudroit être scé lérat pour trahir un tel Roi*' (One must be a villain to betray such a king). He rendered himself justice, and unconsciously pronounced his own panegyric in advance. When the Duc de Berri appeared, he was received with enthusiasm. *La Maison du Roi* solicited to march with him against their common enemy; but elsewhere all remained in a state of apathy. An extensive confederacy on one side, want of means on the other, and inefficient organization in every department—our great confidence was in Ney: Ney departed, with promises to bring back Napoleon, dead or alive. He kissed the King's hand, and, shedding tears, renewed his oaths of fidelity for himself and his army.

"The Duc de Feltre was named minister of war. All seemed lost; and our fluctuating hopes rose and fell like the mercury in a weather-glass. But this nomination revived them: we may be said to have caught at straws. Clarke had been called '*the calculating Irishman*;' but, in the excitement of the moment, the loyal party now extol him, and say that he forgot himself at the epoch that others forgot only what they owed to their king. '*What will Talleyrand do? Will he, amidst the congregated ministers of the allies, remain steady to his last oaths to Louis?*' was constantly echoing through our salons, during the first days of consternation."

On the 19th of March, cries were heard of *Vive le Roi!* in the square of Louis XV.—On the morning of the 20th they were supplanted by shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!*

"The next morning I determined to see Napoleon; but when our carriage arrived at the Pont Royal, thousands were collected there. Our servant advised us to descend, and proceed on foot. The crowd civilly made way: they were waiting to see the review. An unusual silence prevailed, interrupted only by the cries of the children, whom the parents were thumping with energy for crying '*Vive le Roi!*' instead of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' which, some months before, they had been thumped for daring to vociferate! A friend recommended us to proceed to the review; to see which he had the good nature to procure me admittance to a small apartment in the Tuileries; and, from the window, I saw and heard



FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES RAUCH, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY OSCAR GROSCHE

LOUIS-ANTOINE-HENRI DE BOURBON-CONDÉ, DUC D'ENGHEN.

for the first time the scourge of the continent — his martial, active figure, mounted on his famed white horse. He harangued, with energetic tone (and in those bombastic expressions we have always remarked in all his manifestos, and which are so well adapted to the French), the troops of the divisions of Lepol and Dufour. There was much embracing of *Les anciens Aigles* of the Old Guard—much mention of ‘great days, and souvenirs dear to his heart,’ of the ‘scars of his brave soldiers;’ which, to serve his views, he will reopen without remorse, like the vampire of Greece. The populace were tranquil, as I had remarked them on the bridge. Inspired by my still unsatisfied curiosity, I rejoined my escort, and proceeded to the gardens, where not more than thirty persons were collected under the windows. There was no enthusiastic cry; at least none deemed sufficient to induce him to show himself. In despair at not being able to contemplate his physiognomy at greater ease, I made my cavalier request some persons in the throng to cry *Vive l’Empereur!* Some laughed, and replied, ‘*Attendez un peu*’ (wait a little); while others advised us to desire some of the children to do so. A few francs thrown to the latter soon stimulated their little voices into cries of the loyalty of that day, and Napoleon presented himself at the window; but he did not stand there in a firm attitude—he retired often, and reappeared, standing rather sideways, as if wanting confidence in the disposition of our little assemblage. A few persons arrived from the country, and held up petitions, which he sent an aide-de-camp to receive. His square face and figure struck me with involuntary emotion. I was dazzled, as if beholding a supernatural being. There is a sternness spread over his expansive brow, a gloom on the lids of his darkened eye, which rendered futile his attempts to smile. Something Satanic sported round his mouth, indicating the ambitious spirit of the soul within!

“Much agitation seemed to reign in the saloon. The ministers and generals paced up and down with their master in reciprocal agitation and debate. The palace (alas!) how changed! it has now the appearance of a fortress,—the retreat of a despot, not the abode of a sovereign confiding in the loyalty of his people, and recalled by their unanimous voice: he must feel that he is only welcomed back by military power, whose path was smoothed by the peasantry of Dauphiny. A range of artillery is now placed before it: soldiers stretched on straw, repose under the finely-arched corridors, and military-casqued heads even appear from the uppermost windows. Napoleon had the gallant consideration, the day after his *entrée*, to renew the guard of honour, at the hotel of the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, to whom he has always accorded the respect due to royalty.”

In tracing the political operations and secret movements of

Napoleon and those around him, we will follow a French writer, who certainly knew the truth, though he may not have chosen to tell it *all*, and who cannot possibly be suspected of any prejudice against the emperor. We mean General Count Lavallette, a stanch adherent to the Bonaparte cause, who, for what he did during the hundred days, would have met death at the hands of the Bourbons, had it not been for his wife, Sir Robert Wilson, and Mr. Hutchinson, who, among them, very ingeniously effected his escape out of prison, and across the French frontier.

After speaking of Napoleon's return from Egypt, and his overthrowing the tottering directory, in 1799, Lavallette goes on to say—

“How great was the difference in March, 1815; fallen from the throne, erased from the list of sovereigns, banished to the rock of Elba, he returned almost alone: scarcely did he set his foot on the French shore, when the people every where rose up. All France repeated with enthusiasm, ‘Napoleon! no more royalty! no more Bourbons! It is Napoleon alone that France wishes to have; it is his glory, his genius she stands in need of. Woe to those who shall dare to raise a finger against him! or rather woe to those who shall not declare in his favour!’ And in fact, peasants, soldiers, citizens, all hastened to meet him; all hailed him with their wishes and gratitude, like a good genius, like a providence. The royalty of the Bourbons was no longer any thing more than a dream: it appeared as if royalists, nobles, emigrants, had never existed. It was not the consequence of conspiracy;* it was a great national movement, like that of 1789 for liberty, of the 9th Thermidor against tyranny, of the 18th Brumaire against incapacity. At what period did man witness defections so sudden, so remarkable, and in some respects so sincere? What were the sentiments which at that time filled all hearts? Patriotism, love of glory, and an enlightened conviction that the newly accepted dynasty was unable to do any thing for the happiness and independence of the kingdom; and three months afterwards, this second dream also vanished!!!

“In the mean while I had taken again upon me the business of the post-office, whither I returned on the morning of the 21st, nothing had been wanting in the material part of that service, for that would have been impossible; but the late postmaster-general had thrown the persons employed into the most deplorable confusion. He had not only urged and favourably received the most absurd informations, but he had even paid for them. In consequence, hatred and distrust had made the greater part of the clerks sworn enemies to one another. They were all either jacobins or noblemen. I learned for the first time, that in a department I had managed for thirteen

* There was, however, a conspiracy, and Lavallette *was* engaged in it.

years, there were priests, regicides, knights of St. Louis, and emigrants; the latter especially, so simple and incapable, had persecuted their superiors with incredible fury, in hopes to get into their places. I put an end to such scandalous practices, by refusing to take any interest in them; and these gentlemen were the foremost to sign the additional act to the constitution, and take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor.

“Within eight days’ time, I was perfectly aware of the deep gulf that was opening beneath us. The too famous proclamation of the Congress of Vienna, had reached France before that of the Emperor. It was impossible to entertain a doubt of its authenticity; and the Emperor, although he did not acknowledge it, was as sensible as any one that the storm could not be averted. I had wished that, renouncing the past, he had taken no other title than Lord Lieutenant of the kingdom, governing in the name of his son. I was, however, soon convinced that such a measure would have been impossible. Nothing therefore remained but to advance boldly with the imperial crown upon his head. Was he to maintain the constitution? I knew that that question was debated very warmly, and that it found able antagonists. In putting it aside, it was said, nothing remained.

“The great fault of Napoleon’s reign and system was then paid for: I mean the want of *ensemble*, the absence of all those laws, so strongly claimed by the old friends of liberty, which, before, had ruined all, and which still poisoned our present situation. What a deplorable idea it was, to wish to maintain these numerous contradictory decrees, a hundred times more dangerous than the ordinances of the King! It was in the name of independence that he ought to have spoken; in the name of his son that he ought to have commanded. The foreign enemy once beaten, it was then time, and not too late, to think of settling the internal contest. But I must confess that the Emperor was awed by the energy of all who surrounded him. The eleven months of the King’s reign had thrown us back to 1792, and the Emperor soon perceived it; for he no longer found *the submission, the deep respect, and imperial etiquette* he was accustomed to.* He used to send for me twice or three times a day, to talk with me for hours together. It happened sometimes that the conversation languished. One day, after we had walked up and down the room two or three times in silence, tired of that fancy, and being pressed by my business, I made my obeisance, and was

* It is indeed perfectly well known that the easy, good-tempered princes of the ancient and most royal House of Bourbon, were infinitely less exacting on points of submissiveness and court etiquette than the *parvenu* dynasty of the Bonapartes. Napoleon was dreadful on this head, and so was his sister, Caroline Murat, who, when Queen of Naples, invariably made her *dames d’honneur*, the noblest of the land, ladies of better birth, and patrimonially of much better fortunes than herself, *stand* behind her chair all the time she was at the opera.

going to retire. 'How!' said he, surprised, but with a smile; 'do you leave me so?' I should certainly not have done so a year before; but I had forgotten my old paces, and I felt that it would be impossible to get into them again. In one of these conversations, the subjects of which was the spirit of liberty that showed itself on all sides with so much energy, he said to me, in a tone of interrogation: 'All this will last two or three years?'—'That, your majesty must not believe. It will last for ever.'

"He was soon convinced of the fact himself, and he more than once acknowledged it. I have no doubt, that if he had ever beat the enemy at Waterloo, and restored peace, his power would have been exposed to great danger from civil broils. The allies made a great mistake in not letting him alone."

We see this matter in a very different light from Lavallette. Had the allies not interfered, Bonaparte, with his army, as it then existed, and his soldiers, *en retraite*, scattered over the kingdom, would have put down parties and factions in four-fifths of France. He knew how to deal with such things, *en maître*; he understood the character of the French, and saw all their weakness and vanity, the good and bad of them through and through. A civil war might have been got up again in the Vendée and in the south; it might even have been maintained for a long time, but surely the French ought to be the last to regret such a result as that. It was fair, however, in us to give Lavallette's opinion; and indeed, throughout this work we have been anxious to collect various and opposing opinions, in order that the reader might judge for himself, and choose from among them. In his very next sentence, Lavallette comes to the support of what we have ourselves said as to the incompatibility of Napoleon and a constitutional monarchy.

"I do *not* know," he says, "what concessions he would have made, but I *do* know, and *well*, all those the nation would have demanded; and I sincerely think he would have been disgusted with reigning, when he must have found himself a constitutional king after the manner of the patriots. Nevertheless, he submitted admirably well to his situation, at least in appearance. At no period of his life had I seen him enjoy more unruffled tranquillity. Not a harsh word to any one; no impatience, he listened to every thing, and discussed with that wonderful sagacity and devoted reason that were so conspicuous in him. He acknowledged his faults with most touching ingenuousness, or examined his own position with a penetration, which his enemies themselves were strangers to.

"The enthusiasm of the nation soon cooled. It has often been said that the change was caused by the additional acts. That measure, no doubt, contributed greatly to it; but there was another reason still, which was, that the people felt less love for the Emperor than hatred for the Bourbons. The latter

being once driven away, the nation was satisfied; and when they received the Emperor with so much warmth, *the French, according to their custom, did not think of the morrow.* Contented to see the royalists, who had made themselves the enemies of every body, humbled and restrained, they were soon shocked at discovering that their victory would cost them peace, the advantages of trade, and all the sacrifices that an obstinate war draws after it; and, nevertheless, such a revolution could not be made without running some risk, the foreign sovereigns considering it a point of honour to maintain the House of Bourbon on the throne. In the meanwhile, all those who had already fought, nobly answered to the call of honour and necessity; but as it was no longer possible to think of conscription, instead of 500,000 men whom government declared to be under arms, there were scarcely 250,000, and with those we were forced to begin the war.* The Bourbons had considerably declined in public opinion; the Emperor had suffered more in general estimation. The royalists, who had not shown themselves, because they had been taken unawares, began to feel more easy under the shelter of a liberty they intended to crush; and all the patriots, who should be carefully distinguished from the friends of the country, found themselves face to face, covered with the colours under which they fought. Old quarrels sprang up again, and the new camp was soon involved in anarchy. The election was made in the same spirit, and the same divisions appeared in the chamber of representatives. The Emperor had meditated the ceremony of the Champ-de-Mai with a view of making an impression on the public mind; but the electors who were sent there were shocked at the sight of the throne, at the splendour of the court, and even at the mass that was celebrated; for, under the influence of their prejudices they saw nothing but the Emperor and his arbitrary law, without thinking of the enemies that were assembling. A great many were thinking of the miracles of 1792, without reflecting on the difference of the periods.

“The Emperor had resumed all his titles, and even the offensive form of ‘Napoleon, by the grace of God, and the constitution of the empire.’ The council of state took a fancy to proclaim the sovereignty of the people. This declaration was not very agreeable to him, but he let it pass: he could no longer dictate laws. I recollect, that on the day it was signed at the council, I was not at the sitting. When I crossed the section of the interior, the secretary proposed to me to sign it. I did so without even reading it; and meeting Regnaud de Saint-Jean-

* This seems an understating of the number of men really under arms in June, 1815. Perhaps Lavallette means to speak only of the troops collected since Napoleon’s return to Elba; and if to this 250,000 we add 150,000 of the troops that had been kept up by the Bourbons, we shall have a grand total of 400,000, which was about the number.

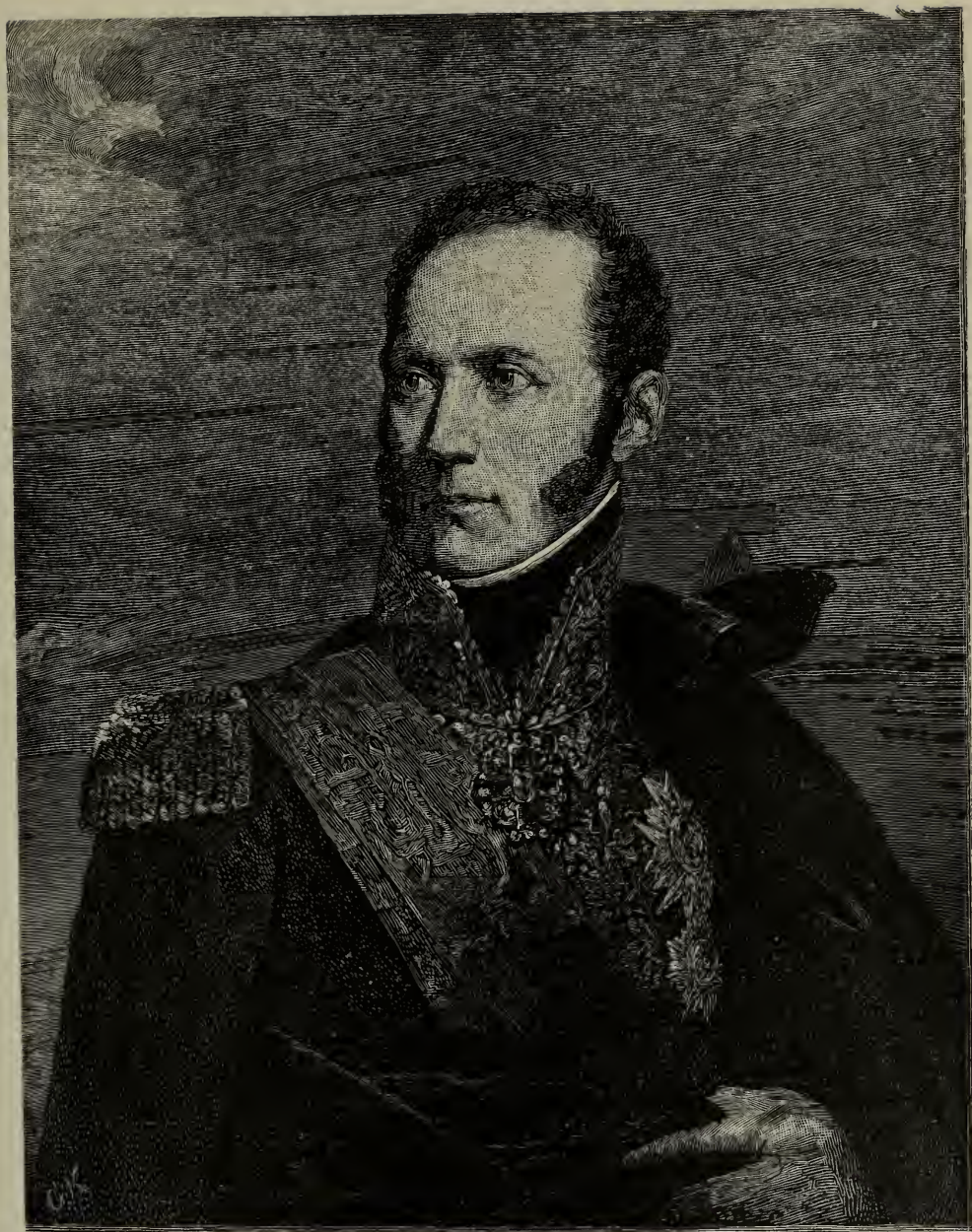
d'Angély, I asked him what it was. 'It is,' replied he, laughing, 'an act that commits you very seriously.' I was not much perplexed at what he said. But M——, to whom I mentioned the circumstance the next morning, told me he had thought proper to sign it also. I appeared surprised that he should have done it; but he told me, in confidence, 'The Emperor has not taken it amiss.'"

Here we see the ministers and courtiers of Bonaparte trembling lest they should offend him by putting their names to a public act which he had permitted his council of state to draw up, and with which he intended to cajole the people. Never was juggle more evident; and yet Napoleon had reason on his side in disliking the phrase "Sovereignty of the People." It was too revolutionary—too jacobinical—it savoured too strongly of the reign of terror—it was associated with too much civil slaughter, to be agreeable to his taste.

"The fatal division of opinions in some measure put a stop to the national enthusiasm, and extended its influence over all the details of the administration. Many prefects were changed. That was an indispensable measure; but among some excellent selections, favour also produced many that were bad. Several young men, full of ardour, were chosen, but these could not inspire much confidence. The reign of the laws was proclaimed every where, whilst the commissaries extraordinary of the Emperor sent into the departments, every where summarily dismissed the persons in employment, to put in their places either those who had held the situations before them, or some who had in former times given proofs of patriotism. These measures not only impeded public business, in which despatch was so absolutely necessary, but added also greatly to the number of the disaffected. Such changes were undoubtedly indispensable, in as far as the principal functionaries were concerned, who corresponded, directly with the ministers; but it was easy to have an eye on the subalterns, and their treasonable practices could not be very dangerous in the beginning."

Lavallette, continuing his curious disclosures concerning the Hundred Days, says—

"I spoke to the Emperor about the harm people were thus doing him. He replied, 'I want a victory;—a great victory! I can do nothing before *that*. I am, perhaps, the only man in the empire that is cool; and still I cannot give the impulse every where, and direct all motions.' A few days after his arrival, general Bourmont presented himself at his *levée*; he was in full regimentals, and although he had placed himself in the first rank, the Emperor went by without stopping, and without looking at him. He was not disheartened, and came back three days successively. I soon learned that he had obtained the command of a division in the grand army. I expressed my surprise, and asked, with indignation, who had achieved such a



FROM THE PORTRAIT BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUC DE VICENCE.

ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

ARMAND-AUGUSTIN-LOUIS DE CAULAINCOURT, DUC DE VICENCE.

masterpiece. 'I,' answered Labédoyère, turning round, 'I pledged myself for him. He is a good officer, who loves only his country. He will fight well, and serve faithfully.'—'I wish it may be so,' was all the reply I made; and when I saw Labédoyère again, after he had returned from the campaign, I spoke to him of his protégé. 'What could he do?' he observed: 'his father had been arrested in the Vendée.' A fine excuse, indeed! Could he not have solicited the Emperor to set him at liberty, who would certainly not have refused him? And, besides, was that a sufficient motive to betray his country and the sovereign he had acknowledged?*

"Napoleon had undoubtedly expected that the Empress and his son would be restored to him: he had, at least, published his wishes as a certainty; and it was, in fact, the worst thing the Emperor of Austria could have done. His hope was, however, soon destroyed. About a month after his arrival, the Duke de Vicenza called upon me, and presented to me a letter without address, which a courier, just arrived from Vienna, had delivered to him among several others, saying that it had been sent to him by M. de —, who had not dared to put the direction on it. I was not intimate enough with M. de — to suppose he could have written to me, so I refused to take the letter. Caulaincourt said, 'Be not too hasty; I am convinced it is for you. You would, perhaps, do well to open it, for, if you persist, I shall give it to the Emperor.'—'You may do so,' I replied; 'I have no interests in Vienna, and I wish the Emperor may read it.'

"In the evening I was summoned to the palace. I found the Emperor in a dimly-lighted closet, warming himself in a corner of the fireplace, and appearing to suffer already from the complaint which never afterwards left him. 'Here is a letter,' he said, 'which the courier from Vienna says is meant for you—read it.' On first casting my eyes on the letter, I thought I knew the handwriting; but, as it was long, I read it slowly, and came at last to the principal object. The writer said that we ought not to reckon upon the Empress, as she did not even attempt to conceal her hatred of the Emperor, and was disposed to approve all the measures that could be taken against him; that her return was not to be thought of, as she herself would raise the greatest obstacles in the way of it, in case it should be proposed; finally, that it was not possible for him to dissemble his indignation that the Empress, wholly enamoured of —, did not even take pains to hide her ridiculous partiality for that man, who had made himself master of her mind as well as of her person. The handwriting of the letter was disguised; yet not so much but that I was able to discover whose it was. I found, however, in the manner in which the secret was ex-

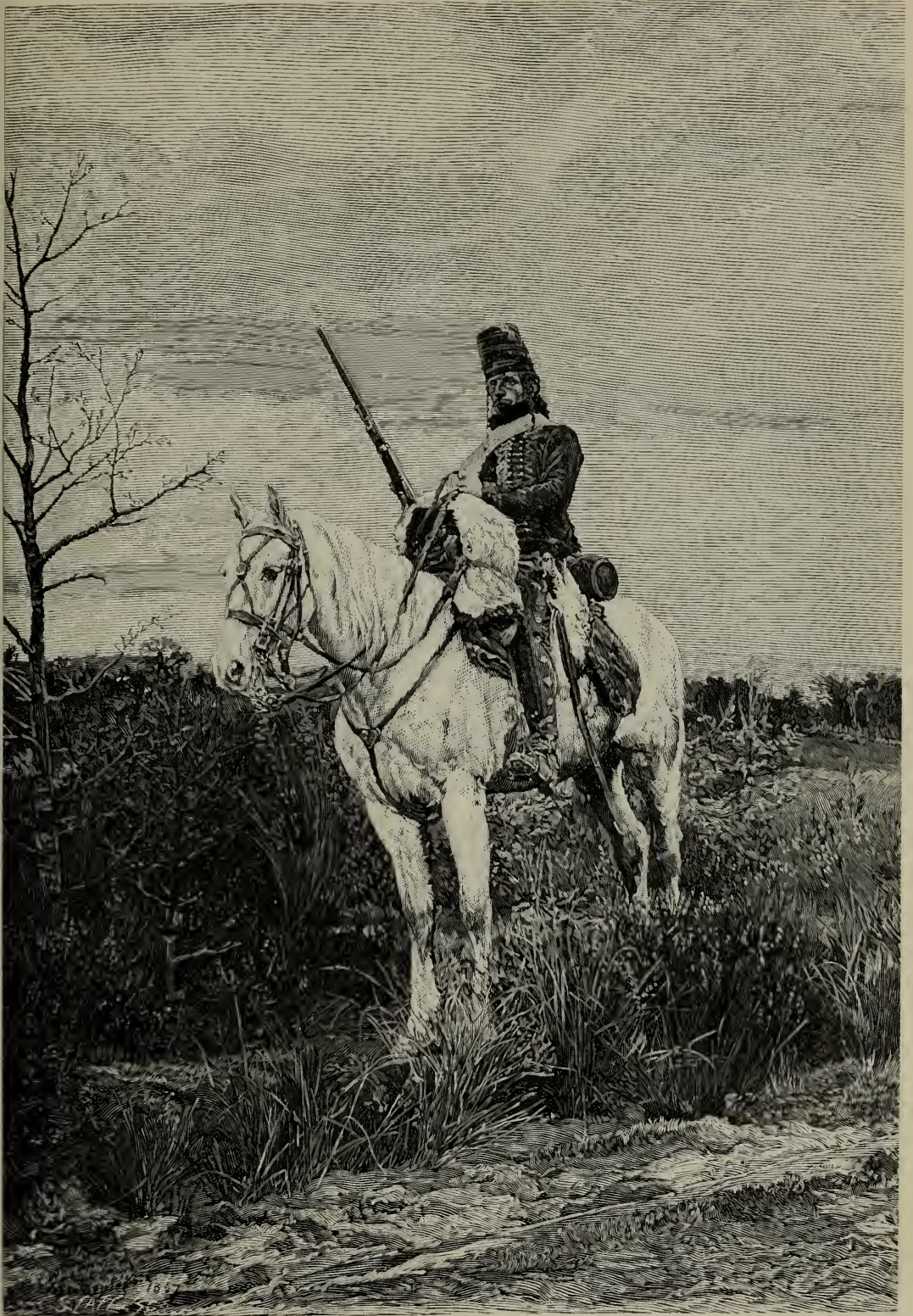
* During the battle of Waterloo, Bourmont deserted Bonaparte and went over to the allies.

pressed, a warmth of zeal, and a picturesque style, that did not belong to the author of the letter. While reading it, I all of a sudden suspected it was a counterfeit, and intended to mislead the Emperor. I communicated my idea to him, and spoke of the danger I perceived in this fraud. As I grew more and more animated, I found plausible reasons enough to throw the Emperor himself into some uncertainty. ‘How is it possible,’ I said, ‘that —— should have been imprudent enough to write such things to me, who am not his friend, and who have had so little connexion with him? How can one suppose that the Empress should forget herself, in such circumstances, so far as to manifest hatred to you, and, still more, to cast herself away upon a man who undoubtedly still possesses some power to please, but who is no longer young, whose face is disfigured, and whose person, altogether, has nothing agreeable in it?’—‘But,’ answered the Emperor, ‘—— is attached to me; and though he is not your friend, the postscript sufficiently explains the motive of the confidence he places in you.’ The following words were, in fact, written at the bottom of the letter: ‘I do not think you ought to mention the truth to the Emperor; but make whatever use of it you think proper.’ I persisted, however, in maintaining that the letter was a counterfeit; and the Emperor then said to me, ‘Go to Caulaincourt. He possesses a great many others of the same handwriting. Let the comparison decide between your opinion and mine.’

“I went to Caulaincourt, who said eagerly to me, ‘I am sure the letter is from ——; and I have not the least doubt of the truth of the particulars it contains. The best thing the Emperor can do is to be comforted: there is nothing to be expected from that side.’

“So sad a discovery was very painful to the Emperor, for he was sincerely attached to the Empress, and still hoped again to see his son, whom he loved most tenderly.

“Fouché had been far from wishing the return of the Emperor. He was long tired of obeying, and had, besides, undertaken another plan, which Napoleon’s arrival had broken off. The Emperor, however, put him again at the head of the police, because Savary was worn out in that employment, and a skilful man was wanted there. Fouché accepted the office, but without giving up his plan of deposing the Emperor, to put in his place either his son, or a sort of a republic, with a president. He had never ceased to correspond with Prince Metternich, and, if he is to be believed, he had tried to persuade the Emperor to abdicate in favour of his son. That was also my opinion; but, coming from such a quarter, the advice was not without danger for the person to whom it was given. Besides, that advice having been rejected, it was the duty of the minister either to think no more of his plan, or to resign his office. Fouché, however, remained in the cabinet,



FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER.

ENGI

«THE SENTINEL.»

and continued his correspondence. The Emperor, who placed but little confidence in him, kept a careful eye upon him. One evening the Emperor had a great deal of company at the Elysée; he told me not to go home, because he wished to speak to me. When every body was gone, the Emperor stopped with Fouché in the apartment next to the one I was in. The door remained half open. They walked up and down together, talking very calmly. I was therefore greatly astonished when, after a quarter of an hour, I heard the Emperor say to him, gravely, 'You are a traitor! Why do you remain minister of the police, if you wish to betray me? It depends on me to have you hanged, and every body would rejoice at your death!' I did not hear Fouché's reply, but the conversation lasted above half an hour longer, the parties all the time walking up and down. When Fouché went away, he bade me cheerfully good night, and said that the Emperor had gone back to his apartments. In truth, when I went in the latter was gone; but the next day he spoke to me of that conversation. 'I suspected,' he said, 'that the wretch was in correspondence with Vienna. I have had a banker's clerk arrested on his return from that city. He has acknowledged that he brought a letter for Fouché from Metternich, and that the answer was to be sent at a fixed time to Bâle, where a man was to wait for the bearer on the bridge. I sent for Fouché a few days ago, and kept him three hours long in my garden, hoping, that in the course of a friendly conversation, he would mention that letter to me; but he said nothing. At last, yesterday evening, I myself opened the subject.' (Here the Emperor repeated to me the words I had heard the night before, 'You are a traitor,' &c.)

" 'He acknowledged, in fact,' continued the Emperor, 'that he had received such a letter; but that it was not signed, and that he had looked upon it as mystification. He showed it me. Now that letter was evidently an answer, in which the writer again declared, that he would listen to nothing more concerning the Emperor, but that, his person excepted, it would be easy to agree to all the rest.'

" I expected that the Emperor would conclude his narrative by expressing his anger against Fouché; but our conversation turned on some other subject, and he talked no more of him. Two days afterwards I went to Fouché to solicit the return to Paris of an officer of musqueteers, who had been banished far from his family. I found him at breakfast, and sat down next to him. Facing him sat a stranger. 'Do you see this man?' he said to me, pointing with his spoon to the stranger; 'he is an aristocrat, a Bourbonite, a Chouan: it is the Abbé * * *, one of the editors of the *Journal des Débats*—a sworn enemy to Napoleon, a fanatic partisan of the Bourbons; he is one of our men.'

" I looked at him. At every fresh epithet of the minister, the

abbé bowed his head on his plate, with a smile of cheerfulness and self-complacency, and with a sort of leer. I never saw a more ignoble countenance. Fouché explained to me, on leaving the breakfast-table, in what manner all these valets of literature were men of his ; and while I acknowledged to myself that the system might be necessary, I scarcely knew who were really more despicable—the wretches who thus sold themselves to the highest bidder, or the minister who boasted of having bought them, as if their acquisition were a glorious conquest. Judging that the Emperor had spoken to me of the scene I have described above, Fouché said to me, ‘The Emperor’s temper is soured by the resistance he finds, and he thinks it is my fault. He does not know that I have no power but by public opinion. To-morrow I might hang before my door twenty persons obnoxious to public opinion, though I should not be able to imprison for four-and-twenty hours any individual favoured by it.’ As I am never in a hurry to speak, I remained silent, but reflecting on what the Emperor had said concerning Fouché, I found the comparison of their two speeches remarkable. The master could have his minister hanged with public applause, and the minister could hang—whom? Perhaps the master himself, and with the same approbation. What a singular situation!—and I believe they were both in the right ; so far public opinion, equitable in regard to Fouché, had swerved concerning the Emperor.”

Shortly after the return of Napoleon from Elba, believing it to be impossible to make the Emperor of Austria consent to his wife’s rejoining him (and Maria Louisa had no inclination to a renewal of conjugal intercourse), a plan was concocted by him for carrying off from Vienna both his wife and his son. In this project, force was no less necessary than stratagem. A number of French, of both sexes much devoted to the Emperor, who had given them rank and fortune, had accompanied Maria Louisa, in 1814, from Paris to Blois and thence to Vienna. A correspondence was opened with these persons, who embarked heart and soul in the plot : they forged passports, procured relays of horses, and, altogether arranged matters so well, that but for a single individual—one who revealed the whole project a few days previously to that fixed upon for carrying it into effect—there is little room to doubt that the plan would have succeeded, and that the daughter of Austria, and the titular King of Rome would have given such *prestige*, as their presence only could give at the Tuileries and the Champ-de-Mai. No sooner had the Emperor of Austria discovered this plot, which, had it been successful, would have placed him in a very awkward predicament, than he dismissed all the French people about his daughter, compelled her to lay aside the armorial bearings and liveries of Napoleon and even to relinquish the title of

Empress of the French. No force, no art, no police could conceal these things from the people of Paris, who, moreover, and at nearly the same time, were made very uneasy by the failure of Murat's attempt in Italy, which greatly increased the power and political influence of Austria. Murat being disposed of, the Emperor Francis was enabled to concentrate all his forces in Italy, and to hold them in readiness for the re-invasion of France.

Let us now turn to Napoleon in his novel character of constitutional monarch. One of his first and loudest boasts, in that capacity was his granting full liberty to the press. "The press," said he, "that mighty engine of enlightenment, shall be infinitely more free in France than in England!" To carry this into execution he established *inspectors of the booksellers!* "The minister of police (Fouché), a friend of liberty, but, as Lecompte, the editor of *Le Censeur* observed, 'only of liberty after the fashion of Monsieur Fouché,' used every art in his power to prevent the contagion of freedom from spreading too widely." This Lecompte thought he was aiding the cause of liberty, in contributing, as he had done, to the return of Napoleon; but soon "seeing the prevailing influence of the military, he published some severe remarks on the undue weight the army assumed in public affairs, which he hesitated not to say, was bringing France to the condition of Rome, when the empire was disposed of by the pretorian guards. This gave great offence: the journal was seized by the police, and the minister (Fouché) endeavoured to palliate the fact in the *Moniteur* (*the government paper and the paper of all governments*), by saying, that although seized, it had been instantly restored. But Lecompte was not a man to be so silenced; he published a contradiction of the official statements, and declared that his journal had not been restored. He was summoned the next day before the prefect, alternately threatened and wheedled; upbraided at one moment with ungrateful resistance to the cause of the Emperor, and requested at the next to think of something in which government might serve him. "Steeled against every proffer and entreaty, Lecompte only required to be permitted *to profit by the restored liberty of the press*; nor could the worthy magistrate make him rightly understand that when the Emperor gave all men liberty to publish what pleased themselves, it was under the tacit condition that it should also please the prefect and minister of police."*

We now come to the famous Champ-de-Mai, and the results that arose from it. As this was a culminating point in Napoleon's life, we will give more statements than one, leaving, as usual, the reader to draw his own conclusions. The first account which is not unfavourable to Napoleon, is from the pen of Lavallette.

* Sir Walter Scott.

“The ceremony of the Champ-de-Mai at length took place ; it was on the 1st of June. Nothing could be more singular than that assemblage in the open air. It produced, however, but little effect, because it had been badly announced. The Emperor wanted time : the minds of the people were not prepared ; the patriots had not had sufficient opportunity to exercise their power, or rather no one knew where to find them. Those who had begun the revolution were old, retired from public life, and few in number ; the men of 1793 were fallen into contempt. The imperialists, or Bonapartists, were not much regarded : they had so frequently abused the popularity lavished upon them. There were no persons truly respectable but the military : though discontented and humbled, they alone still knew how to express themselves with dignity concerning their country. But they were no longer mixed with the people, having already joined their regiments. The majority of the electors, and many deputies, were animated with a zealous spirit ; but the French, whose imagination is so lively, never know how to enter into the reality of things until their first excitement is passed. In the beginning they only think of advancing, without caring which way. Now, the way they had taken was bad. At first they saw only a despot in the Emperor, and entirely forgot the enemy : they could not feel that it was first of all necessary to beat their foreign foes. I never could impress people with that idea, who otherwise had discrimination and long experience. ‘ We will have no more *senatus consultum*, no double legislative body, no arbitrary practices, no master. We want a moderator, and nothing else. We are numerous enough to beat the enemy, if he attack us. Should he triumph, each department will become a Vendée. France will never hesitate between slavery and civil war.’ These imprudent men did not observe that by such speeches they stopped the enthusiasm of the people who preferred to live in expectation of what was to happen, rather than throw themselves into the fatigues and dangers of a struggle which appeared distant and uncertain, notwithstanding the evident approach of the enemy. The ceremony of the Champ-de-Mai was however a noble one ; but all France was not there, and even there the feeling for the Emperor was confined to the crowd. The magistracy were opposed to him. All the judges preferred Louis XVIII. to the Emperor : the pretension they put forward of succeeding to the parliaments, of which they were the dross, flattered their vanity. Under a weak prince they enjoyed real authority, and the love of the Bourbons for old institutions gave them a degree of power they fondly hoped to augment. Under the Emperor, on the contrary, they were *forced to obey*. All the heads and clerks in the public offices were in a false position : they had every thing to fear, and nothing to hope ; for they could not help seeing that we were beginning a new era of revolutions, in which all things would become uncertain. Finally, the impression of the horrors that had accompanied the *first* invasion was far from being blotted out, and the public mind shuddered at the idea of a *second*!

“The speech delivered to the Emperor by M. Dubois d’Angers was full of energy. It contained a summary of all that was desired, and expressed clearly the national will. But could a power that had nothing left, give all that was expected ? The answer of the Emperor, which



David

SERGEANT DE L'ARMEE.

THE OATH OF THE ARMY.

CHAMP DE MARS.

AFTER the distribution of the eagles at the Champ de Mars, Napoleon administered the following oath to the army:—

“Soldiers! behold your banners! These eagles shall always serve you for rallying points. They shall be ever where your Emperor shall judge it necessary for the defence of his throne and of his people. You swear to sacrifice your life in their defence, and constantly to maintain them by your courage in the way of victory. Do you swear it?”

All the army answered by acclamation: “We swear it! Long live the Emperor!”

was not directed to that speech, was sincere. He promised a great deal; but still he was obliged to explain what he wished, in his turn, as the executive power. By this he displeased his auditors, as I soon perceived in talking with some deputies who had heard him. After the celebration of mass, *to which, by the by, every one turned his back*, the Emperor went down and took his place on an amphitheatre in the middle of the Champ-de-Mars, whence he was to distribute the eagles to all the cohorts of the departments. This was a beautiful scene, for it was a national one. The Emperor took care to address a word to each of the corps that received these colours, and that word was flattering and calculated to inspire enthusiasm. To the department of the Vosges he said, 'You are my old companions.' To those of the Rhine, 'You have been the first, the most courageous, and the most unfortunate in our disasters.' To the departments of the Rhône, 'I have been bred among you.' To others, 'Your bands were at Rivoli, at Arcole, at Marengo, at Tilsit, at Austerlitz, at the Pyramids.' These magic names filled the hearts of those old warriors, the melancholy wreck of so many victories, with a very profound emotion. But, as I have already said, all France was not present at that ceremony, and the enthusiasm of the spectators was not communicated to the people in the departments."

We shall now give a concise account of this imposing ceremony from the pen of an eminent English writer,* who says—

"The new constitution, with the *Acte Additionnel*, was offered to the suffrages of the French people at large, and accepted by them by a majority of above a million and a half of votes to about four thousand against it. Louis did not put himself to this kind of probation: it would have been inconsistent with his dignity and pretensions to do so; since his rights were deemed superior to and independent of the choice of the people, which was merely a vulgar appendage to them. That of itself, with me, is decisive of the whole question. This event was celebrated in the Champ-de-Mars, held on the 1st of June in the open space facing the Military School, where the electors of the departments, the representatives of the people, and the deputations from the army, met in an immense concourse. The Imperial and National Guard, and the troops of the line, were drawn up in squares in the Champ-de-Mars. Napoleon appeared in the midst of them like a new Charlemagne, surrounded by his brothers, his court, and the members of his government, on a magnificent throne. An altar was raised in the centre, and the ceremony began by invoking the God of battles. After the religious solemnity, a deputation of five hundred electors advanced to the foot of the throne, and pronounced an eloquent and patriotic address. The result and number of the votes was then proclaimed; and Napoleon, turning towards the side where the electors were, said aloud, 'Emperor, consul, soldier, I hold all from the people: in prosperity, in adversity, in the field of battle, in council, on the throne, in exile, France has been the sole

* Hazlitt.

object of all my thoughts and actions.' Having ended his discourse, the Emperor proceeded to the altar with his escort, swearing to observe and maintain the constitutions of the state; the oath was repeated by the ministers and the electoral deputations. The eagles were then distributed among the troops: cries of *Vive l'Empereur* resounded on all sides; and the crowd (whether of men or women), as they looked on, were filled with admiration and delight, and seemed to think that the enemy could never again pierce through those numerous and dense phalanxes, winding slowly along, as if incapable of flight!"

The great meeting of the Champ-de-Mai was less favourably described by many writers who were eyewitnesses to it. Napoleon and his brothers, who had again collected around him, were dressed in antique and somewhat fantastic robes: he, as Emperor, was so arrayed as to resemble Charlemagne; and his relatives were royally attired. The republicans were much annoyed by this display. The report of the votes* was read, the electors, with their usual promptitude, swore to the Additional Act, the hollow trumpets brayed after them, and the cannon thundered. The popular acclamations, however, were few, and cold. Napoleon felt he was acting as in a melodrama on the stage, and he showed little interest—no enthusiasm, until he came to that part of the ceremonies in which he had to distribute the eagles to the newly-raised troops. Then his brow expanded, his eye beamed gloriously, and his voice became firm and sonorous. On the whole, the Parisians considered the field of May *une pièce tombée* (an unsuccessful play). Some few thought it *un spectacle imposant* (an imposing spectacle), but many more considered it a ridiculous exhibition. Opera-dancers and fencing-masters figured in the procession. On the following day (the 2d of June) Napoleon gave a second fête to the deputies of the army and the electors of the departments, who met in the spacious galleries of the Louvre. More eagles were distributed, and those who received them from the hands of the Emperor swore, as a matter of course, to defend them and him to the death. The quantity of oath-taking, and of tricking and turning of all kinds, that took place at Paris between Bonaparte's return in March and the return of the Bourbons in July, was prodigious almost beyond example. The journalists (as became their calling) particularly distinguished themselves. The following fact, though well known, merits repeating. One of the gentlemen of the press, in announcing the escape from Elba, said, "A report is circulated that the brigand of Corsica has landed at Cannes." A few days after the same man wrote, "Do you know what news is circu-

* These votes were oddly obtained. A French writer of high reputation says, "On the publication of the Additional Act, all the citizens were invited to sign it in the municipalities, in the offices of notaries public, and in the different government offices. Many of them considered themselves rather commanded than invited; many went and signed through sheer dread of the Bonapartists."

lated? They say the rash usurper has been received at Grenoble." Then it was, "I have it from a good source that General Bonaparte has entered Lyons." But, a few days after, again changing his tone, he reported, "It appears certain that Napoleon is at Fontainebleau." And, finally, on the 20th of March, he respectfully announced that "His Majesty the Emperor and King alighted this evening at his palace of the Tuileries."

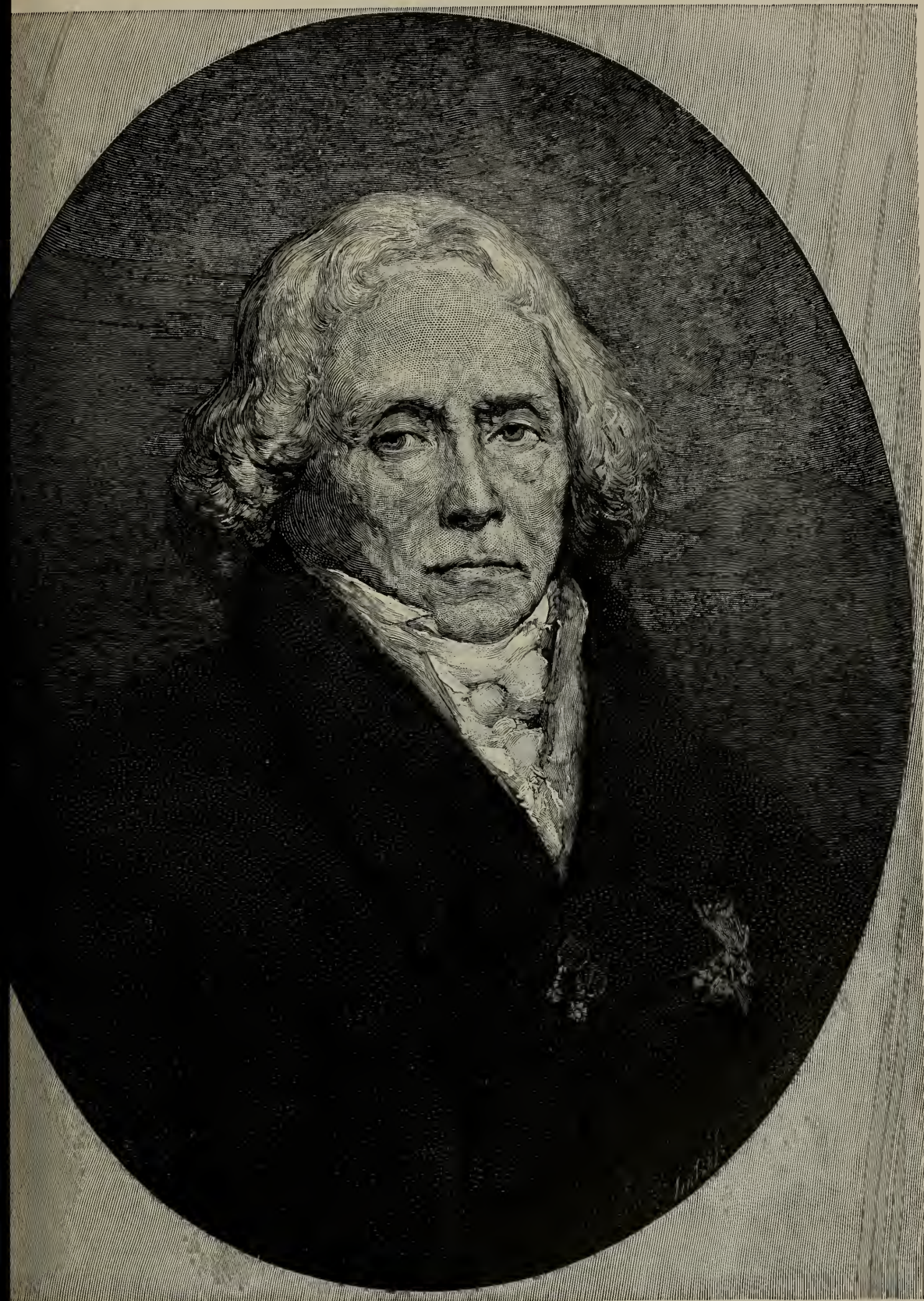
The legislative body met on the 3d of June, and the deputies or commons, among whom were many constitutionalists and not a few jacobins, showed, from the first, a spirit of opposition, and a firm determination to obtain guarantees for their newly-acquired liberties. Their first quarrel with the Emperor was on the very first day of their sitting, and arose out of mere points of etiquette. The good humour of the deputies was not increased when Napoleon, on being waited upon for his confirmation of their election of their president, contemptuously referred the deputation to one of his chamberlains, who, he said, would deliver his (the Emperor's) answer the next day through the court page in waiting. This certainly showed very little constitutional feeling, and a majority in the house began to murmur and whisper that Napoleon was unchanged, and he and freedom as incompatible as fire and water.

A certain deputy of the name of Sibuet, in a very violent speech, made a motion against the use of such titles as duke, count, baron, &c., in the chamber of representatives, and was very nigh carrying his point. On the same day another very stormy debate arose out of the demand made by a member of the lower house, for a list of the personages raised to the new house of peers. Carnot, in his capacity of minister, declined giving the list until the session should actually begin real business. On his refusal the uproar was tremendous, and the president's bell was for a long time rung in vain. They then proceeded to scrutinize the form and substance of the oath to be taken by the deputies, and it was with great difficulty the Bonapartists carried their point, that the oaths should go in the name of "Napoleon and the Constitution," without mentioning the nation or the people. On the 7th of June the whole house was in fire and fury. Felix Lepelletiere, a zealous partisan of the Emperor, proposed that the chamber should vote to Napoleon the title of "Saviour of his country."—"This is absurd: we will not have it so," shouted a hundred deputies at once; "the country is not yet saved!" and they passed to the order of the day by acclamation. We cannot help thinking that in most of these petty proceedings the French showed little political wisdom, and did not take the course proper to conciliate and constitutionalize the fierce Napoleon, who was heard frequently to say in private, "The empty fools, the babblers, they are talking when we ought to be fighting! They want to fetter my strong arm—will their weak one save the nation? One thing is clear, France does not

possess the elements of a representative government—she wants a dictator like me.” In his answer to the address of the two chambers, he did not conceal his dissatisfaction. He said—

“The struggle in which we are engaged is serious. The seductions of prosperity are not the danger which menaces us at present. It is under the Caudine Forks that foreigners wish to make us pass. The justice of our cause, the public spirit of the nation, and the courage of the army are strong grounds to hope for success: but should we encounter reverses, it is then that I should trust to see displayed all the energy of a great people. It is then that I should find in the chambers proofs of their attachment to the country and to me. It is in times of difficulty that great nations, like great men, unfold all the energy of their character, and become objects of admiration to posterity. I will set out to-night and proceed to join the army. The movements of the different corps of our enemies render my presence indispensable. The constitution is our rallying-point: it should be our pole-star in these stormy times. Every public discussion tending directly or indirectly to diminish the confidence which should be placed in its arrangements, would be a misfortune to the state: we should then find ourselves in the midst of rocks without compass or pilot. The crisis in which we are involved is arduous. Let us not imitate the example of the Lower Empire, which, pressed on all sides by the barbarians, rendered itself the scoff of posterity by entering into abstract discussions at the very moment when the battering-ram was at the gates of the city. In all circumstances, my conduct will be direct and firm. Aid me to save the country. First representative of the people, I have contracted the obligation which I now renew, to employ in more tranquil times all the prerogatives of the crown and the little experience which I have acquired, to ameliorate our institutions.”

The wrath of Napoleon was confined to the lower house; the peers, from the very nature of their composition, being complacent and passive enough. The vast majority of them were in fact mere shadows gathered round the solid persons of Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome Bonaparte, and Siéyès, Carnot, and the military men of the revolution. As a political body, Napoleon despised them himself, and yet he wanted the nation to respect them. But respect was impossible, and the volatile Parisians made the peers a constant object of their witticisms. The punsters of Paris made the following *jeu-de-mot*, or play upon words. Lallemand, Labédoyère, Drouot, and Ney, they call *Les Quatre Pair fides* (*perfides*), which in pronunciation may equally mean the four faithful peers, or the four perfidious men. The infamous Vandamme, and another, were called *Pairs-sifflés*, the hissed peers, or the hissed pair, or (*persifflés*), men made objects of derision. In such a manner did these light-headed and light-hearted people amuse themselves when



FROM THE PAINTING BY ARY SCHEFFER, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DUC D'AUMALE.

ch. mau. talleyrand,

war and desolation were approaching their frontiers and their very capital with giant strides.

Meantime intrigues were carrying on by all parties. Fouché, who was never so happy as when he was working in the dark, with two or three plots in hand, was in full activity. He says—

“Napoleon caused the Emperor Alexander, and Prince Metternich to be written to by Hortense, and also the latter by his sister, the Queen of Naples, hoping in this way to deaden the force of the blows which he was not yet prepared to encounter. He at the same time commissioned Eugène, and the Princess Stephanie of Baden, to neglect nothing in order to detach them from the coalition. Meanwhile he caused overtures to be made to the cabinet of London by an agent whom I pointed out to him. In conclusion he hoped to ingratiate himself with the English nation, by a decree, abolishing the negro slave trade. Notwithstanding this, all our external communications were intercepted by order of the various cabinets. The proceedings of the Congress of Vienna furnished a subject of deep attention, and the most painful anxiety at the Tuileries. We at length learned, in a specific manner, what the public already knew; the declaration of the Congress of Vienna, dated the 13th of March, which pronounced the outlawry of Napoleon. France was from that time terrified at the evils which the future prepared for her; she groaned at the thought of being exposed to the horrors of a new invasion, for the sake of a single man. Napoleon affected not to be moved, and told us in full council, ‘This time they will find that they have not to deal with the France of 1814; and their success, if they obtain it, will only serve to render the war more sanguinary and obstinate; while, on the other hand, if victory favours me, I may become as formidable as ever. Have I not on my side Belgium, and the provinces on this side of the Rhine. With the aid of a proclamation, and a tricolour flag, I will revolutionize them in twenty-four hours.’ I was far from allowing myself to be lulled into security by such gasconades as these.—The moment I obtained knowledge of the declaration, *I did not hesitate to request the King, by means of an agent on whom I could rely, to permit me to devote myself, when opportunity occurred, to his service.* I demanded no other condition in return, but the right of preserving my repose and fortune in my seclusion at Pont-Carré. The overture was fully accepted, and sanctioned by Lord Wellington, who arrived just then at Ghent from the Congress at Vienna; the same kind of convention had already been concluded, as far as I was concerned, between Prince Metternich, Prince de Talleyrand, and the generalissimo of the allies.”

Lavallette hints that even before Napoleon left Paris many of the deputies had resolved to prevent his ever returning thither as sovereign. He says—

“I saw, with grief, too many unworthy Frenchmen forming

wishes for his defeat. The assembly of representatives did not adopt the attitude or speak the language which its influence over the public mind rendered necessary. Old hatreds, former opinions, hopes for the return of the Bourbons, and great anxiety in many as to the constitutional line of conduct the Emperor would pursue if he returned victorious, threw confusion into the labours of the chamber. It had been said to them that the first point was to save the country; but they answered, 'Let us save liberty!' as if liberty could be saved when the soil of France was invaded by foreign armies."

Fouché, from whom no secret could be kept, details the futile diplomatic measures resorted to by Napoleon, in an amusing and, as we believe, a very correct manner.

"The treaty of the 25th of March, by which the great powers engaged on their side not to lay down their arms while Napoleon was on the throne, was but a natural consequence of the decision of the 13th. All indirect overtures had completely failed. 'No peace, no truce, with that individual,' replied the Emperor Alexander to Queen Hortense; 'any one but him.' Flahaut, who was sent to Vienna, was not allowed to pass Stutgard; and Talleyrand refused to enter the service of Napoleon. Notwithstanding, however, the manner in which his first overtures were discountenanced, he decided on making new applications to the Emperor of Austria. He despatched to him Baron de Stassart, and at the same time sent to M. de Talleyrand, Messrs. de S. L. and de Monteron, both well known by their connexion with that statesman, and the latter being his most intimate and devoted friend. But these attempts at second hand could scarcely produce much effect upon the general course of things.

"I daily became an object of great umbrage to Napoleon, so much the more as I never let slip any opportunity of repressing his despotic inclination, and the revolutionary measures which he promulgated. I was known among his partisans by no other name than that of minister of Ghent. He had also new sources of uneasiness. M. de Blacas, who, deaf to all advice, suffered the affair of the 20th of March to ripen, without believing it—without even troubling his head about it, forgot, in the hurry and anxiety of his departure, a mass of papers, which might have endangered a number of very respectable persons. As I was immediately made acquainted with this, I had, with a sort of instinctive foresight, thought it right to authorize the notary, Lainé, colonel of the national guard, from the 21st of March to occupy the cabinet of M. de Blacas, to arrange all his papers, and to burn those whose signatures might have committed the safety of individuals. Savary and Réal having tracked me in this operation, the Emperor demanded the papers of me, which I gave him in a bundle. Finding among them nothing but such as were unimportant, he did not fail to suspect me of having withdrawn such as he had an interest in seeing."

CHAPTER VII.

1815.

Preparations of Napoleon for the campaign—The Emperor leaves Paris to join the army—State of Brussels—Proclamation of Napoleon to the Belgians—Effective strength of the French and allied armies—The Emperor's proclamation to the French army.

By this time the thunder-cloud of war had gathered, and was ready to burst. Let us see how Napoleon prepared to meet it. Fire-arms formed one of the most important objects of attention. There was a sufficient quantity of sabres, but a want of muskets. The imperial factories could in ordinary times furnish monthly twenty thousand stand of new arms: by the extraordinary activity and encouragements used, this number was doubled. Workmen were also employed in repairing old muskets. There was displayed at this momentous period the same activity in the capital as in 1793, and better directed, though without the same success. The clothing of the army was another difficulty; and this was got over by advancing large sums of money to the cloth manufacturers beforehand. The contractors delivered twenty thousand cavalry horses before the 1st of June; ten thousand trained horses had been furnished by the dismounted gendarmerie. Twelve thousand artillery horses were also delivered by the 1st of June, in addition to six thousand which the army already had. The facility with which the ministers of finance and of the treasury provided for all these expenses astonished every body, as it was necessary to pay for every thing in ready money. The system of public works was at the same time resumed throughout France. "It is easy to see," said the workmen, "that the great contractor is returned: all was dead, now every thing revives." To account for all this lavish expenditure, an opinion prevailed that the Emperor on his return had found a hundred millions of livres in gold at the Tuileries. The King had, indeed, quitted Paris with such precipitation that he had not been able to carry away the crown-plate, valued at six millions; nor the treasury-chests of the departments, containing fifty millions more. But the chief resource which Napoleon found on his return was in the good will of the people, and in the confidence of the great French and Dutch capitalists arising out of it. Voluntary donations were also numerous, and in some departments exceeded a million. At

the military parades he was often presented with bundles of bank-bills; and on his return to the palace had to give the minister of the treasury eighty or a hundred thousand francs, which he had received in this manner.

It was soon evident that the scene of the grand conflict would be the Flemish border—the old battle-field of Europe. The whole of the fortified line of the low countries towards France was occupied by strong garrisons, chiefly in English pay. From the time of the alarm excited by Bonaparte's success, reinforcements had arrived from England without intermission; and the Duke of Wellington was on the spot to take the supreme command of the troops, native and foreign, in Belgium. In the latter end of May, the head-quarters of the French army of the North were established at Avesnes, in French Flanders; and in the apprehension of an invasion by the allied armies on that part, Laon and the castle of Guise were put in a defensible state. Field-Marshal Prince Blucher about this time arrived with the Prussian army in the neighbourhood of Namur, and held frequent conferences with the Duke of Wellington.

Bonaparte left Paris on the 12th of June, accompanied by Marshal Bertrand and General Drouot, and proceeded to Laon. Lavallette, who was with Napoleon till midnight on the 11th of June, informs us that the Emperor was unwell when he set off to open the campaign; that he suffered a great deal from a pain in the breast; but that notwithstanding this, he stepped into his coach with a cheerfulness that seemed to show he was confident of victory.

An English writer who was at Brussels during the gathering and the bursting of the war-cloud, gives some amusing details.

“The town,” he says, “was crowded to excess. The bright and varied uniforms of so many different nations, mingled with the gay dresses of females in the park, and the *Allée Verte* thronged with superb horses and brilliant equipages, gave to the city unusual animation. The *tables-d'hôte* resounded with a confusion of tongues which might have rivalled the tower of Babel. Balls and plays, routs and dinners, were the only topics of conversation; and though some occasional rumours were spread that the French had made an incursion within our lines, and carried off a few head of cattle, the tales were too vague to excite the least alarm. On the 3d of June, I went to see 10,000 troops reviewed by the Dukes of Wellington and Brunswick. The splendid uniforms of the English, Scotch, and Hanoverians, formed a strong contrast with the gloomy black of the Brunswick hussars, whose veneration for the memory of their old duke, could be only equalled by their devotion to his son. I was particularly struck with the handsome features of the Duke of Brunswick, whose fine, manly figure, as he galloped across the field, realized my *beau idéal* of a warrior.”

As soon as it was whispered in Brussels that Napoleon was



BLÜCHER.

From an engraving by J. Swaine, after a drawing from life by F. Rehberg.

London (no date).

positively approaching that city,* the most absurd and contradictory reports were circulated, and strong proofs were given that small reliance could be placed on the Belgians,† who seemed resolved to side with whichever party might prove victorious. As early as the night of the 15th of June, when Bonaparte's artillery was first heard thundering in the distance, they reported that the French were actually at the gates of Brussels lying in ambush to surprise the city, while others said that the apparent confidence and security of the Duke of Wellington

* "It was on the 12th instant that the news of Napoleon having set out from Paris to join the army of Flanders was known at Brussels. The following morning, when the Duke of Richmond and some officers were at a cricket-match, the Duke of Wellington arrived, and shortly after the Prince of Orange, which put a stop to the game. Though the hero of the Peninsula was not apt to let his movements be known, on this occasion he made no secret, 'that if he was attacked from the South, Halle would be his position; and if on the Namur side, Waterloo.' The army being ordered to be ready to march on the shortest notice, his Grace returned to Brussels. A few days after my arrival, it was publicly known that a movement would soon take place on the frontier; but as it extended from Ostend to Charleroi, no conjecture could be made on what point the French would make their attack, yet the duke has been abused for not having had the second sight of a Highlander to know this, and it was insisted that he was taken by surprise! There was also a great clamour among the *quidnuncs*, that he with his staff and a great many officers were dancing at a ball, instead of being at their posts; but the fact is, that Wellington had previously issued the necessary orders for the march of the troops quartered in the city as well as in the cantonments, which was very properly kept a profound secret. About midnight the drums, bugles, and bagpipes sounded the signal of march. I was stepping into bed when the well-known *pibroch*, so familiar to my ear (the Camerons' Gathering) sounded under my windows. On opening my casement, I beheld my countrymen assembling like bees from all quarters; and never was there a more prompt turn-out; within half an hour, every officer and soldier was at his post. The 42d, 92d, and 79th paraded in our street. The division of Brussels and its neighbourhood amounted to 9000; about noon it reached Quatre-Bras, a march of 18 miles, in a very hot day, and through a country that afforded but little water; so that between fatigue and thirst the men were much exhausted before they were attacked, and they hardly had time to settle their knapsacks, when the French, concealed in the field of long rye, and suddenly debouching from a neighbouring wood, commenced a vigorous fire, which was repelled with the utmost bravery: and though the British were but ill-supported by artillery or cavalry, they succeeded in driving the French from their positions, and became masters of the field, but with an immense loss, particularly in the ranks of the Highlanders."—*Pryce Gordon's Memoirs*.

† The following proclamation was issued by Napoleon on entering Belgium, and was dated *prematurely* from the palace of Lacken.

"To the Belgians and the inhabitants of the left bank of the Rhine.

"The ephemeral success of my enemies detached you for a moment from my empire. In my exile, upon a rock in the sea, I heard your complaint; the God of Battles has decided the fate of your beautiful provinces; Napoleon is among you; you are worthy to be Frenchmen. Rise in a body; join my invincible phalanxes to exterminate the remainder of these barbarians, who are your enemies and mine: they fly with rage and despair in their hearts.

(Signed)

NAPOLEON.

The Imperial Palace of Lacken, June 17, 1815.

By the Emperor,

The Major-General of the Army,

COUNT BERTRAND.

arose from his having bought over the French, whom he dared not fight *armes à la main*, with British gold. The gossips and quidnuncs of the town were dreadfully embarrassed by these contradictory stories, and according as one or other prevailed they were all for Bonaparte or all for Wellington. This confusion of ideas is said to have produced the most laughable mistakes, people frequently beginning invectives which ended in panegyrics of the persons they, at first, did not mean to praise.

“We have just learnt,” says a writer, who was at Brussels at this time, and to whom we have been already indebted, “that Napoleon had left the capital of France on the 12th; on the 15th the frequent arrival of couriers excited extreme anxiety; and towards evening General Muffin presented himself at the hotel of the Duke of Wellington, with despatches from Blucher. We were all aware that the enemy was in movement, and the ignorant could not solve the enigma of the duke going tranquilly to the ball at the Duke of Richmond’s—his coolness was above their comprehension. Had he remained at his own hotel, a panic would have probably ensued amongst the inhabitants, which would have embarrassed the intended movement of the British division of the army.

“I returned home late, and we were still talking over our uneasiness, when our domestic distinctly heard the trumpet’s sound within the city-walls, and the drum beat to arms. Before the sun had risen in full splendour, I heard martial music approaching, and I soon beheld from my windows the 5th reserve of the British army passing; the Highland brigade were the first in advance, led by their noble thanes, the bagpipes playing their several pibrochs; they were succeeded by the 28th, their bugles’ note falling more blithely upon the ear. Each regiment passed in succession with its band playing.”

The gallant Duke of Brunswick was at a ball at the assembly-rooms in the Rue Ducale on the night of the 15th of June, when the French guns, which he was one of the first to hear, were clearly distinguished at Brussels.

“Upon receiving the information that a powerful French force was advancing in the direction of Charleroi, ‘Then it is high time for me to be off;’ he exclaimed, and immediately quitted the ball-room.”

The assembly broke up abruptly; and, in half an hour, drums were beating and bugles sounding. The good burghers of the city, who were almost all enjoying their first sleep, started from their beds at the alarm, and hastened to the streets. The most ridiculous and absurd rumours were rapidly circulated and believed. The general impression seemed to be that the town was on fire; the next, that the Duke of Wellington had been assassinated; but when it was discovered that the French were advancing, the consternation became general, and every one



HERZOG VON WELLINGTON.

Nach dem Leben von Fleischmann, London, 1814.

Nürnberg (no date).

hurried to the Place Royale, where the Hanoverians and Brunswickers were already mustering.

About one o'clock in the morning of the 16th, the whole population of Brussels was in motion. The streets were crowded as in full day; lights flashed to and fro; artillery and baggage waggons were creaking in every direction; the drums beat to arms, and the bugles sounded. The noise and bustle surpassed all description. Here were horses plunging and kicking amongst a crowd of terrified burghers; there, lovers parting from their weeping mistresses. Now, the attention was attracted by a park of artillery thundering through the streets; and now again by a group of officers disputing loudly the demands of their imperterbable Flemish landlords, for not even the panic which prevailed could frighten the Flemings out of a single stiver; screams and yells occasionally rose above the busy hum that murmured through the crowd, but the general sound resembled the roar of a distant ocean. Between two and three o'clock the Brunswickers marched from the town.

“At four, the whole disposable force under the Duke of Wellington was collected together, but in such haste, that many of the officers had no time to change their silk stockings and dancing-shoes; and some, quite overcome by drowsiness, were seen lying asleep about the ramparts, still holding, however, with a firm hand, the reins of their horses, which were grazing by their sides.

“About five o'clock the word ‘march’ was heard in all directions, and instantly the whole mass appeared to move simultaneously. I conversed with several of the officers previous to their departure, and not one appeared to have the slightest idea of an approaching engagement.

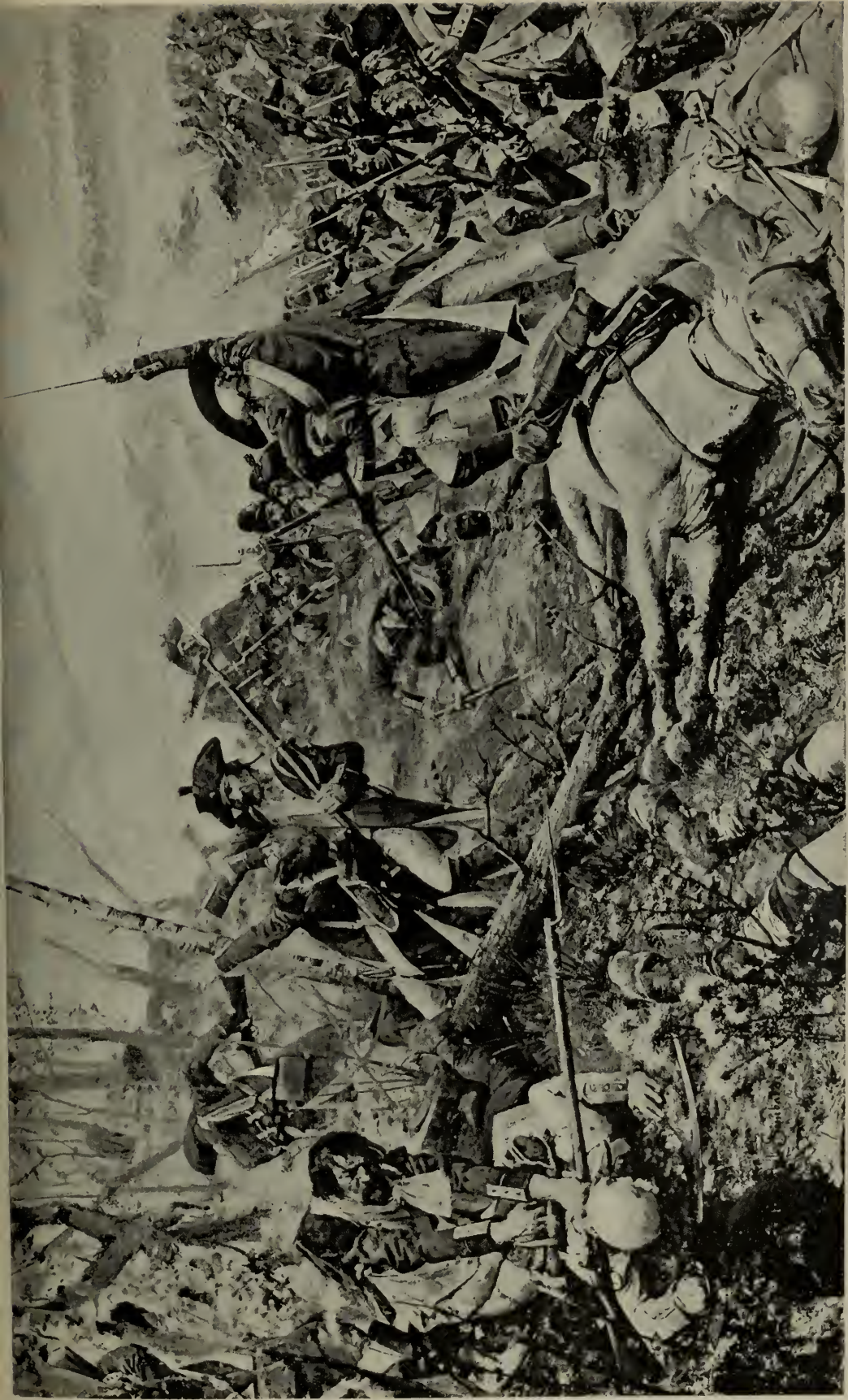
“The Duke of Wellington and his staff did not quit Brussels till past eleven o'clock; and it was not till some time after they were gone that it was generally known that the whole French army, including a strong corps of cavalry, was within a few miles of Quatre-Bras.”

We shall now state the respective forces of the allied Sovereigns, and of the Emperor Napoleon. It was calculated that, by the end of May, nearly five hundred thousand troops of the allies would be assembled to oppose the operations of Napoleon; comprising 160,000 Russians, 80,000 Austrians, 120,000 Prussians, 75,000 of the Anglo-Belgian army, and 65,000 of the Bavarian and other German troops. In the beginning of June, the allied armies occupied the following positions: The 1st corps of infantry of the Duke of Wellington's army, under the command of the Prince of Orange, occupied Enghien, Braine-le-Compte, Nivelles, and Soignies. The 2d corps, commanded by Lieutenant-General Lord Hill, was stationed at Ath, Lens, Oudenarde, Grammont, and the places adjacent; and the reserve occupied Ghent, Brussels, and the neighbourhood. The

cavalry attached to this army, under the command of Lieutenant-General the Earl of Uxbridge, were chiefly posted about Grammont and Ninove.

The Prussian army consisted of four corps, and were thus stationed: The 1st, commanded by General Ziethen, occupied Fontaine l'Évesque, Fleurus, and Charleroi. The 2d, under General Pirch, was distributed in the neighbourhood of Namur. The 3d corps, under the command of General Thielmann, was posted in the vicinity of Ciney. The 4th corps, commanded by General Bulow, was collected about Hannut. These, with four corps of cavalry and artillery in proportion, constituted a force of 120,000 men.

Having described the number and positions of the English and Prussian armies in Flanders, it now remains to detail the force and composition of Napoleon's invading army, which was styled the Army of Flanders. General Count d'Erlon commanded the 1st corps, consisting of four divisions of infantry, one division of light cavalry, and six batteries of artillery, the total strength of which amounted to about 34,000 men. This corps was posted at Lille. The 2d corps, under General Count Reille, was assembled about Valenciennes; and was similarly constituted to the first corps, but exceeded it in numbers, by about 2000 men. The 3d corps, commanded by Count Vandamme, had one division of infantry less than the other two corps. The 4th corps, under Count Girard, formed the basis of the army of the Moselle, and was so placed that it might easily form a junction with the Army of Flanders, or with the army of the Rhine; it consisted of about 24,000 men. Count Rapp commanded the 5th corps collected at Strasbourg, and denominated the army of the Rhine; it was composed like the 3d and 4th corps, and amounted to 23,000 men. The 6th corps, under Count Lobau, which was stationed at Laon, formed the reserve of the Army of Flanders; its force may be reckoned at 27,000 men. The 7th corps, commanded by Marshal Suchet, was collected about Chambery, and amounted to 36,000 men. The cavalry of the Army of Flanders consisted of four corps, under the command of Marshal Grouchy: the 1st, under Pajol, amounting to near 4000 men, was assembled between the Aisne and the northern frontier; the 2d, commanded by Exelmans, was of about the same strength; the 3d, under the orders of Kellermann, was 5000 strong; the 4th, commanded by Milhaud, consisted of 4500 cuirassiers. Besides these seven corps of infantry, and the four corps of cavalry, various other corps of national guards, mixed with troops of the line, were stationed as armies of observation on the most important parts of the frontier, exhibiting a total of about 100,000 men. The Imperial Guard, the flower of the French army, was assembled in the neighbourhood of Paris, and consisted of upwards of 30,000 men. Paris and Lyons were strongly forti-



A PAINTING BY SINIBALDI.

THE BATTLE OF JEMMAPES, NEAR MONS, BELGIUM, NOVEMBER 6, 1792.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY THE ARTIST.

The crowning incident of the battle was the taking of a redoubt by Dampierre, who led parts of broken battalions that charged singing the "Marseillaise."

fied, and it was supposed by many that Napoleon, contrary to his usual tactics, would remain on the defensive; but he adopted the bolder alternative of attacking the allies before they should become too formidable by combination.

On the 7th of June, the French army began to move at Valenciennes. At four o'clock in the morning of the 12th, Napoleon, as we have said, left Paris to join the army. On arriving at Laon the same evening, he inspected the city and ramparts. The next day he proceeded to Avesnes, and on the 14th rode to Beaumont, whence, on the same day, being the anniversary of the battles of Marengo and Friedland, he addressed the following energetic proclamation to his army:

Soldiers!—This day is the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. Then, as after the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, we were too generous. We believed in the protestations and oaths of princes, to whom we left their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they strike at the independence and sacred rights of France. They have committed unjust aggressions. Let us march forward and meet them. Are we not still the same men? Soldiers! at Jena, these Prussians, now so arrogant, were three to one; at Montmirail six to one. Let those who have been captives to the English describe the nature of their prison ships, and the sufferings they endured. The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are obliged to use their arms in the cause of princes who are the enemies of justice, and destroyers of the rights of nations. They well know the coalition to be insatiable. After having swallowed up twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons, and six millions of Belgians, they now wish to devour the states of the second order among the Germans. Madmen! one moment of prosperity has bewildered them. To oppress and humble the people of France is out of their power: once entering our territory, there they will find their doom. Soldiers! we have forced marches before us, battles to fight, and dangers to encounter; but firm in resolution, victory must be ours. The honour and happiness of our country are at stake! and, in short, Frenchmen, the moment is arrived when we must conquer or die!

The positions of the French army at this time were as follows: The head-quarters were at Beaumont; the first corps at Loire-sur-Sambre; second, at Ham-sur-Heure; third, in front of Beaumont; fourth, in front of Philippeville; sixth, in front of Beaumont; the Imperial Guard around Beaumont; the four corps of cavalry, under Marshal Grouchy, between Beaumont and Walcourt.

CHAPTER VIII.

1815.

THE BATTLES OF LIGNY AND QUATRE-BRAS.

THE moment for striking a decisive blow had now arrived; and, accordingly, early on the morning of the 15th, the whole of the French army was in motion. The first and second corps proceeded to Marchiennes to attack the Prussian outposts at Thuin and Lobes, in order to secure the communication across the Sambre between those places. The third corps, supported by General Pajol's cavalry, advanced upon Charleroi, followed by the Imperial Guard and the sixth corps, with the necessary detachments of pontoniers. The remainder of the cavalry, under Grouchy, also advanced upon Charleroi, on the flanks of the third and sixth corps. The fourth corps was ordered to march upon Chastelet.

On the approach of the French advanced guards, an incessant skirmish was maintained during the whole morning with the Prussians, who, after losing many men, were compelled to yield to superior numbers. General Ziethen, finding it impossible, from the extent of frontier he had to cover, to check the advance of the French, fell back towards Fleurus by the road to Charleroi, resolutely opposing the pursuit of the enemy wherever it was possible. In the repeated attacks sustained by him, he suffered considerable loss. It was nearly mid-day before a passage through Charleroi was secured by the French army, and General Ziethen continued his retreat upon Fleurus, where he took up his position for the night. Upon Ziethen's abandoning, in the course of his retreat, the chaussée which leads to Brussels through Quatre-Bras, Marshal Ney, who commanded the left of the French army, was ordered to advance by this road upon Gosselies, and found at Frasnes part of the Duke of Wellington's army, composed of Nassau troops, under the command of Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who, after some skirmishing, maintained his position. "Notwithstanding all the exertions of the French at a moment when time was of such importance, they had only been able to advance about fifteen

English miles during the day, with nearly fifteen hours of daylight.”*

It was the intention of Napoleon during his operations this day, to effect a separation between the English and Prussian armies, in which he had nearly succeeded. Napoleon's plan for this purpose, and the execution of it by his army, were alike admirable; but it is hardly probable that the allied generals were taken by surprise, as it was the only judicious course which Napoleon could have taken. His line of operation was in the direct road to Brussels, and there were no fortified works to impede his progress; while, from the nature of the country, his numerous and excellent cavalry could be employed with great effect.

In the French accounts, Marshal Ney has been much blamed for not occupying Quatre-Bras with the whole of his force on the evening of the 15th. “Ney might probably have driven back the Nassau troops at Quatre-Bras, and occupied that important position; but hearing a heavy cannonade on his right flank, where General Ziethen had taken up his position, he thought it necessary to halt, and detach a division in the direction of Fleurus. He was severely censured by Napoleon for not having literally followed his orders, and pushed on to Quatre-Bras.”† This accusation forms a curious contrast with that made against Grouchy, upon whom Napoleon threw the whole blame of the defeat at Waterloo, because he strictly fulfilled his orders, by pressing the Prussians at Wavre, unheeding the cannonade on his left, which might have led him to conjecture that the more important contest between the Emperor and Wellington was at that moment raging.

It was at six o'clock in the evening of the 15th that the Duke of Wellington received the first information of the advance of the French army; but it was not until eleven o'clock that positive news reached him that the French army had moved upon the line of the Sambre. This information induced him to push forward reinforcements on Quatre-Bras, at which place he himself arrived at an early hour on the 16th, and immediately proceeded to Brie, to devise measures with Marshal Blucher, in order to combine their efforts. From the movement of considerable masses of the French in front of the Prussians, it was evident that the first grand attack would be directed against them. That this was Napoleon's object on the 16th may be seen by his orders to Ney and Grouchy, to turn the right of the Prussians, and drive the British from their position at Quatre-Bras, and then to march down the *chaussée* upon Brie in order effectually to separate the two armies. Ney was accordingly detached for this purpose with 43,000 men. In the event of the success of Marshal Ney, he would have been enabled to detach a portion

* Captain Pringle.

† Ibid.

of his forces for the purpose of making a flank attack upon the Prussians in the rear of St. Amand, whilst Napoleon in person was directing his main efforts against that village—the strongest in the Prussian position. Ney's reserve was at Frasnes, disposable either for the purpose of supporting the attack on Quatre-Bras or that at St. Amand: and, in case of the marshal's complete success, to turn the Prussian right flank by marching on Brie.

On the morning of the 16th Marshal Blucher concentrated the 1st, 2d, and 3d corps of his army, amounting to 80,000, and took up a position with his right wing at Brie, and his left at Sombref, on a chain of gentle heights, and occupying in force the villages of St. Amand and Ligny, the substantial buildings of which having been loopholed by the Prussians presented formidable defences. The right of this position communicated with the British at Quatre-Bras, upon which point the Duke of Wellington was making every possible effort to concentrate his army. General Bulow, with the 4th Prussian corps, not being able from the distance of his position, near Liege, to arrive in time, Marshal Blucher nevertheless undertook to receive the assault of the French at Ligny, relying upon receiving assistance from the British army, who, by a flank movement to the left, were to form a junction with the Prussians. As two distinct battles took place upon this day (the 16th), it is necessary to give a separate account of each.

Early on the morning of the 16th, the French army appeared on the plain of Fleurus, driving before them the Prussian light troops into the valley of the Ligne. Having reconnoitred the Prussian position, Napoleon instantly formed the plan of cutting off the retreat of a great portion of Blucher's army, hoping by so decided an advantage on half the allied troops in Belgium, to be able to overwhelm with his whole force the army of Wellington. In taking this determination, he was doubtless influenced by the consideration, that Ney's reserve in position at Frasnes, which was somewhat in rear of the Prussians, would be available for his purpose, as he supposed that the Marshal had sufficient force to drive the British from Quatre-Bras. Had this manœuvre completely succeeded, the ruin of Blucher's army would have ensued. Napoleon, confident of success, then directed the attack. Marshal Grouchy was ordered to attack Sombref on the right; Gérard, the village of Ligny, in the centre; and Vandamme was to attack St. Amand, on the left. General Girard was posted on the left of Vandamme, and the imperial guards were stationed as a reserve before Fleurus. At two o'clock Napoleon sent an order to Marshal Ney, informing him of his intended attack upon the Prussians, and ordering him to manœuvre so as to envelop their rear.*

At three o'clock a similar despatch was sent off, urgently

* Captain Batty.

pressing the execution of Napoleon's instructions. It was not before this hour that the Emperor was able to concentrate his forces, so as to attack the Prussians simultaneously. The battle then began with uncommon fury along the whole Prussian line. The village of St. Amand was vigorously defended. It formed the strength of the Prussian right, and from the intersection of several gardens and hedges, was very capable of defence, although so much in advance of the rest of the Prussian position. After a continued attack for two hours, the French had obtained possession of only half the village of St. Amand; that of Ligny had been taken and retaken several times. The French pursued their success at St. Amand by pushing light troops across the rivulet of Ligne, who then formed on the left bank. The position of Blucher's army was in some measure defective. The main body being drawn up on the heights, and the remainder posted in the villages below, the French artillery was enabled to range with destructive effect upon the reinforcements despatched during the murderous conflict raging in the contested villages.

The Prussians having been reinforced by the 2d brigade of General Ziethen's corps, were now vigorously attacked by the division of General Girard, who, supported by a portion of General Vandamme's corps, and his reserve cavalry, attempted to carry the heights towards Brie. Marshal Blucher, in order to avert the threatened danger, led on in person a furious attack against the French, and drove them back beyond the ravine. General Girard, one of the most gallant and intelligent of Napoleon's officers, was slain in this attack at the head of his division, the majority of which shared his fate, so destructive was the Prussian charge. Napoleon had in the mean time sent for Ney's reserve, posted at Frasnés; but before it could reach him, it was countermarched in consequence of the Marshal having received a check at Quatre-Bras.

Blucher now brought together masses of troops behind St. Amand, and Bonaparte determined to change his point of attack. His reserves, consisting principally of the imperial guard, had been at first directed to advance upon St. Amand, but were now ordered to co-operate in a general attack upon Ligny, which after a most determined resistance, was taken by the French. While this contest was going on, the French guards, supported by a heavy cavalry, rushed up the heights in the rear of Ligny. Blucher's reserves of infantry having been moved to St. Amand, there remained no other means of resisting this attack than by the employment of cavalry. The Prussian marshal accordingly placed himself at their head, and attempted, with chivalrous but unavailing gallantry, to repel the French. After an unsuccessful charge, his cavalry was overpowered and dispersed in confusion. In retreating before the vigorous pursuit of the French squadrons, Blucher's horse was struck by a cannon-shot, and he

himself was thrown on the ground, the hostile cavalry passing unconsciously over him. In the confusion of the fray he was unnoticed, and was luckily rescued by his own troops. The French infantry continued to gain ground; the imperial guard advanced with irresistible impetuosity, and Friant's grenadiers threatened the mill of Bussy, near Brie. In vain did the Prussian cavalry attempt to shake these superb masses of infantry; they were unable to destroy the squares formed to receive their attacks. Napoleon had now penetrated through the Prussian lines, and had thereby so disorganized their formation that there remained for Blucher no other resource than to make an orderly retreat. This was successfully accomplished. Brie was not evacuated by them until the morning of the 17th.

This battle, though unattended with any material consequences in itself, was contested with a determination, founded upon the most implacable hatred on both sides. The Prussians could not have forgotten the humiliating recollections of Jena, the destruction of their army, the subjugation of their country by Napoleon, and the part they were compelled to take in the invasion of Russia; they knew also the character of their enemy, and how little mercy they were to expect at his hands, in case of defeat. The French, on the other hand, were smarting at the recent discomfiture they had experienced, in which the Prussians had conspicuously assisted. The illusion of their glory had been dispelled by enemies whom they affected utterly to despise. But above all, the French soldier looked up to Napoleon with a devotion, with an enthusiasm of affection that elevated his feelings to the highest pitch of human energy.

In the course of the night the Prussian army fell back on Tilly and Gembloux. Their loss at Ligny, according to their own account, amounted to 14,000 men, and 15 pieces of cannon. The French official account, in the *Moniteur*, makes it reach to 15,000. On their own side, the French acknowledge a loss of 7000.

At the moment of the interview between the Duke of Wellington and Blucher, the force of the French before Quatre-Bras, was so insignificant, that there appeared to be no probability of a decided attack being made in that quarter. On his return, however, to the British position, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he found that a considerable body of French troops had been collected at Frasnes, preparatory to an attack which was made about half an hour afterwards by infantry and cavalry, supported by a heavy cannonade. The French had commenced their attack at five o'clock in the morning, by skirmishing with the troops of the Netherlands, under the Prince of Orange, and at first obtained some success. This desultory fight lasted till noon, without any more decided demonstrations on the part of the French. The Belgians were, however, losing ground, when, at two o'clock Sir Thomas Picton opportunely reached the scene

of action with the 5th English division, comprised of Sir James Kempt's and Sir Dennis Pack's British brigades and the 5th Hanoverian brigade, under Colonel Vinche.

“ Sir James Kempt's brigade (28th, 32d, 79th, and 95th regiments) moved to the left of the position with the 3d battalion of the Royals, part of the brigade of Sir Dennis Pack, who, with the remainder of his brigade (42d, 44th, and 92d regiments), formed on the great Namur road, and in the corn-fields extending to the wood on the right. The 92d was formed in line in the ditch bordering the great road, and was of the greatest service in repelling an attack of the French cavalry, who daringly pursued the Brunswick hussars into the British line, after they had made an unsuccessful attack on the French cavalry.”*

Sir Thomas Picton, as he approached the field with his division, had heard the continued and increasing fire kept up by the skirmishers, which made him push forward to the support of the Belgians, and by this means he succeeded in reaching Quatre-Bras before any other British force. Nearly at the same time, however, the first division of Brunswickers, led by the gallant duke, arrived to share with Picton and his soldiers the honour of arresting the progress of the French in this first stage to Waterloo.

The Prince of Orange was anxiously looking for the arrival of some of his allies, when he was gladdened by the spectacle of this reinforcement pouring forward with steady but quick steps to relieve his almost exhausted troops. Before half-past two in the afternoon, a formidable reinforcement had reached the field, namely, Picton's division, 6815; 1st division of Brunswick Oels, 5000; one regiment of Brunswick cavalry, containing about 900; and the 2d Belgian hussars, amounting to 1200 men.

The force which the French had now concentrated to attack this position amounted to about 40,000 men, under the intrepid Ney: the odds were therefore fearful; but the firmness of the allies was not shaken by the reported strength of their opponents. As the different regiments arrived on the ground, they instantly took up the posts to which they were directed by their respective commanders.

Immediately the French perceived that this additional force had taken the field, Ney moved down with two columns of infantry and a cloud of cavalry to the attack. The English and Brunswickers had but just taken up their ground, when they were exposed to a furious and galling fire from the immense park of artillery attached to this wing of the French army. The receding smoke showed the advancing columns rushing on to break the line of the allies: the brunt of this movement fell upon Picton's soldiers, and Sir Thomas Picton's ‘superb divi-

* Captain Batty.

sion' was singly engaged with the French for nearly two hours. Every man fought with a desperation which no language can describe. Picton was himself amongst his soldiers, calling upon them to stand firm and receive the enemy with a steady front. A murderous conflict now commenced; a rolling discharge of musketry from the British line was answered with deadly rapidity and closeness by that of the French: the havoc was terrible; but Picton was in the midst, watching the progress of the fight; wherever death was thickest there could he be seen encouraging—exhorting the soldiers to be firm.

After the French infantry had been repulsed, and before the heavy smoke had cleared off, the cavalry came thundering on. The English were instantly formed into squares to receive them. Upon the steadiness and celerity with which this manœuvre was executed the safety of the men depended: then it was that Picton's calmness and penetration were conspicuous in watching and directing each movement; before the French cavalry was upon them, the squares were closed up.

Another furious onset was then made by the Lancers, which obliged General Kempt to take refuge in the square; but they again repulsed their assailants; and at that moment Sir Thomas Picton riding up, ordered them to advance, for the enemy were giving way. Picton led them to the charge himself, and they drove the French from their position with great loss.

In reference to this movement, and to the French cavalry having surrounded the British squares, Captain Kincaid also makes the following remarks: "This was a crisis in which, according to Bonaparte's theory, the victory was theirs by all the rules of war, for they had superior numbers both before and behind us: but the gallant old Picton, who had been trained in a different school, did not choose to confine himself to rules in these matters. Despising the force in his rear, he advanced, charged, and routed those in his front; which created such a panic amongst the others, that they galloped back through the intervals in his division, with no other object in view than their own safety."*

"The third English division, under General Alten, comprised of Sir C. Halket's British brigade, the second brigade of King's German Legion under Colonel Ompteda, and the first Hanoverian brigade under General Kielmansegge, arrived next on the field in time to sustain a fresh attack made by the French about four o'clock."† From the superior force of the French artillery, this division sustained its ground with great difficulty, and one regiment (the 69th) lost a colour. After suffering great loss, it succeeded in repelling the French from the positions they occupied at the Farm of Gemincourt, and the village of Pierremont. The French troops were still partly in possession

* Life of Sir Thomas Picton.

† Captain Batty.

of the wood of Boss, which extends about a mile on the road from Quatre-Bras towards Frasnes. This favoured an attack on the right of the British position, which Marshal Ney directed to be made after having been repulsed on the left. At this critical moment, when the French had nearly succeeded in establishing their light troops on the great road of Nivelles, the division of guards under General Cooke, amounting to 4000 men, accompanied by two brigades of artillery, arrived, after a fatiguing march from Enghien, and essentially contributed to repel this attack. Exhausted as the men were from their long march, they were, nevertheless, instantly led into action. The second and third battalions of the first guards formed line, and with loud cheers entered the wood, which they cleared of the French in a few minutes. Their order, however, was necessarily broken by the irregularity of the ground, and, on emerging from the wood, they found themselves directly opposed to a body of French infantry prepared to receive them. Rushing forward without waiting to form in line, they succeeded in driving the French up the rising ground before them. During this contest, the artillery of both armies kept up an incessant and destructive cannonade. By a rapid charge of cavalry, the French endeavoured to cover their retreating infantry, whilst the guards still remained unsupported, and in some disorder. General Maitland therefore directed them to retreat into the wood, as all attempts to form squares appeared to be hopeless. Here they formed, and under its cover, opened a most galling fire on the French cavalry, which was compelled to fall back with great loss. This contest was renewed several times. Day was now drawing to a close, and Marshal Ney, having been foiled in all his efforts, retired to the heights before Frasnes, leaving Quatre-Bras in possession of the allies.

To the Duke of Wellington it has been imputed as a fault on this occasion, that there was not sufficient cavalry and artillery at Quatre-Bras. It is remarkable that no portion of either was with the reserve at Brussels. The loss to the allied army was very severe, amounting to 5000 men, among whom were numbered many brave officers. The gallant Duke of Brunswick was killed* at the head of his troops. Colonel Macara, of

* The gallant duke (Frederick William), was born in 1771, and was the fourth and youngest son of Duke Charles William Ferdinand of Brunswick, (who was slain in the battle of Jena, and whose remains Napoleon would not suffer to be deposited with those of his ancestors). He embraced with ardour the military profession, and served in the Prussian army in 1792 and 1793, when he was twice wounded. He joined Blücher's corps in 1806, and was made prisoner with him at Lubeck. On the breaking out of the war between Austria and France in 1809, he raised a body of volunteers in Bohemia. The famous Major Schill had already perished at Stralsund, when the duke made an incursion into Saxony; he was, however, compelled by the King of Westphalia, to evacuate Leipzig and Dresden with his black hussars. Subsequently, he was forced to retreat to his native city, where he was closely pressed. In an action fought at Oelper, near Brunswick, the duke's horse was killed

the 42d, was severely wounded; and, whilst some of his men were conveying him to the rear, a party of French cavalry rode up, and atrociously murdered him and his faithful attendants. Colonel Cameron, of the 92d, fell whilst bravely leading on his regiment; and, at the close of the day, Colonels Askew, Stuart, and Townsend, were all severely wounded, at the head of the last attack of the guards, which decided the fate of the day.

The loss of the French was supposed to have been much greater than that of the allies; but the policy of Napoleon would not allow of any returns being made,—in fact, he boasted that he had gained a victory,—that the vanquished English were flying before his victorious soldiers.

“His bulletins announced two victories of the most dazzling description as the work of the 16th. Blucher would be heard of no more, they said; and Wellington, confounded and amazed, was already within the jaws of ruin.”*

“The British had maintained possession of the field of Quatre-Bras, because the Duke of Wellington conceived that Blucher would be able to make his ground good at Ligny, and was consequently desirous that the allied armies should retain the line of communication which they had occupied in the morning. But the Prussians, evacuating all the villages which they held in the neighbourhood of Ligny, had concentrated their forces to retreat upon the river Dyle, in the vicinity of Wavre. By this retrograde movement, they were placed about six leagues to the rear of their former position, and had united themselves to Bulow’s division, which had not been engaged in the affair of Ligny. Blucher had effected this retreat, not only without pursuit by the French, but without their knowing for some time in what direction he had gone. This doubt respecting Blucher’s movements, occasioned an uncertainty and delay in those of the French, which were afterwards attended with the very worst consequences to them.”† It cannot be doubted that there was some error in Napoleon’s calculation as to the movements of the Prussians, and the consequent directions given to Grouchy by him. Napoleon accuses Grouchy, according to the relation by Gourgaud, of being the cause of the delay in pursuing the Prussians. “Had Grouchy been at Wavre on the 17th,” says Napoleon, “and in communication with my right, Blucher would not have dared to detach any portion against me on the

under him, being the *eleventh* he had lost in a similar manner since his retreat from Saxony. After many narrow escapes, he reached Heligoland with part of his corps, and thence embarked for England. There he was received with great distinction, and his troops were immediately taken into English pay; the British parliament generously granting him a pension of 6000*l.* a year until he should be able to return to his hereditary dominions. Though idolized by his soldiers, he does not appear to have been so popular a sovereign as his father.

* Life of Sir Thomas Picton.

† Sir Walter Scott’s Life of Napoleon.



ING BY JEAN-SEBASTIEN ROUILLARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

EMMANUEL, MARQUIS DE GROUCHY.

18th, or if he had, I would have destroyed it." From this charge, the marshal triumphantly defended himself. He states that he endeavoured to confer with the Emperor on the night of the 16th, when the Prussians commenced their retreat; but that he could not find him until he returned from Fleurus; and that in reply to his request for reinforcements of infantry, in order that he might be able to follow Blucher, he could obtain no other answer than that he would receive orders on the following day. The marshal went again to head-quarters, on the morning of the 17th, being impressed with the great importance of pursuing the Prussians closely, but was obliged to follow Bonaparte to the field of battle of the preceding day, before he could receive his commands. No orders were given to Grouchy till near noon, when Napoleon suddenly resolved to send him with an army of 32,000 men, not upon Wavre, for it was not known by him what direction the Prussians had taken, but with instructions to pursue Blucher, wherever he might have retreated. Grouchy also asserts that the troops of Girard and Vandamme, which formed a portion of his army, were not in marching order until three o'clock. The first orders given to the marshal for the pursuit, according to his statement, were not received by him then until about noon on the 17th, and the army was not ready to move till three hours afterwards. The marshal blames Excelmans and Girard, who commanded under him. When he commenced his march, he was uncertain which route to take. The first information he received as to the movements of the Prussian army, led him to suppose they were not retreating upon Wavre, but towards Namur, which induced him to press the pursuit in the latter direction, and occasioned the loss of some hours. From all these concurring reasons, the marshal shows distinctly, that he could not have attained Wavre on the evening of the 17th of June, because he had no orders to go there till noon, nor troops ready to march till three o'clock."*

It was late on the 17th when Marshal Grouchy halted at Gembloux, in consequence of learning the route which the main body of the Prussian army had taken. From this place, he sent an aide-de-camp to inform Napoleon of his operations, and to acquaint him that the Prussians had retired in two columns by Sauveniere and Sart-à-Walhain. On the next morning, having ascertained, beyond a doubt, the line of Blucher's retreat, Grouchy advanced in pursuit towards Wavre. Neither Napoleon nor Grouchy possessed any foreknowledge of the motions of Blucher, which could lead them to suspect Wavre to be the point on which he was retreating. It was not till he found the English determined to give battle at Waterloo, and the Prussians

* Sir Walter Scott.

resolved to maintain their communication with them, that the plan of operations determined upon between Wellington and Blücher, to form a junction at that village, became manifest to Napoleon, who found it desirable to accuse Grouchy of delay rather than to admit that he himself had been out-manceuvred. After Grouchy's departure in pursuit of the Prussians, Napoleon moved towards Frasnes, and united himself with Marshal Ney, with the view of making a combined attack on the Duke of Wellington, whom he still supposed to remain at Quatre-Bras.

The evening of the 16th was cold and wet, but the fatigue which the English troops had undergone in their long march, and hard-fought action, rendered the approach of night, wretched as it was, a desirable relief. At daybreak the next morning they were called to arms by some skirmishing at the outposts. It was at first supposed that the French were about to repeat the attempt in which they had failed the preceding day, but this alarm was soon dissipated. About nine o'clock a considerable change was made in the disposition of the British troops, who retired in three columns an hour afterwards, by way of Genappe and Nivelles, towards Waterloo, leaving the cavalry, which arrived in the evening of the 16th, as a rear-guard, to occupy the ground, so as to prevent the French from perceiving the retreat of the main body of the British army. About noon, the French advanced in columns of attack, expecting to find the British in position. As the British infantry retired, the cavalry gradually followed, watching the movements of the advancing French. This retrograde movement was conducted in excellent order. At Genappe an affair of cavalry took place, where the 7th British hussars attacked a French regiment of lancers unsuccessfully, as it debouched from the town, and a second attack by the same regiment was attended with no better success. The French lancers, formed in a hollow way caused by the nature of the road, presented an immovable barrier of pikes, and, from the steepness of the banks, there was no approaching them in flank. The Earl of Uxbridge, seeing a more favourable opportunity, brought up the heavy cavalry, and, by a decisive charge, overthrew the advanced guard of the French, thus giving time to the infantry to take up its ground. A violent thunder-storm passed directly over both armies at the latter part of the afternoon, and the rain fell in such torrents, that the fatigue of marching was greatly increased. At seven o'clock the artillery of the French advanced guard fired a few shots down the great road upon the British, but a few British guns being brought up soon silenced those of the French. The allied army bivouacked on the ground it occupied, principally open corn land, the rye in many places growing to the height of seven feet.



H. Vernet p.

NAPOLÉON A CHARLEROI.

NAPOLÉON AT CHARLEROI.

NAPOLEON AT CHARLEROI.

Horace Vernet has attempted to present us with a portrait of Napoleon, such as he might be supposed to appear almost on the eve of his great conflict with the Allied army. Buonaparte arrived at Charleroi about 11 o'clock, on the 15th June, 1815, which place was evacuated by the Prussians, under General Ziethen, in great haste. Napoleon ordered Marshal Ney to repair to Gosselin, and take the command of the whole of the left wing of the army, occupying a position beyond Quatre-Bras with 40,000 men. The Prussians retired upon Fleurus.

On the 18th of June, the battle of Waterloo took place!



PORTRAIT IN THE HOHENZOLLERN MUSEUM, BERLIN.

ENGRAVED BY G.

GEBHARD LEBERECHT VON BLÜCHER.

“As the British troops arrived in position, in front of Mont St. Jean, they took up the ground they were to maintain early in the evening. The weather began to be very severe at this period. The whole French army under Napoleon, with the exception of the two corps under Marshal Grouchy, 32,000 men and 108 guns, despatched in pursuit of the Prussians on the road to Wavre, took up a position immediately in front; and after some cannonading both armies remained opposite to each other during the night, the rain falling in torrents. The Duke of Wellington had already communicated with Marshal Blucher, who promised to come to his support with the whole of his army on the morning of the 18th. It was consequently decided upon to cover Brussels, the preservation of which was of such importance, by maintaining the position of Mont St. Jean. The intention of the allied chiefs, if they should not be attacked on the 18th, was to attack the French on the 19th.”*

In our account of the battle of Ligny we have stated that Blucher nearly escaped being made prisoner when his horse was struck by a cannon-shot while gallantly leading, in person, the Prussian lancers against the French cuirassiers.† The horse he rode upon this occasion was a gray charger, given to him by the Prince Regent of England: he fell just at the moment when his cavalry turned to fly from the French. “Now,” said he to his aide-de-camp, “I am indeed lost!” He was, for the moment, protected by Count Nostitz, who stood by his side to prevent his being noticed, while the mass of the French cavalry passed on. Before, however, the marshal had been extricated from his dying charger, the Prussians rallied, and turned upon their pursuers, when the whole of the retreating troops again passed close by the spot where Blucher was lying. Upon the Prussians coming up, Count Nostitz, with the aid of a soldier, placed the almost insensible marshal on a trooper’s horse, and hurried him from the field.

During the confusion consequent upon the night retreat of the Prussians after the battle of Ligny, all appearance of order was lost. Luckily Blucher soon rallied from the effect of his fall. The toil-worn frame of the veteran had been severely shaken, but his mind retained its usual vigour and elasticity. General Gneisenau found him in a cottage by the road-side during the night, already devising plans for another contest. “Hard blows these, Gneisenau,” observed Blucher; “but we must just pay them back.” It was his unyielding resolution, that, by animating those who were immediately about his person, communicated itself to the soldiers, and thus re-

* Capt. Pringle.

† We are indebted for the facts here stated to an able article in the “United Service Journal.”

stored their confidence in the course of a single day. On the morning of the 17th, he issued a general order, detailing the loss of the battle of Ligny: in it he severely censured the cavalry, for want of coolness and intrepidity, and required them to be in readiness to wipe away the stain the defeat had brought upon them. The artillery he also reprimanded, and ordered them to advance in future in a more resolute manner, and not so hastily to withdraw their guns when attacked; "for," said he, "it is better to lose a battery than endanger a position by limbering up too soon." To the infantry he addressed great praise, and concluded with these energetic words: "I shall immediately lead you against the enemy; we shall beat him, because it is our duty to do so!"

Marshal Blucher expressed his dislike to co-operate with the Russian commanders, by whom his plans had been often disconcerted, and he had no confidence in the Austrian cabinet; but he was particularly anxious to fight in conjunction with the English army, feeling that his own troops acting with those of Wellington could not fail to be invincible.*

* For the following sketch we are indebted to Dr. Lieber, a Prussian gentleman, who served in a volunteer rifle corps in the army of Blucher:—

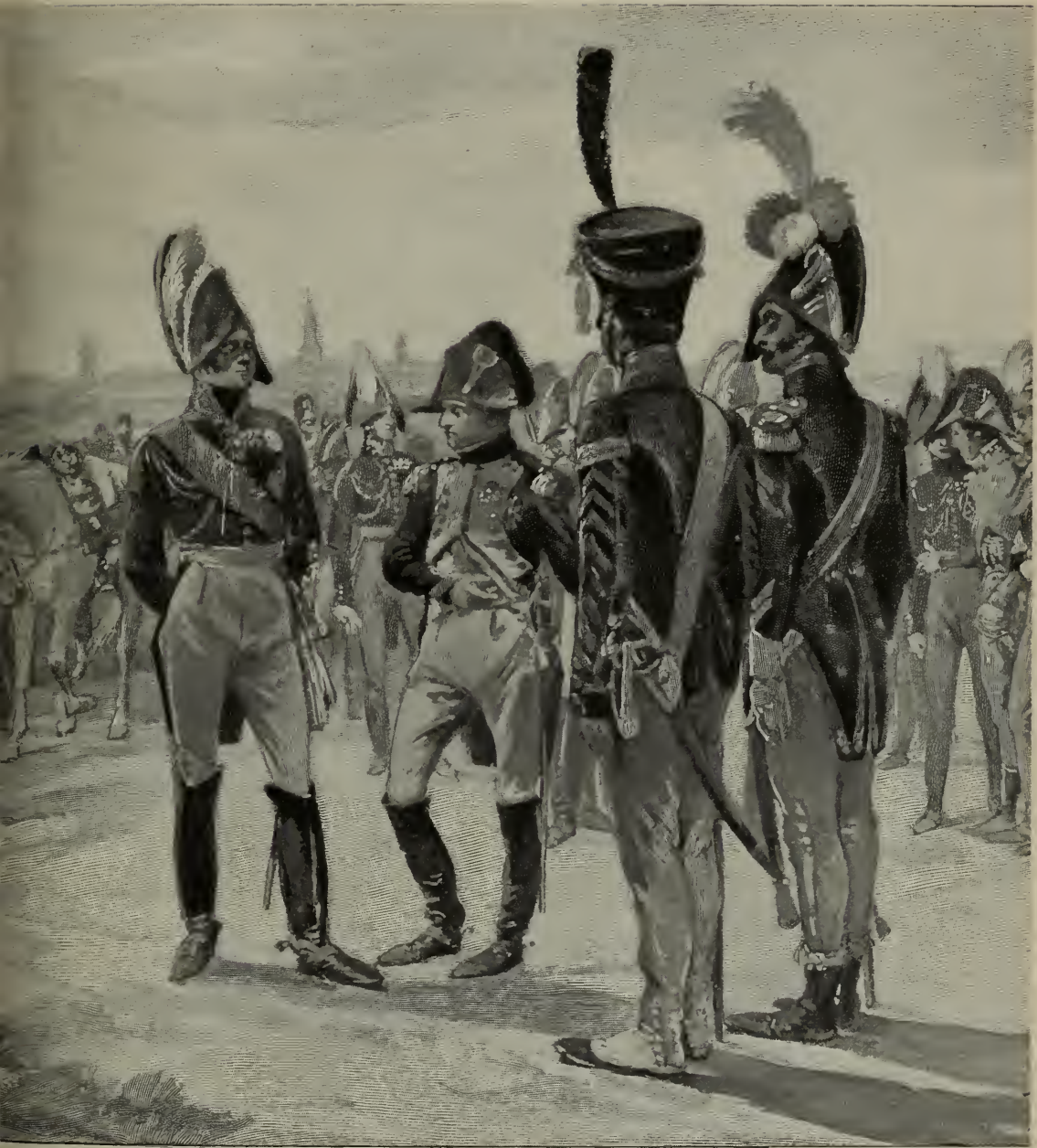
"On the morning of the 15th the drum was beat to arms. We marched the whole day and the whole night. In the morning we arrived not far from the battle-field of Ligny: we halted. Before us was a rising ground, up which we saw innumerable troops ascending the plain with flying colours and their bands playing. It was a sight a soldier loves to look at. Orders for charging were given; the pressure of the coming battle was felt more and more. Our whole company consisted of very young men, nearly all lads, who were impatient for battle.

"We marched up the sloping plain, and, by one o'clock in the afternoon, arrived on the battle-ground. Our destiny was first a trying reserve; the enemy's brass played hard upon us; shell-shots fell around us, and took several men out of our column. We were commanded to lie down; I piqued myself on not making any motion when balls or shells were flying over us. Behind us stood some cavalry.

"At length, at about two o'clock, an aide-de-camp of the general of our brigade galloped up, and said to the colonel, 'Your column must throw the enemy out of the left wing of the village.' 'Riflemen!' said the colonel, immediately, 'you are young, I am afraid too ardent; calmness makes the soldier, hold yourselves in order;' and turning round, gave the word to march. The dull half-suffocated drum, from within the deep column, was now heard beating delicious music. At last, all was to be realized for which we had left our homes, had suffered so many fatigues, had so ardently longed for. The bugle gave the signal to halt; we were in front of the village of Ligny. The signal was given for the riflemen to march out to the right and left of the column, and to attack.

"Our ardour now led us entirely beyond the proper limits; the section to which I belonged ran madly, without firing, towards the enemy, who retreated. My hindman fell. I rushed on, hearing well, but not heeding, the urgent calls of our old sergeant. The village was intersected with thick hedges, from behind which the grenadiers fired upon us, but we drove them from one to the other.

"The village of Ligny was four times taken and retaken. The last time we had to march in a hollow way, which leads across the centre of the place, and where the struggle had been the hottest all the afternoon. Three or four



«THE GORGEOUS DRUM-MAJORS.»

layers of dead and living, men and horses, impeded the progress of the soldiers, who were obliged to wade in the blood of their comrades, or to trample upon wounded enemies, imploring them to give some assistance, but to whom they were obliged to turn a deaf ear, whatever might be their feelings. This last attempt to regain the village, when I was called upon to assist in getting a cannon over the mangled bodies of comrades or enemies, leaping in agony when the heavy wheel crossed over them, has impressed itself with indelible horror upon my mind.

“Towards evening the cavalry began to press us more and more. To regain the village was impossible. Our troops were thinned to the utmost; it became dark; the bugle blew to retreat, when horse-grenadiers approached to charge us. The signal was given to form heaps. It was now, when retreating, that our men began, for the first time, to show uneasiness. The colonel observed it by the irregular *beat* of the gun, when he commanded ‘Ready.’ But, as if he were on the drilling-ground, he said, ‘Your beat is bad; have we drilled so long for nothing? Down with your guns. Now, Ready!’ and every man was calm again. The cavalry charged, but we received them according to the rule, ‘No firing until you see the white of their eyes;’ and they were repelled.

“Of our whole company, which, on entering the engagement, mustered about 150 strong, not more than from twenty to thirty combatants remained. We marched all night. On the 17th we attempted twice to go to bivouac, but were twice disturbed by the enemy. Suffering greatly from hunger, we made a meal of raw pork, having met with a hog.

“Towards evening I was sent with some others to get whatever might be obtained in the shape of victuals, from the surrounding villages. It was a sad charge! In one house, stripped of every thing, we found a young woman with an infant, by the side of her father, who had been beaten and wounded by some marauding enemies. She asked us for a piece of bread; we had none. We gave her some potatoes which we had just found, but she said she had nothing to cook them with. We received this day the Order of the Army, in which Blucher spoke in high terms of the conduct of the infantry during the battle—our regiment was singled out by name.

“We marched a great part of the night. Rain fell in torrents—it had rained the whole of the 17th, and the roads were very bad. Early in the morning of the 18th, we found part of our regiment from which we had been separated. It was a touching scene, to see the soldiers rushing to each other, to find comrades whom we had believed to be dead or missing. Our men were exhausted, but old Blucher allowed us no rest.

“We began our march early on the 18th. As we passed the Marshal, wrapped up in a cloak and leaning against a hill, our soldiers began to hurrah, for it was always a delight to them to see the ‘Old one,’ as he was called. ‘Be quiet, my lads,’ said he, ‘hold your tongues—time enough after the victory is gained.’ He issued this morning his famous order, which ended by assuring the army that he would prove the possibility of beating, two days after a retreat, and with inferior numbers.

“We entered the battle with Blucher in the afternoon: it was again our lot to stand unengaged for some time in sight of the battle; we saw some brilliant charges of our cavalry putting to rout French squares. Not far from us stood the hussars, commanded by Colonel Colomb. An aide-de-camp came with the order to charge a square. ‘Volunteers, advance!’ called the colonel—when the whole regiment, as if by magic, advanced some steps. Numerous wounded passed by us while we stood there inactive. Marshal Blucher rode by, and when he observed our uniform, said, ‘Ah, my Colbergers, wait, wait a moment, I’ll give you presently something to do.’”

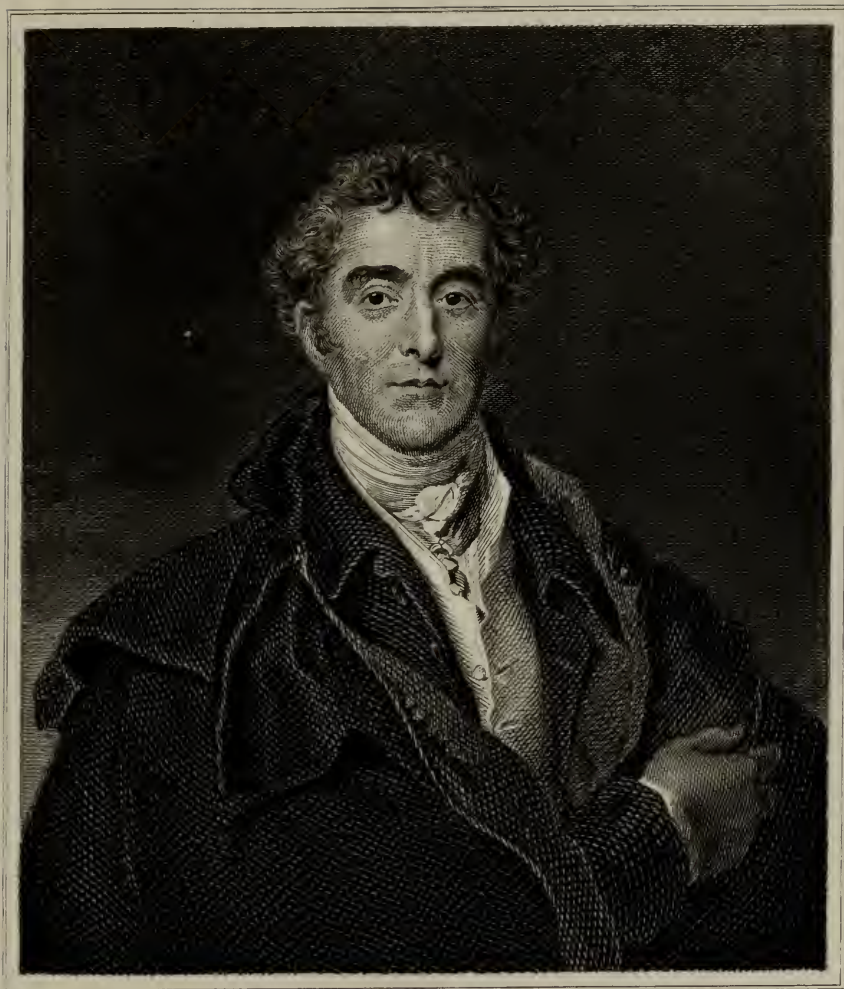
CHAPTER IX.

1815.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE most important struggle of modern times was now about to commence—a struggle which was to decide the fate of Europe. Napoleon and Wellington at length drew near each other, and the gaze of the civilized world was fixed in expectation of the awful encounter. They had never met—the military reputation of each was of the highest kind—the career of both had been marked by signal victories—Napoleon had carried his triumphant legions across the stupendous Alps, over the north of Italy, throughout Prussia, Austria, Russia, and even to the base of the Pyramids; while Wellington, who had been early distinguished in India, had won immortal renown in the Peninsula, where he had defeated, one after another, the favourite generals of Napoleon. He was now to make trial of his prowess against their master.

Among the most remarkable events of modern times, the battle of Waterloo stands conspicuous. Whatever may be thought of the measures adopted by the Allied Powers—of the military talents of the various generals—whatever opinion may be entertained with respect to the advantages or disadvantages which resulted to Europe from it—the importance of the battle is unquestionable. This sanguinary encounter, in fact, stopped the torrent of the ruthless and predatory ambition of the French, by which so many countries had been desolated. With the peace which immediately succeeded it confidence was restored to Europe. The fierce and reckless beings who composed Napoleon's immense masses, viewed with evil eyes the return to peace, as it took from them their occupations, and reduced them to insignificance. But not merely to the soldiery, who lost all chance of future plunder, was the consequent tranquillity hateful; it was equally so to the numerous ambitious men who, during the continual excitement of the great European contest, hoped, by intrigue or other unworthy means, to obtain sudden distinctions, wealth, or power. This great battle, then, was fraught with im-



*Engraved by Permission by J. W. Cook. from the Original Picture by
SIR THO^S LAWRENCE.*

Wellington

portant consequences, not to states alone—it annihilated the wild and selfish projects of these military and political anarchists.

No less than 310,000 men were marching to the plains of Fleurus on the morning of the 16th. The summer sun shone brightly on forest and on pasture and corn-land, rich in the promise of abundant harvest, and reposing in peace and loveliness. How changed was the scene on the succeeding morning! Scorched forests, and trampled plain, smoking ruins of cottages and desolated villages, alone remained!*

The night of the 17th was more wretched as to the state of the weather, than that which preceded it. The ground was trampled into mud, and, though in the middle of June, the temperature before dawn was intensely cold. From the very heavy fall of rain, it was found difficult to maintain any fires. Great part of the French army had passed the night in the village of Genappe, and Napoleon had established his quarters at the farmhouse, called Caillou, near La Belle Alliance. As the morning advanced, the weather became more favourable, and the French made preparations for the attack. About ten o'clock, they began to move down to their several positions in the following order: The right wing, under Count d'Erlon, consisting of four divisions of infantry, was drawn up in two lines, and the central direction of the line was between La Belle Alliance on the left, and the village of Fricherfont on the right; being thus nearly parallel to the left wing of the allied army. General Jacqueminot's division of light cavalry was stationed on the extreme right of Count d'Erlon's infantry. The left wing, under Count Reille, consisted of six brigades of infantry, also drawn up in two lines with La Belle Alliance on the right, and its left inclining towards the wood of Hougomont. Pieré's light cavalry was formed on the left of Reille's infantry. These two corps, with their cavalry, formed the first line of the French army. The second line consisted of cavalry. In rear of the centre, and on the left of the great road, were two divisions of the 6th corps, under Count Lobau, forming one great column of reserve, while on the right of the same road were stationed two divisions of cavalry. The Imperial Guard, cavalry and infantry, constituting the grand reserve to the whole line of battle, was formed on a third line on the heights in rear of the position. This admirable disposition of the French order of battle presented resources to its general on every point, from the facility it afforded him, in the event of disorder, of succouring his infantry, or of promptly following up any advantage he might gain.

The allied army was disposed in the following order: The corps of the Prince of Orange, forming the centre of the line, was posted on some high ground—its right in the rear of the farm of Hougomont; its left behind La Haye Sainte. These two posts were occupied by light troops. Lord Hill's corps

* United Service Journal.

formed the right wing between Merke Braine and Hougomont. General Picton commanded the left wing, which took up a position between the road from Genappe and Ter-la-Haye, through which village a communication was kept up with the Prussian army by means of patrols. The cavalry, under the command of the Earl of Uxbridge, was principally stationed in rear of the left wing, the hussar brigade being on the extreme left of the whole line. Major-general Ponsonby's heavy cavalry was posted immediately in rear of Picton's division. The artillery was judiciously planted in various parts of the line. With this order of battle the Duke of Wellington determined to receive the enemy's assault, it having been arranged that Blucher should aid him with part of his army, under General Bulow, whose arrival was expected about the middle of the day.

The position of Mont St. Jean, thus taken up by the British army,* was situated about a mile, or a mile and a half from a similar height on which the French army placed itself. It was divided from the opposite ascent by a valley into which there was a very gentle and regular slope, so that the whole of the ground within cannon-shot could be readily seen. Two great roads nearly perpendicular to the line of the army, and two smaller roads in a line with the army, and behind it, gave every facility for a free communication for troops and guns. On another ridge about 500 yards behind the first lines of the British, the second lines were stationed, unseen from the French position, and between the two ridges a valley gave cover to any movement that it might be requisite to make. The flanks were sufficiently protected by the possession of the village of Braine-la-Leude on the right, and La Haye and Ohain on the left, as well as by the forest of Soignies in the rear, upon which both flanks were thrown back.

The smallest reflection upon this position will at once refute the objections of those who have blamed the Duke of Wellington for his choice in occupying it. The only one of these objections that it is necessary to examine is that which states that, in case of defeat, the position left no means of retreat, and that the English army would, in such circumstances, have been utterly destroyed. Now, in any case, it must be very difficult to predicate what would happen in certain contingencies; but in the present circumstances, there does not appear to be any doubt that under such an unfortunate occurrence the British army would have been able to effect a retreat without any extraordinary difficulty. If its first position had been carried, the village

* The British cavalry and artillery were superb and magnificent; superior, perhaps, to any force of the kind which the world had ever seen; and Marshal Blucher, who reviewed them a short time before the opening of the campaign, declared that he had not given the world credit for containing so many fine men. The infantry, who, after all, carried away the foremost honours of the day, were inferior in point of men; there were many battalions composed entirely of lads and recruits, who had never seen a shot fired: a great part of the flower of the British infantry, the victors of so many fields, had not arrived from America.

of St. Jean in the rear, at the junction of the two great roads before mentioned, would have been an excellent centre of support for a second position, from which it would have been equally difficult to dislodge the British. The position was also sufficiently in advance of the forest to give a free approach from every part of the field to the great road which led into it, and another farmhouse and wood immediately behind Mont St. Jean would have enabled the army to keep the road open, so as to afford sufficient leisure to allow all the guns to file into the forest.

But even if the British troops had been driven into the forest in a state of rout, they would there have found themselves in comparative safety. The forest consists of tall trees without underwood, almost every where passable for men and horses. In such a position, the practicability of maintaining themselves against the French army must be evident to any one who considers the extreme difficulty of forcing infantry from a wood which cannot be turned; and it is confirmed by a remark of the Duke of Wellington, made in conversation with a friend—"They could never have so beaten us but that we could have made good the wood against them."

The chief strength of the position of Mont St. Jean, was given by the two farms in front: Hougomont and La Haye Sainte. These farms lay on the slope of the valley, about 1500 yards apart. Both were calculated for containing troops, and Hougomont comprised an extent of gardens and enclosures, capable of containing a force sufficient to make it an important post. No columns of the French could pass between them without being exposed to a flank fire, and this circumstance gave the principal advantage to the English position, which would otherwise have possessed little superiority over that of the French, except the loss to which the latter must unavoidably be exposed in advancing in column upon a line already fixed.

The army, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, amounted, according to Captain Batty, to about 55,000 men, of whom 28,000 were British. Another estimate, which includes outposts, &c., made by an officer of the British army, gives the following numbers:

"The allied army in front of the village of Waterloo (June 18, 1815) consisted of 81 battalions, 28 regiments of cavalry, and 138 pieces of artillery. Of these, 25 battalions, 15 regiments of cavalry, and 72 guns, were British; 8 battalions, 4 regiments of cavalry, and 18 pieces of artillery, belonged to the German Legion; 9 battalions, and 1 regiment of cavalry, with 12 guns, were Hanoverian; 9 battalions, 1 regiment of cavalry, and 12 pieces of ordnance, Brunswick; 22 battalions, 7 regiments of cavalry, and 24 guns, Dutch and Belgic; and 3 battalions of Nassau troops, making a total of 50,500 infantry, and 10,250 cavalry. A division of 4 British and 9 Hanoverian battalions, with 18 guns, were, with a corps under Prince Frederick of

Orange, in front of Halle, about eight miles from the field of battle, which were not engaged. The French force present at Waterloo may be calculated at 65,000 infantry, and 17,000 cavalry, with 250 pieces of artillery. Napoleon crossed the Sambre with 136,000 men; but from these are to be deducted Grouchy's corps of 36,000 men, exclusive of casualties. The Prussian force, which arrived towards the end of the battle, may be estimated at 35,000; but of these only a portion was engaged."

A detailed French account of the number of Napoleon's troops engaged at Waterloo, which will be found at the end of the present chapter, by the Emperor's ex-secretary, M. Fleury de Chaboulon, gives a total of 67,100 men of all arms. This number is certainly somewhat below the mark. From a comparison of various statements, it seems likely that the French army consisted of rather more than 70,000 effective men, and 240 guns.

The morning of the 18th, and part of the forenoon, were passed by the French in a state of supineness, for which it was difficult to account. The rain had certainly retarded their movements, more particularly that of bringing the artillery into position; yet it was observed, that this had been accomplished at an early hour. In Grouchy's publication, we find a reason which may have caused this delay; namely, that Napoleon's ammunition had been so much exhausted in the preceding contests, that there was only a supply with the army for an action of eight hours. Bonaparte states, that it was necessary to wait until the ground was sufficiently dried, to enable the cavalry and artillery to manœuvre;* however, in such a soil, a few hours could make very little difference, particularly as a drizzling rain continued all the morning, and indeed after the action had commenced. The heavy fall of rain on the night of the 17th, was no doubt more disadvantageous to the French than to the troops under Lord Wellington; the latter were in position, and had few movements to make; whilst the French columns, and particularly the cavalry, were much fatigued and impeded by the state of the ground, which, with the trampled corn, caused them to advance more slowly and kept them longer under fire. On the other hand, the same causes delayed the Prussians in their junction, which they had promised to effect about noon.†

Soon after eleven,‡ the battle commenced by the advance of the French, under Jerome Bonaparte, upon Hougomont, which was occupied by some Nassau and Brunswick troops,

* Montholon.

† Capt. Pringle.

‡ Accounts differ as to the precise period at which the battle commenced. The British official account states the time to have been ten o'clock; but Colonel Mac Kinnon, who was with the guards at Hougomont, has a precise recollection that the first gun was fired at the time we have mentioned in our text.

and by the light companies of the English guards, under Colonel Macdonell; and the first gun fired was from an English battery. This made a gap, for a moment, in the head of the advancing column. A tremendous cannonade along the whole French line, from upwards of 200 guns, supported this attack. Napoleon's rapid and eagle glance at once discovered the great importance of the post of Hougomont, which was, in fact, the key to the English position. He accordingly directed his first efforts against it, and persevered in them unceasingly throughout the day. As these attacks were distinct from the other operations simultaneously going forward, we think we cannot do better than narrate the occurrences at this important spot during the action, for which we are indebted to an eye-witness (Colonel Mac Kinnon, of the Coldstream Guards). This gallant officer states, that—

“Shortly after the action had commenced, the tirailleurs drove the Nassau battalion and the company of Hanoverian Yagers through the wood to the rear of the chateau. This attack was repulsed by the two companies of the second brigade. The French were fast closing round, when Macdonell charged and drove them back on their advancing columns. These attempts were vigorously repeated for an hour and a half, but each time they failed.

“About one o'clock a cart of ammunition, which had been sent for early in the day, was brought into the farm-yard of Hougomont, and proved most seasonable. The men had only time to fill their pouches, when a discharge of artillery suddenly burst upon them, mingled with the shouts of a column rushing on to a fresh attack. A cloud of tirailleurs pushed through the wood and corn-fields: they were aimed at with fatal certainty from the loopholes, windows, and summit of the building. But the French eventually compelled the few men that remained outside to withdraw into the chateau by the rear gate. In the mean time, the French redoubled their efforts against it, and the fire of the immediate defenders of that point for a moment ceased. The gate was then forced. At this critical moment, Macdonell rushed to the spot with the officers and men nearest at hand, and not only expelled the assailants, but re-closed the gate. The French, from their overwhelming numbers, again entered the yard, when the guards retired to the house, and kept up from the windows such a destructive fire, that the French were driven out, and the gate once more was closed.

“General Foy having chased the Nassau troops before him, passed through the wood and surrounded the chateau. All attempts to rally these men proving fruitless, Lieutenant-Colonel Mac Kinnon with the grenadiers and first company moved to the support of the place, and the French were forced back. Lieutenant-Colonel Acheson then joined: the whole followed in pursuit and entered the wood, where they were received with an

incessant discharge of small arms. Colonel Woodford left the seventh and eighth companies in the position for the protection of the colours, and brought down the rest of the battalion. The third and fourth companies of the 3d guards were also sent to Hougomont under Lieutenant-Colonel Home, and occupied the hollow way near the entrance of the wood; these were succeeded by other detachments of equal strength from the same regiment.

“On the retreat of the Nassau troops, Lord Saltoun, with the light companies of the 1st brigade, was again ordered to Hougomont, and recovered the orchard, and also part of the wood in its front; the latter, however, there was no possibility of holding in opposition to the vast superiority of the French troops. Lord Saltoun, therefore, made occasional sallies from the orchard: his orders were, in the event of its being forced, to retire into the chateau; but he defended it against every attempt.

“The entrance of the wood was attacked in the most gallant manner by the Coldstream Guards. The companies under Colonel Woodford cheered, and after charging, opened a fire, but the powerful resistance they met with could not be overcome. This officer therefore retired, and entered Hougomont.

“Afterwards the French exerted themselves to carry the orchard. They twice got possession of the hedge, but gained no further ground, as the defenders were firm, and the troops on the garden-wall which overlooked the orchard, poured in a cross fire and occasioned them severe loss.

“A detachment from the 3d guards, and the grenadiers of that corps, with fifty Hanoverian riflemen, under Lord Saltoun, bravely charged a howitzer, but did not succeed. This, however, had the effect of stopping any thing further on that side, and the French contented themselves with firing from behind a ditch which ran nearly parallel to the hedge and ditch in front of the orchard.

“At two o'clock, Lord Saltoun was relieved by Lieutenant-Colonel Mercer of the 3d guards, who arrived with reinforcements. The 3d guards had been moved for the purpose of support by detachments of two companies at intervals, and after Colonel Woodford entered Hougomont with the Coldstream, they occupied the orchard, under Colonel Hepburn.

“The French soldiers were undaunted in their attacks; but Hougomont was defended with a calm and stubborn gallantry, that alone could have enabled so small a force to resist the repeated and fierce assaults of the great force, consisting of nearly the whole 2d French corps. The cross discharge from the artillery was incessant: the bursting of shells set part of the building in flames, and as the fire extended to the chapel and stables, many of the wounded soldiers of the Coldstream perished. The guards, nevertheless, at no time exceeding 2000 men, maintained the post amidst the terrible conflagration within, and the



HUGOMONT.

murderous fire of the attacking troops from without. When the contention terminated, the French dead lay piled round the chateau, in the wood, and every avenue leading to it.”*

During the early part of the day the action was almost entirely confined to this part of the line, except a galling fire of artillery along the centre, which was vigorously returned by the English guns. This fire gradually extended towards the left, and some demonstrations of an attack of cavalry were made by the French.

From the exposed position of part of the English troops on the sloping ground, they suffered very severely from the French artillery; and the Duke of Wellington thought it advisable to move them back about 150 to 200 yards to the reverse slope of the hill. The artillery in consequence remained in advance, that they might see into the valley. This movement was made between one and two o'clock, by the duke in person; it was general along the front or centre of the position, on the height to the right of La Haye Sainte.

This movement withdrew a considerable portion of the allied troops from the sight of the French, and appears to have been considered by them as the beginning of a retreat: Napoleon determined in consequence to attack our left centre, in order to get possession of the farm of Mont St. Jean, or of the village itself, which commanded the point where the two roads met. Accordingly Count d'Erlon moved forward with his whole corps, supported by large bodies of cavalry, and preceded by a tremendous cannonade. The English infantry were formed into squares to receive the cuirassiers. The French cavalry being in advance of their infantry on the left of the attack, the Duke of Wellington ordered the English life-guards to charge them. The cuirassiers were driven back on their own position, where the *chaussée*, being cut into the rising ground, left steep banks on either side. In this confined space, they fought at sword's length for some minutes, until some light artillery was brought down from the heights, upon which the British cavalry returned to its position.

Count d'Erlon's infantry, meanwhile, advanced beyond La Haye Sainte, which at this time they did not attack. As the French drew near, a Belgian brigade of infantry stationed in front, fell back in confusion, and the French columns instantly occupied the height. Sir Thomas Picton, perceiving this, immediately moved up General Pack's brigade, and opened a fire upon the French columns as they took possession of the vantage-ground they had just gained. Without waiting for the English charge of bayonets, the French infantry began to hesitate when the latter approached within thirty yards. At this moment, Ponsonby's brigade of heavy dragoons wheeling round

* Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards, by Colonel Mac Kinnon.

the infantry, took the French in flank. An immediate panic spread amongst them, and, throwing down their arms, they ran away in all directions to avoid the sabres of the cavalry.* Many were killed, and two eagles, with two thousand prisoners, taken. But the English cavalry pursued their success too far; they were fired upon by another column, and being at the same time attacked by a fresh body of French cavalry, they were driven back with much loss.

General Ponsonby, who commanded the heavy dragoons, and Sir Thomas Picton, who led on his division to repel this attack, were both killed.†

* Ponsonby's brigade which effected this brilliant charge, consisted of the Royal Dragoons, the Greys, and the Enniskillens. The attack was made most judiciously, for no sooner did he see the French infantry closely engaged, than he led his brigade up the slope and passed through the intervals of the British squares. Shrill and wild from the Highland ranks sounded the mountain-pipe, mingled with shouts of "Scotland for ever!" when the soldiers of the Scottish regiments saw the Greys arriving to their aid. The horsemen as they advanced replied to the spirit-stirring cheer, and like the avalanche, loosened by sudden and mighty effort from Alpine cliff, the whole of the gallant band burst at once upon the foe. The effect was tremendous. The four shapeless columns were instantly broken into fragments and trodden under hoof. As the tempest swept on, small parties of men who had here and there escaped untouched, others who had only been overthrown, and hundreds who had sunk down before the fury of the onset, ran wildly about the field, scarcely knowing where to seek safety; many rushed in upon the British infantry and surrendered.—*United Service Journal*.

† The following particulars connected with the death of Sir Thomas Picton, will be read with melancholy interest:

"The French columns were marching close up to the hedge; the English advanced to meet them, and the muzzles of their muskets almost touched. Picton ordered Sir James Kempt's brigade forward; they bounded over the hedge, and were received with a murderous volley. A frightful struggle then ensued; the English rushed with fury upon their opponents, not stopping to load, but trusting solely to the bayonet to do its deadly work. The French fire had, however, fearfully thinned this first line, and they were fighting at least six to one. Picton, therefore, ordered General Pack's brigade to advance. With the exhilarating cry of "Charge! Hurra! hurra!" he placed himself at their head, and led them forward. They returned his cheer as they followed him with a cool determination, which, in the words of the Spanish chief Alava, 'appalled the enemy.'

"The general kept at the head of the line, stimulating it by his own example. According to the Duke of Wellington's despatch, 'this was one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position.' To defeat it was therefore of vital importance to the success of the day. Picton knew this, and doubtless felt that his own presence would tend greatly to inspire his men with confidence. He was looking along his gallant line, waving his sword, when a ball struck him on the temple, and he fell back upon his horse—dead. Captain Tyler, seeing him fall, immediately dismounted and ran to his assistance: with the aid of a soldier he lifted him off his horse; but all assistance was vain—his noble spirit had fled.

"The rush of war passed on, the contending hosts had met, and none could be idle at such a moment. His body was therefore placed beneath a tree, by which it could readily be found when the fight was done.

"When the sanguinary struggle had ceased, and the victorious English were called back to the field of battle, leaving the Prussians to pursue the enemy, Captain Tyler went in search of the body of his old general. He found it easily.

After the French cuirassiers had formed again, they returned to the attack with strong reinforcements, and made several desperate attacks upon the English infantry, who immediately formed into square, and maintained themselves with the most determined courage and coolness. During these various charges upon the squares, the French cuirassiers displayed great intrepidity, riding up to the ranks, and actually cutting at the bayonets with their swords, and firing at the officers.

The French cavalry, in their attack on the centre of the British line, were not supported by infantry. They came on, we have stated, with the greatest courage, close to the British squares. The artillery, which was somewhat in front, kept up a well-directed fire upon them as they advanced, but, on their nearer approach, the gunners were obliged to retire into the squares, so that the guns were actually in momentary possession of the French cavalry, who could not, however, keep possession of them, or even spike them, if they had the means, in consequence of the heavy fire of musketry to which they were exposed. The French accounts state that several squares were broken, and standards taken, which is decidedly false; on the contrary, the small squares constantly repulsed the cavalry, whom they generally allowed to advance close to their bayonets before they fired. They were then driven back with loss on all points, and the artillerymen immediately resuming their guns in the most prompt manner, opened a destructive fire of grapeshot on them as they retired.

During this memorable action the British infantry was generally drawn up in squares, each regiment forming a separate body, not quite solid, but nearly so, the men being drawn up several files deep. The distance between these masses afforded space enough to draw up the battalions in line when they should be ordered to deploy; and the regiments were posted with reference

Upon examination, the ball was discovered to have entered near the left temple and passed through the brain, which must have produced instant dissolution: after this, meeting with some resistance, it glanced downwards, and was found just under the skin near the articulation of the lower jaw.

“ Upon looking at the dress of Sir Thomas Picton in the evening of the 18th, a few hours after his fall, it was observed that his coat was torn on one side. This led to a further examination, and then the truth became apparent:—on the 16th he had been wounded at Quatre-Bras; a musket-ball had struck him and broken two of his ribs, besides producing, it was supposed, some internal injuries; but, expecting that a severe battle would be fought within a short time, he kept this wound secret, lest he should be solicited to absent himself. From the moment he had left this country until he joined the army, he had never entered any bed—he had scarcely given himself time to take any refreshment, so eager was he in the performance of his duty. After the severe wound which he had received, he would have been justified in not engaging in the action of the 18th. His body was not only blackened by his first wound, but even swelled to a considerable degree: and those who had seen it wondered that he should have been able to take part in the duties of the field.”—*Memoirs of Sir T. Picton.*

to each other much like the alternate squares of a chess-board. It was therefore impossible for a squadron of cavalry to push between two of these squares, without finding itself at once assailed by a fire in front, or from that which was in the rear, and on both flanks from those betwixt which it had to move forward. The British artillery also, which was admirably served, made dreadful gaps in the squadrons of cavalry, and strewed the ground with men and horses as they advanced to the charge. Still this was far from repressing the courage of the French, who rushed on in defiance of every obstacle, and of the continued slaughter which was made among their ranks; or, if the attack of the cavalry was suspended for a short interval, it was to give room for the operation of their artillery, which, within the distance of a hundred and fifty yards, played upon the British squares with the most destructive effect. Yet, under such a fire, and in full view of these clouds of cavalry, waiting, like birds of prey, to dart upon them where the slaughter should afford the slightest opening, did these gallant troops close their files over the bodies of their dead and dying comrades, and resume, with stern composure, that close array of battle, which, as their discipline and experience taught them, afforded the surest means of defence.

“ After the failure of the first attack, the French had little or no chance of success by renewing it; but the officers, perhaps ashamed of the failure of troops, of whose prowess they were justly proud, endeavoured repeatedly to bring them back to charge the squares; they could, however, only be brought to pass between them and round them; they even penetrated to our second line, where they cut down some stragglers and artillery drivers, who were with the limbers and ammunition waggons. They charged the Belgian squares in the second line with no better success, and, upon some heavy Dutch cavalry showing themselves, they soon retired.

“ If the French supposed the allies to be in retreat, such an attack of cavalry might have led to the most important results; but by their passing and re-passing the British squares of infantry, they suffered severely by their fire; so much so, that, before the end of the action, when they might have been of great use, either in the last great attack, or in covering the retreat, they were nearly destroyed. The only advantage which appeared to result from their remaining in the British position was, that it prevented the guns from playing on the columns which afterwards formed near La Belle Alliance, in order to debouch for a new attack. The galling fire of the infantry, however, forcing the French horsemen at length to retire into the hollow ground to cover themselves, the artillery were again at their guns, and being in advance of the squares, saw completely into the valley, and by their well-directed fire, made gaps in them as they re-formed to repeat this useless expenditure of lives. Had



FROM THE PAINTING BY A. BLIGNY.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY THE ARTIST.

THE GUARD—CAMPAIGN OF FRANCE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

Bonaparte been nearer the front, he surely would have prevented this wanton sacrifice of his best troops. The protracted presence of his cavalry in the British lines evidently prevented him from concentrating the fire of his powerful artillery on that part of the line he intended to break, as had always been his custom; and this was treating his enemy with a contempt, which, from what he had experienced at Quatre-Bras, could not be justified.*

“No situation could be more trying to the steady courage of the British army than the disposition of the troops in square at Waterloo. There is an excited feeling in an attacking body that stimulates the coldest, and blunts the thought of danger. The tumultuous enthusiasm of the assault spreads from man to man, and duller spirits catch a gallant frenzy from the brave around them. But the enduring and devoted courage which pervaded the British squares, when, hour after hour, mowed down by a murderous artillery, and wearied by furious and frequent onsets of lancers and cuirassiers; when the constant order, “Close up!—close up!” marked the quick succession of slaughter that thinned their ranks; and when later in the day, the remnants of two, and even three regiments were necessary to complete the square which one of them had formed in the morning—to support this with firmness, and ‘feed death,’ inactive and unmoved, exhibited that calm and desperate bravery which elicited the admiration of Napoleon himself.

“There was a terrible sameness in the battle of the 18th of June, which distinguishes it in the history of great modern battles. Although designated by Napoleon ‘a day of false manœuvres,’ in reality there was less display of military tactics at Waterloo than in any general action we have on record. Bonaparte’s favourite plan was perseveringly followed. To turn a wing, or separate a position, was his customary system. Both were tried at Hougomont to turn the right, and at La Haye Sainte to break through the left centre. Hence the French operations were confined to fierce and incessant onsets with masses of cavalry and infantry, generally supported by a numerous and destructive artillery.

“Knowing that to repel these desperate and sustained attacks,

* After one of these charges of cavalry, a hand-to-hand encounter, many of which occurred during the day, took place in sight of the British forces. An hussar and a French cuirassier met in the plain; the former had lost his cap, and was bleeding from a wound on the head; he did not, however, hesitate to attack his steel-clad adversary, and it was soon evident that the efficiency of cavalry depends upon good horsemanship and skill in the use of the sword, and not in heavy defensive armour. The moment that the swords crossed, the military skill and superiority of the hussar were evident; after a few skirmishes, the Frenchman received a violent cut in the face that made him reel in his saddle: it was now impossible for him to escape his active opponent, and a well-directed thrust of the British hussar levelled the cuirassier to the ground, amidst the cheers of his anxious comrades.

a tremendous sacrifice of human life must occur, Napoleon, in defiance of their acknowledged bravery, calculated on wearying the British into defeat. But when he saw his columns driven back in confusion; when charged on the left of the English line by the gallant Ponsonby; when his cavalry receded from the squares they could not penetrate; when battalions were reduced to companies by the fire of his cannon, and still that 'feeble few' showed a perfect front, and held the ground they had originally taken; no wonder his admiration was expressed to Soult—'How beautifully these English fight!—but they must give way!' ”*

While the battle continued along the whole of the British position, the Belgians were driven from Papellote and La Haye by the French. One of the columns in making this attack, was completely routed by the 12th British dragoons: this, nevertheless, did not prevent them from carrying the two villages. The possession of them however was of little moment.

The farm of La Haye Sainte was bravely defended by 300 men of the King's German Legion. Profiting by the temporary recoil produced by one of their combined attacks upon this part of the British line, La Haye Sainte was surrounded by their troops, and incessant efforts were made by them to carry it. The gallant Germans repulsed every attempt as long as their ammunition lasted. This at length failed them, and there was no possibility of introducing a further supply. The overwhelming force of the French near the spot, and the difficulty of ingress offered by the construction of the building, rendered all aid hopeless. For some time these devoted men resisted their adversaries with their swords and bayonets; but the French, firing upon them from the roof, and bursting open the strong doors and defences, soon succeeded in overpowering the remnant, who, to a man, were put to the sword. This success, unattended with any ultimate benefit to the French, was all they can boast of. The contest was now continued in the same unconnected mode of skirmishing in front of La Haye Sainte, and around Hougomont.

It was about four o'clock when a brief cessation of Napoleon's repeated attacks took place: this may be considered as the crisis of the sanguinary contest of Waterloo. The squares of the allied army had remained unshaken, and as it were like a rock fixed to the ground; they had received repeated charges with a characteristic coolness and intrepidity that have no equal. The Emperor might at this moment have broken off the engagement, but if it was to be continued, it could only be done by destroying the English army before the Prussians, who were expected, should arrive; for at this time, General D'Aumont, who had been detached to watch the progress of the Prussians

* Maxwell.

announced that a corps of 10,000 men was in full march towards Planchenoit.

“The French about this period seemed to concentrate their artillery, particularly on the left of the Genappe chaussée, in front of La Belle Alliance, and commenced a heavy fire (a large proportion of their guns were twelve-pounders) on that part of the British line extending from behind La Haye Sainte towards Hougomont: the infantry sheltered themselves, by lying down behind the ridge of the rising ground, and bore it with the most heroic patience. Several of the English guns had been disabled, and many artillerymen killed and wounded, so that this fire was scarcely returned, but when the new point of attack was no longer doubtful, two brigades were brought from Lord Hill’s corps on the right, and were of most essential service.

“The British army had sustained several severe attacks, which had been all repulsed, and no advantage of any consequence had been gained by the French. They had possessed part of the wood and garden of Hougomont, and La Haye Sainte, which latter they were unable to occupy. Not a square had been broken, shaken, or obliged to retire. Our infantry continued to display the same obstinacy, the same cool, calculating confidence in themselves, in their commander, and in their officers, which had covered them with glory in the long and arduous war in the Peninsula. From the limited extent of the field of battle, and the tremendous fire their columns were exposed to, the loss of the enemy could not have been less than 15,000 killed and wounded. Two eagles, and 2000 prisoners, had been taken, and their cavalry nearly destroyed. We still occupied nearly the same position as we did in the morning, but our loss had been severe, perhaps not less than 10,000 killed and wounded. Our ranks were further thinned by the numbers of men who carried off the wounded; part of whom never returned to the field; the number of Belgians and Hanoverian troops, many of whom were young levies, that crowded to the rear, was very considerable, besides the number of our own dismounted dragoons, together with a proportion of our infantry, some of whom, as will always be found in the best armies, were glad to escape from the field. These thronged the road leading to Brussels, in a manner that none but an eyewitness could have believed, so that perhaps the actual force under the Duke of Wellington at this time, half-past six, did not amount to more than 34,000 men.”*

It may here be proper to consider the situation of the Prussian army, and the assistance they had been able to render up to this time.

“We had at an early hour been in communication with some

* Capt. Pringle.

patrols of Prussian cavalry on our extreme left. A Prussian corps, under Bulow, had marched from Wavre at an early hour to manœuvre on the right and rear of the French army, but Marshal Blucher with a large proportion of the Prussian army were still on the heights above Wavre, when the action had commenced at Waterloo.”*

The state of the roads had become deplorable, for the ground was completely saturated with the heavy rains that had fallen during sixteen hours. Rivulets had become torrents: water had filled up every hollow, so as constantly to compel the troops to separate—for in many cases the infantry were obliged to wade for hundreds of yards together, along the forest roads, which might rather be termed water-courses. The columns of the Prussian troops advancing from Wavre, extended over many miles. Great as were the obstacles that retarded the progress of the cavalry and infantry, the immense train of artillery occasioned still greater delay, although they had not more than twelve or fourteen miles to march. The guns frequently sunk axle-deep into the mud; “We shall never get on,” was heard on all sides. “We *must* get on,” replied Blucher. “I have given my word to Wellington, and you surely will not suffer me to break it! only exert yourselves a few hours longer, my children, and certain victory is ours.” Thus encouraging their gallant efforts, the marshal was to be seen in every part of the tedious line of march. The cannonading at Waterloo had been distinctly heard by Blucher and his anxious army for several hours. Aides-de-camp were continually arriving with reports of the state of the battle; and the Prussians were arduously engaged in toiling through narrow lanes, being well aware that if attacked in such a perilous position, should the English army experience a reverse, their own destruction would be inevitable.

Information had been conveyed to Blucher, about three o’clock, that Grouchy had attacked General Thielmann at Wavre, in great force. Unmoved by this news, the veteran Marshal replied, “Tell him to do his best; for the campaign of Belgium must be decided at Mont Saint-Jean, and not at Wavre.”

Marshal Blucher, who had joined in person Bulow’s corps at half-past four, immediately ordered two brigades of infantry, and some cavalry, to act on the right of the French. He was so far from them, however, that his fire was too distant to produce any effect, and was chiefly intended to give the Duke of Wellington notice of his arrival. It was certainly past five o’clock before the fire of the Prussian artillery was observed from the British position; and it soon seemed to cease altogether. It appears they had advanced, and obtained some success, but were afterwards held in check by the French, who sent a corps under General Lobau to prevent them from ad-

* Captain Pringle.

vancing. About half-past six, the first Prussian corps came into communication with the extreme left of the British army, near the small hamlet of Ohain.*

The attacks of the French now bore a wild and savage aspect: they resembled the onsets of irregular hordes, and rushed in detached bands upon the English lines, which remained unmoved under these continued assaults; Milhaud's cuirassiers and the cavalry of the guard had again charged about five o'clock: to support these, the cuirassiers of Valmy were despatched, as well as a part of the reserve cavalry;† but the British squares were again formed, and successfully repulsed them. Thousands of French cavalry were in this manner put *hors de combat* during the day. Not able to force the square of the British infantry, the French cavalry showed greater courage when opposed to the horse of the allies, and many severe contests took place between them in front of, and even among the squares.

During the comparative cessation which now took place, the Duke began to concentrate his forces towards the centre. The assistance of the Prussians, as we have already stated, was expected at mid-day, and this induced Wellington to accept a battle; so that the British army had to bear the whole brunt of the action for a much longer period than was calculated. It was now past six o'clock, and they had been under fire for nearly seven hours. The Duke of Wellington, however, never for a moment showed any anxiety as to the result of the battle. He knew his troops, and all that they would do under him and for him, and felt confident he should be able to maintain his position. The British army was not aware of the concerted approach of the Prussians, nor did their commander think it necessary to animate their exertions by telling them they were coming. Napoleon, on the contrary, in order to revive the already drooping spirits of his men, even of his favourite guards, who had not as yet been engaged, sent Labédoyère to inform them, as they were about to advance on our squares, that the corps of Grouchy had joined the right flank of the French army. This intelligence deceived even Marshal Ney, and had a bad effect in the French ranks when the men learned that it was false.

On the part of Wellington, besides the corps of observation stationed at Halle, and which had not been engaged, a considerable portion of Lord Hill's corps was still available as a reserve. On the side of Bonaparte, the Imperial Guard had been kept in reserve, and had been for some time formed

* United Service Journal.

† Bonaparte allows that this charge was made too soon; but that it was necessary to support it, and that the cuirassiers of Kellerman, 3000 in number, were consequently ordered forward to maintain the position. And he allows that the grenadiers-à-cheval, and dragoons of the guard, which were in reserve, advanced without orders—that he sent to recal them, but, as they were already engaged, any retrograde movement would then have been dangerous.

on the heights which extend from La Belle Alliance towards Hougomont, that covered their left flank. With these devoted and brave men Bonaparte resolved to make a last desperate effort to break the often tried centre of the British line, and carry their position before the attack of the Prussians could take effect.

About seven o'clock they advanced in two columns,* leaving four battalions in reserve. They were commanded by Ney, who led them on. At the same time, they pushed forward some light troops in the direction of La Haye Sainte. The advance of these columns of the Imperial Guard was supported by a heavy fire of artillery. The British infantry, which had been posted on the reverse of the hill, to be sheltered from the guns, was instantly moved forward by Lord Wellington. General Maitland's brigade of guards, and General Adam's brigade (52d and 71st regiments, and 95th rifles), met this formidable attack. They were flanked by two brigades of artillery, who kept up a destructive discharge on the advancing columns. The English troops waited for the approach of the French with their characteristic coolness, until they were within a short distance of their line, when they opened a well-directed fire upon them. This line was formed four deep. Each man fired independently, retiring a few paces to load, and then advanced again, so that they never ceased for a moment. The French, headed by their gallant leader, still came on, notwithstanding the severe loss they sustained by this destructive musketry. They were now within about fifty yards of the British line, when they attempted to deploy, in order to return the fire. The line appeared to be closing round them. They could not deploy under such a storm; and, from the moment they ceased to advance, their chance of success was over. They now formed a confused mass, and at last giving way, retired in the utmost confusion. They were immediately pursued by the light troops of General Adam's brigade. This decided the battle. Napoleon had now exhausted his means of attack. He had still, however, the four battalions of the Old Guard in reserve. Lord Wellington immediately ordered his whole line to advance, and attack their position. The French were already attempting a retreat. The Old Guard formed a square to cover the dismayed and flying columns, flanked by a few guns, and supported by some light cavalry (red lancers).

It was fully expected that Napoleon would charge at the head of his gallant guards; but though he certainly exposed his person to great danger towards the end of the battle, he did not put himself at their head as he certainly would have done in the days of Lodi and Arcola. A distinguished writer says—

“It was about seven o'clock at night when Napoleon determined to devote this proved and faithful reserve as his last

* See Lord Wellington's despatches.

stake, to the chance of one of those desperate games in which he had been so frequently successful. For this purpose he left the more distant point of observation, which he had for some time occupied upon the heights in the rear of the line, and descending from the hill, placed himself in the midst of the highway, fronting Mont St. Jean, and within about a quarter of a mile of the English line. The banks which rise high on each side, protected him from such balls as did not come in a direct line. Here he caused his guards to defile before him, and acquainting them that the English cavalry and infantry were entirely destroyed, and that to carry their position, they had only to sustain with bravery a heavy fire of their artillery, he concluded by pointing to the causeway, and exclaiming, 'There, there is the road to Brussels!' The prodigious shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, with which the guards answered this appeal, led the British troops, and the Duke of Wellington himself, to expect an instant renewal of the attack, with Napoleon as their leader.

"In this, the last charge they were ever to make, the guards of Napoleon advanced into the plain with demonstrations of enthusiasm; but it was soon evident that their courage was damped. They advanced against every obstacle till they attained the ridge, where the British soldiers lay on the ground to avoid the destructive fire of artillery, by which the assault was covered: but this was their final effort. 'Up guards and at them!' cried the Duke of Wellington, who was then with a brigade of the household infantry. In an instant they sprang up, and, assuming the offensive, rushed upon the attacking columns with the bayonet. This body of the guards had been previously disposed in line, instead of the squares which they had hitherto formed. But the line was of unusual depth, consisting of four ranks instead of two. 'You have stood cavalry in this order,' said the general, 'and can therefore find no difficulty in charging infantry.' The effect of their three fatal cheers, and of the rapid advance which followed, was decisive. The guards of Napoleon were within twenty yards of the British, but not one staid to cross bayonets. The consciousness that no support or reserve remained to them, added confusion to their retreat. The tirailleurs of the Imperial Guard gallantly attempted to cover the retreat. They were charged by the British cavalry, and literally cut to pieces."*

"The first Prussian corps, commanded by Bulow, had now joined our extreme left. They had obtained possession of the village of La Haye, driving out the French light troops, who occupied it. Bulow had some time previously made an unsuccessful attack upon the village of Planchenoit, in the rear of the French right wing, and being joined by the second

* Paul's Letters.

corps (Pirch's), was again advancing to attack it.* In the mean time, the square of the Old Guard maintained itself, the guns on its flank firing upon the British light cavalry, which now advanced, and threatened to turn the flank. The light troops were close on their front, and the whole line was advancing under Wellington, when this body, the *élite*, and now the only hope of the French to cover their retreat, and save their army, gave way, and mixed in the general confusion and rout, abandoning their cannon and all their *matériel*."†

The closing scene of Waterloo is described with great animation in the following passage:

"The irremediable disorder consequent on this decisive repulse, and the confusion in the French rear, where Bulow had fiercely attacked them, did not escape the eagle glance of Wellington. "The hour is come!" he is said to have exclaimed; and closing his telescope, commanded the whole line to advance. The order was exultingly obeyed: forming four deep, on came the British;—wounds, and fatigue, and hunger, were all forgotten! With their customary steadiness they crossed the ridge: when they saw the French, and began to move down the hill, a cheer that seemed to rend the heavens pealed from their proud array, and with levelled bayonets they pressed on to meet the enemy.

"But, panic-stricken and disorganized, the French resistance was short and feeble. The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear; the British bayonet was flashing in their front, and, unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled. A dreadful and indiscriminate carnage ensued. The great road was choked with their *matériel*, and cumbered with the dead and dying; while the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with fugitives. Courage and discipline were forgotten, and Napoleon's army of yesterday was now a splendid wreck—a terror-stricken multitude. His own words best describe it—'It was a total rout!'"‡

"But although the French army had ceased to exist, and now exhibited rather the flight of a scattered horde of barbarians, than the retreat of a disciplined body—never had it, in the proudest days of its glory, shown greater devotion to its leader, or displayed more desperate and unyielding bravery, than during this long and sanguinary battle."‡

It was now nearly dark: Bulow, upon being joined by Pirch's corps, again attacked Planchenoit, which he turned; and then the French abandoned it. He immediately advanced towards the Genappe chaussée, and closed round the right of the French, driving the enemy before him, and augmenting their confusion.

* General Gneisenau says it was past seven o'clock before Pirch's corps came up; and this fact is admitted in Blucher's official despatches.

† Captain Pringle.

‡ Maxwell.

His troops came into the high road, near Maison du Roi, and Blucher and Wellington having met about the same time near La Belle Alliance, it was resolved to pursue the French, and give them no time to rally.

The loss of the Prussians on the 18th did not exceed 800 men: The brunt of the action was chiefly sustained by the British troops, and King's German Legion, whose loss in killed and wounded, according to the official return, amounted to 9063. If to this be added the casualties of the various foreign contingents, the loss of the allied army may be computed at 14,000 men.

The British army rested on the night of the 18th on the field of battle, but this was not before a hot pursuit of the French had been accomplished; and then the Duke of Wellington halted, not only on account of the fatigue of his troops, which had been engaged eight hours, but because he found himself on the same road with Marshal Blucher, who promised to continue the pursuit during the night.

The Prussians well performed this part of their duty; and the Duke of Wellington, with the liberality of an honourable mind, in his despatches, made the fullest acknowledgment of their services.

"I should not," said he, "do justice to my feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them. The operation of General Bulow upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one; and even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them, if they should unfortunately have succeeded." The Prussian pursuit was most active and vigorous. The Marshal had ordered that the last man and the last horse should join in it, and nothing could be more complete than the discomfiture of the French. "The causeway," says the Prussian narrative, "was covered with an innumerable quantity of cannon, caissons, carriage, baggage, arms, and wrecks of every kind. Those of the enemy who had attempted to repose for a time, and had not expected to be so quickly pursued, were driven from their bivouacs. The whole march was a continued chase. About 40,000 men, the remains of their whole army, saved themselves by retreating through Charleroi, partly without arms, and carrying with them only 27 pieces of their numerous artillery."

The Prussians, who had made only a short march during the day, pursued the enemy with such vigour that they were unable to rally a single battalion. They once attempted to make a show of resistance at Genappe, where, perhaps, if they had had a chief to direct them, they might have maintained themselves until daylight, the situation of the village being strong; this might have given them the means of having, at least, the semblance of an army. The second Prussian corps was afterwards detached to

intercept Grouchy, who was not aware of the result of the battle until twelve o'clock next day. He had succeeded in obtaining some advantage over General Thielmann, and got possession of Wavre. He immediately retreated towards Namur, where his rear-guard maintained themselves against all the efforts of the Prussians, who suffered severely in their attempt to take the place. This served to cover his retreat, which he executed with great ability, keeping in a parallel line to Blucher, and having rallied many of the fugitives, he brought his army in the end, without loss, to Paris.

Grouchy had been considered as lost, and his army made prisoners: this belief was a great cause of the resignation of Bonaparte; otherwise, with this army he could have mustered 70,000 or 80,000 men; with the fortifications and resources of Paris, which were sufficiently secure against a *coup-de-main*, it was not likely he would so easily have submitted without another struggle, after the brilliant defensive campaign he had made the preceding year. The great central depots of Paris and Lyons gave him great advantages, as is well known. There are always some turns of fortune in the events of war; he might, at least, have made terms. The southern and eastern parts of France were certainly in his favour; he and his army had been well received there only a few weeks before. That army, and a great part of the population, would still have been glad to make sacrifices to endeavour to re-establish the sullied lustre of his arms. At least, the honour of falling sword in hand was in his power.

The time of the arrival and co-operation of the Prussians has been variously stated. The account given by us is, perhaps, as near the truth as can be. The French writers make it at an early hour, to account more satisfactorily for their defeat. The Prussians also make it somewhat earlier than was actually the case, in order to participate more largely in the honours of the day. Their powerful assistance has been acknowledged to its full extent. We may say with Sir W. Scott, "the British won the battle, the Prussians achieved and rendered valuable the victory." They completed the destruction of the French army after it had failed in all its attacks against the British, which had continued upwards of seven hours; this was, however, after the cavalry had been destroyed, the Imperial Guards driven back, and eagles and prisoners taken, and when their means of further attack might be considered as exhausted.

The British army had suffered severely, and was not in a condition to take great advantage of the retreat of the French. But its safety was never for a moment compromised, and no calculation could justify the idea that the British would have been easily defeated and driven from their position; in such an event the French would have been so much crippled, as to be unable to follow up their advantage, and the arrival of the Prussian army must have obliged them to retire.

Muffin has observed, that the bold movement of Blucher

on the 18th has not been sufficiently appreciated. It was daring and masterly: even when he was told that Grouchy was in his rear with a large force, his plans were not shaken, though this might have somewhat retarded his movements. The veteran knew that it was on the field of Waterloo that the fate of the day was to be decided, and even if Grouchy had attacked Bulow's corps, there was nothing to prevent the 1st and 2d Prussian corps from joining the British army by Ohain. There cannot be a moment's doubt of the anxiety and exertions of the Prussians to assist on the 18th. This short campaign of "Hours" was a joint operation. The honours must be shared. On the 16th, the Prussians fought at Ligny under the promise of our co-operation, which could not, however, be given to the extent it was wished or hoped. On the 18th, Lord Wellington fought at Waterloo, on the promise of the early assistance of the Prussians, which, though unavoidably delayed, was at last given with an effect, which perhaps had never before been witnessed. The finest army France ever saw, commanded by the greatest and ablest of her chiefs, ceased to exist, and in a moment the destiny of Europe was changed.* The actual loss of the French army at Waterloo has never been officially stated; it is however generally believed, that not more than half of it escaped.

Such was the battle of Waterloo: the most warmly contested and certainly most decisive, in modern military history. It shed the brightest lustre on the British arms—never had the unflinching bravery of British soldiers been more severely tested; the infantry and artillery, in particular, acquired an undying renown by their conduct on this memorable day. They were ably seconded by their old Peninsula comrades the King's German Legion. Some of the foreign corps in Wellington's army displayed great gallantry; on the other hand a most dastardly spirit was manifested by a considerable portion, who scarcely awaited the first onset of the French. A Hanoverian regiment, the Cumberland Hussars, whose colonel was afterwards deservedly broken, galloped from the field at an early part of the day. Some Belgian battalions, and a brigade of Nassau artillery, also gave way, and could not be rallied. These fugitives crowded the road to Brussels, overturning all the equipages they met, and on reaching that city, caused the greatest alarm by the reports they spread of the advance of the French army. In his own modest narrative, Wellington's name rarely appeared; but all the private accounts of this engagement were filled with anecdotes of his extraordinary coolness in the most trying circumstances, and of the intrepidity with which he exposed himself where the danger was greatest.

* See "Remarks on the Campaign of 1815," by Captain John W. Pringle, of the artillery; a production not less distinguished by its perspicuity than by its rare impartiality.

FRENCH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

On the morning of the 16th, the army occupied the following position :

The left wing, commanded by the Marshal Duke of Elchingen, and consisting of the 1st and 2d corps of infantry, and the 2d of cavalry, occupied the positions of Frasnes.

The right wing, commanded by Marshal Grouchy, and composed of the 3d and 4th corps of infantry, and the 3d corps of cavalry, occupied the heights in rear of Fleurus.

The Emperor's head-quarters were at Charleroi, where were the Imperial Guard and the 6th corps.

The left wing had orders to march upon Quatre-Bras, and the right upon Sombref. The Emperor advanced to Fleurus with his reserve.

The columns of Marshal Grouchy being in march, perceived, after having passed Fleurus, the enemy's army, commanded by Field-Marshal Blucher, occupying with its left the heights of the mill of Bussy, the village of Sombref, and extending its cavalry a great way forward on the road to Namur; its right was at St. Amand, and occupied that large village in great force, having before it a ravine which formed its position.

The Emperor reconnoitred the strength and the position of the enemy, and resolved to attack immediately. It became necessary to change front, the right in advance, and pivoting upon Fleurus.

General Vandamme marched upon St. Amand, General Girard upon Ligny, and Marshal Grouchy upon Sombref. The 4th division of the 2d corps, commanded by General Girard, marched in reserve behind the corps of General Vandamme. The guard was drawn up on the heights of Fleurus, as well as the cuirassiers of General Milhaud.

At three in the afternoon, these dispositions were finished. The division of General Lefol, forming part of the corps of General Vandamme, was first engaged, and made itself master of St. Amand, whence it drove out the enemy at the point of the bayonet. It kept its ground during the whole of the engagement, at the burial-ground and steeple of St. Amand: but that village, which is very extensive, was the theatre of various combats during the evening; the whole corps of General Vandamme was there engaged, and the enemy there fought in considerable force.

General Girard, placed as a reserve to the corps of General Vandamme, turned the village by its right, and fought there with his accustomed valour. The respective forces were supported on both sides by about 50 pieces of cannon each.

On the right, General Girard came into action with the 4th corps, at the village of Ligny, which was taken and retaken several times.

Marshal Grouchy, on the extreme right, and General Pajol fought at the village of Sombref. The enemy showed from 80 to 90,000 men, and a great number of cannon.

At seven o'clock we were masters of all the villages situate on the bank of the ravine, which covered the enemy's position; but he still occupied, with all his masses, the heights of the mill of Bussy.

The Emperor returned with his guard to the village of Ligny; General Girard directed General Pecheux to debouch with what remained of the reserve, almost all the troops having been engaged in that village.

Eight battalions of the guard debouched with fixed bayonets, and behind them, four squadrons of the guards, the cuirassiers of General Delort, those of General Milhaud, and the grenadiers of the horse-guards. The old guard attacked with the bayonet the enemy's columns, which were on the heights of Bussy, and in an instant covered the field of battle with dead. The squadron of the guard attacked and broke a square, and the cuirassiers repulsed the enemy in all directions. At half-past nine o'clock we had forty pieces of cannon, several carriages, colours, and prisoners, and the enemy sought safety in a precipitate retreat. At ten o'clock the battle was finished, and we found ourselves masters of the field.

General Lutzow, a partisan, was taken prisoner. The prisoners assure us that Field-Marshal Blucher was wounded. The flower of the Prussian army was destroyed in this battle: its loss could not be less than 15,000 men. Ours was 3000 killed and wounded.

On the left, Marshal Ney had marched on Quatre-Bras with a division, which cut in pieces an English division which was stationed there; but being attacked by the Prince of Orange with 25,000 men, partly English, partly Hanoverians in the pay of England, he retired upon his position at Frasnes. There a multiplicity of combats took place: the enemy obstinately endeavoured to force it, but in vain. The Duke of Elchingen waited for the first corps, which did not arrive till night; he confined himself to maintaining his position. In a square attacked by the 8th regiment of cuirassiers, the colours of the 69th regiment of English infantry fell into our hands. The Duke of Brunswick was killed. The Prince of Orange has been wounded. We are assured that the enemy had many personages and generals of note killed or wounded; we estimate the loss of the English at from 4000 to 5000. Ours on this side was very considerable; it amounts to 4200 killed or wounded. The combat ended with the approach of night. Lord Wellington then evacuated Quatre-Bras, and proceeded to Genappes.

In the morning of the 17th the Emperor repaired to Quatre-Bras, whence he marched to attack the English army: he drove it to the entrance of the forest of Soignes with the left wing and the reserve. The right wing advanced by Sombref, in pursuit of Field-Marshal Blucher, who was going towards Wavre, where he appeared to wish to take a position.

At ten o'clock in the evening, the English army occupied Mont St. Jean with its centre, and was in position before the forest of Soignes: it would have required three hours to attack it; we were therefore obliged to postpone it till the next day.

The head-quarters of the Emperor were established at the farm of Oaillon, near Planchenoit. The rain fell in torrents. Thus, on the 16th, the left wing, the right, and the reserve, were equally engaged, at a distance of about two leagues.

At nine in the morning, the rain having somewhat abated, the 1st corps put itself in motion, and placed itself with the left on the road to Brussels, and opposite the village of Mont St. Jean, which appeared the centre of the enemy's position. The 2d corps leaned its right upon the road to Brussels, and its left upon a small wood, within cannon-shot of the English army. The cuirassiers were in reserve behind, and the guard in reserve upon the heights. The 6th corps, with the cavalry of General d'Aumont, under the orders of Count Lobau, was destined to proceed in rear of our right to oppose a Prussian corps, which appeared to have escaped Marshal Grouchy, and to intend to fall upon our right flank, an intention which had been made known to us by our reports, and by the letter of a Prussian general, enclosing an order of battle, and which was taken by our light troops.

The troops were full of ardour. We estimated the force of the English army at 80,000 men. We supposed that the Prussian corps, which might be in line towards the right, might be 15,000 men. The enemy's force, then, was upwards of 90,000 men, ours less numerous.

At noon, all the preparations being terminated, Prince Jerome, commanding a division of the second corps, and destined to form the extreme left of it, advanced upon the wood of which the enemy occupied a part. The cannonade began. The enemy supported, with 30 pieces of cannon, the troops he had sent to keep the wood. We made also on our side dispositions of artillery. At one o'clock Prince Jerome was master of all the wood, and the whole English army fell back behind a curtain. Count d'Erlon then attacked the village of Mont St. Jean, and supported his attack with 80 pieces of cannon, which must have occasioned great loss to the English army. All the efforts were made towards the ridge. A brigade of the 1st division of Count d'Erlon took the village of Mont St. Jean; a second brigade was charged by a corps of English cavalry, which occasioned it much loss. At the same moment a division of English cavalry charged the battery of Count d'Erlon by its right, and disorganized several pieces; but the cuirassiers of General Milhaud charged that division, three regiments of which were broken and cut up.

It was three in the afternoon. The Emperor made the guard advance to place it in the plain upon the ground which the 1st corps had occupied at the outset of the battle; this corps being already in advance. The Prussian division, whose movement had been foreseen, then engaged with the light troops of Count Lobau, spreading its fire upon our whole right flank. It was expedient, before undertaking any thing elsewhere, to wait for the event of this attack. Hence, all the means in reserve were ready to succour Count Lobau, and overwhelm the Prussian corps when it should be advanced.

This done, the Emperor had the design of leading an attack upon the village of Mont St. Jean, from which we expected decisive success; but, by a movement of impatience so frequent in our military annals, and which has often been so fatal to us, the cavalry of reserve, having perceived a retrograde movement made by the English to shelter themselves from our batteries, from which they suffered so

much, crowned the heights of Mont St. Jean, and charged the infantry. This movement, which, made in time, and supported by the reserves, must have decided the day, made in an isolated manner, and before affairs on the right were terminated, became fatal.

Having no means of countermanding it, the enemy showing many masses of cavalry and infantry, and our two divisions of cuirassiers being engaged, all our cavalry ran at the same moment to support their comrades. There, for three hours, numerous charges were made, which enabled us to penetrate several squares, and to take six standards of the light infantry; an advantage out of proportion with the loss which our cavalry experienced by the grapeshot and musket-firing. It was impossible to dispose of our reserves of infantry until we had repulsed the flank attack of the Prussian corps. This attack always prolonged itself perpendicularly upon our right flank. The Emperor sent thither General Duhesme with the young guard, and several batteries of reserve. The enemy was kept in check, repulsed, and fell back—he had exhausted his forces, and we had nothing to fear. It was this moment that was indicated for an attack upon the centre of the enemy. As the cuirassiers suffered from the grapeshot, we sent four battalions of the middle guard to protect the cuirassiers, keep the position, and, if possible, disengage and draw back into the plain a part of our cavalry.

Two other battalions were sent to keep themselves *en potence* upon the extreme left of the division, which had manœuvred upon our flanks, in order not to have any uneasiness on that side—the rest was disposed in reserve, part to occupy the *potence* in rear of Mont St. Jean, part upon the ridge in rear of the field of battle, which formed our position of retreat.

In this state of affairs, the battle was gained; we occupied all the positions, which the enemy occupied at the outset of the battle: our cavalry having been too soon and ill employed, we could no longer hope for decisive success; but Marshal Grouchy, having learned the movement of the Prussian corps, marched upon the rear of that corps, which ensured us a signal success for next day. After eight hours' fire and charges of infantry and cavalry, all the army saw with joy the battle gained, and the field of battle in our power.

At half-past eight o'clock, the four battalions of the middle guard, who had been sent to the ridge on the other side of Mont St. Jean, in order to support the cuirassiers, being greatly annoyed by the grapeshot, endeavoured to carry the batteries with the bayonet. At the end of the day, a charge directed against their flank, by several English squadrons, put them in disorder. The fugitives recrossed the ravine. Several regiments near at hand, seeing some troops belonging to the guard in confusion, believed it was the old guard, and in consequence were thrown into disorder. Cries of *All is lost! The guard is driven back!* were heard on every side. The soldiers pretend even that on many points ill-disposed persons cried out, *Sauve qui peut*. However this may be, a complete panic at once spread itself throughout the whole field of battle, and they threw themselves in the greatest disorder on the line of communication; soldiers, cannoneers, caissons, all pressed to this point; the old guard, which was in reserve, was infected, and was itself hurried along.

In an instant, the whole army was nothing but a mass of confusion; all the soldiers, of all arms, were mixed *pêle mêle*, and it was utterly impossible to rally a single corps. The enemy, who perceived this astonishing confusion, immediately attacked with their cavalry, and increased the disorder; and such was the confusion, owing to night coming on, that it was impossible to rally the troops, and point out to them their error. Thus a battle terminated, a day of false manœuvres rectified, the greatest success ensured for the next day, all was lost by a moment of panic terror. Even the squadrons of *service* drawn up by the side of the Emperor were overthrown and disorganized by these tumultuous waves, and there was then nothing else to be done but to follow the torrent. The parks of reserve, the baggage which had not repassed the Sambre, in short every thing that was on the field of battle, remained in the power of the enemy. It was impossible to wait for the troops on our right; every one knows what the bravest army in the world is when thus mixed and thrown into confusion, and when its organization no longer exists.

The Emperor crossed the Sambre at Charleroi, at five o'clock in the morning of the 10th. Philippeville and Avesnes have been given as the points of reunion. Prince Jerome, General Morand, and other generals, have there already rallied a part of the army. Marshal Grouchy, with the corps on the right, is moving on the Lower Sambre.

The loss of the enemy must have been very great, if we may judge from the number of standards we have taken from them, and from the retrograde movements which he made;—ours cannot be calculated till after the troops have been collected. Before the disorder broke out, we had already experienced a very considerable loss, particularly in our cavalry, so fatally, though so bravely engaged. Notwithstanding these losses, this brave cavalry constantly kept the position it had taken from the English, and only abandoned it when the tumult and disorder of the field of battle forced it. In the midst of the night, and the obstacles which encumbered their route, it could preserve its own organization.

The artillery has, as usual, covered itself with glory. The carriages belonging to the head-quarters remained in their ordinary position: no retrograde movement being judged necessary. In the course of the night they fell into the enemy's hands.

Such has been the issue of the battle of Mont St. Jean, glorious for the French armies, and yet so fatal.

MARSHAL NEY'S ACCOUNT.

THE PRINCE OF MOSKWA (MARSHAL NEY) *to his Excellency the DUKE OF OTRANTO.*

M. LE DUC,—The most false and defamatory reports have been spreading for some days over the public mind, upon the conduct which I have pursued during this short and unfortunate campaign. The journals have reported those odious calumnies, and appear to lend them credit. After having fought for twenty-five years for my country, after having shed my blood for its glory and independence, an attempt is made to accuse me of treason; an attempt is made to mark me out to the people, and the army itself, as the author of the disaster it has just experienced.

Forced to break silence, while it is always painful to speak of oneself, and above all, to answer calumnies, I address myself to you, sir, as the President of the Provisional Government, for the purpose of laying before you a faithful statement of the events I have witnessed. On the 11th of June, I received an order from the minister of war to repair to the imperial presence. I had no command, and no information upon the composition and strength of the army. Neither the Emperor nor his minister had given me any previous hint, from which I could anticipate that I should be employed in the present campaign; I was consequently taken by surprise, without horse, without accoutrements, and without money, and I was obliged to borrow the necessary expenses of my journey. Having arrived on the 12th, at Laon, on the 13th at Avesnes, and on the 14th at Beaumont, I purchased, in this last city, two horses from the Duke of Treviso, with which I repaired, on the 15th, to Charleroi, accompanied by my first aide-de-camp, the only officer who attended me. I arrived at the moment when the enemy, attacked by our troops, was retreating upon Fleurus and Gosselies.

The Emperor ordered me immediately to put myself at the head of the 1st and 2d corps of infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Generals d'Erlon and Reille, of the divisions of light cavalry of Lieutenant-General Pine, of the division of light cavalry of the guards, under the command of Lieutenant-Generals Lefebvre-Desnouettes and Colbert, and of two divisions of cavalry of the Count Valmy, forming, in all, eight divisions of infantry, and four of cavalry. With these troops, a part of which only I had as yet under my immediate command, I pursued the enemy, and forced him to evacuate Gosselies, Frasnes, Millet, Hepegnies. There they took up a position for the night, with the exception of the 1st corps, which was still at Marchiennes, and which did not join me till the following day.

On the 16th I received orders to attack the English in their position at Quatre-Bras. We advanced towards the enemy with an enthusiasm difficult to be described. Nothing resisted our impetuosity. The battle became general, and victory was no longer doubtful, when, at the moment that I intended to order up the first corps of infantry, which had been left by me in reserve at Frasnes, I learned that the Emperor had disposed of it without advertising me of the circumstance, as well as of the division of Girard of the second corps, on purpose to direct them upon St. Amand, and to strengthen his left wing, which was vigorously engaged with the Prussians. The shock which this intelligence gave me, confounded me. Having no longer under me more than three divisions, instead of the eight upon which I calculated, I was obliged to renounce the hopes of victory; and, in spite of all my efforts, in spite of the intrepidity and devotion of my troops, my utmost efforts after that could only maintain me in my position till the close of the day. About nine o'clock, the first corps was sent me by the Emperor, to whom it had been of no service. Thus twenty-five or thirty thousand men were, I may say, paralyzed, and were idly paraded during the whole of the battle from the right to the left, and the left to the right, without firing a shot.

It is impossible for me, sir, not to arrest your attention for a moment upon these details, in order to bring before your view all the consequences of this false movement, and, in general, of the bad arrange-

ments during the whole of the day. By what fatality, for example, did the Emperor, instead of leading all his forces against Lord Wellington, who would have been attacked unawares, and could not have resisted, consider this attack as secondary? How did the Emperor, after the passage of the Sambre, conceive it possible to fight two battles on the same day? It was to oppose forces double ours, and to do what military men who were witnesses of it can scarcely yet comprehend. Instead of this, had he left a corps of observation to watch the Prussians, and marched with his most powerful masses to support me, the English army had undoubtedly been destroyed between Quatre-Bras, and Genappe; and this position, which separated the two allied armies, being once in our power, would have opened for the Emperor an opportunity of advancing to the right of the Prussians, and of crushing them in their turn. The general opinion in France, and especially in the army, was, that the Emperor would have bent his whole efforts to annihilate first the English army; and circumstances were favourable for the accomplishment of such a project: but fate ordered otherwise.

On the 17th, the army marched in the direction of Mont Saint-Jean.

On the 18th, the battle began at one o'clock, and though the bulletin, which details it, makes no mention of me, it is not necessary for me to mention that I was engaged in it. Lieutenant-General Count Drouot has already spoken of that battle, in the House of Peers. His narration is accurate, with the exception of some important facts which he has passed over in silence, or of which he was ignorant, and which it is now my duty to declare. About seven o'clock in the evening, after the most frightful carnage which I have ever witnessed, General Labédoyère came to me with a message from the Emperor, that Marshal Grouchy had arrived on our right, and attacked the left of the English and Prussians united. This general officer, in riding along the lines, spread this intelligence among the soldiers, whose courage and devotion remained unshaken, and who gave new proofs of them at that moment, in spite of the fatigue which they experienced. Immediately after, what was my astonishment, I should rather say indignation, when I learned that so far from Marshal Grouchy having arrived to support us, as the whole army had been assured, between 40 and 50,000 Prussians attacked our extreme right, and forced it to retire!

Whether the Emperor was deceived with regard to the time when the marshal could support him, or whether the march of the marshal was retarded by the efforts of the enemy longer than was calculated upon, the fact is, that at the moment when his arrival was announced to us, he was only at Wavre upon the Dyle, which to us was the same as if he had been 800 leagues from the field of battle.

A short time afterwards, I saw four regiments of the middle guard, conducted by the Emperor, arriving. With these troops he wished to renew the attack, and to penetrate the centre of the enemy. He ordered me to lead them on; generals, officers, and soldiers, all displayed the greatest intrepidity; but this body of troops was too weak to resist, for a long time, the forces opposed to it by the enemy, and it was soon necessary to renounce the hope which this attack had, for a few moments, inspired. General Friant had been struck with a

ball by my side, and I myself had my horse killed, and fell under it. The brave men who may return from this terrible battle, will, I hope, do me the justice to say, that they saw me on foot with sword in hand during the whole of the evening, and that I only quitted the scene of carnage among the last, and at the moment when retreat could no longer be prevented. At the same time, the Prussians continued their offensive movements, and our right sensibly retired, the English advancing in their turn. There remained to us still four squares of the old guard to protect the retreat. These brave grenadiers, the choice of the army, forced successively to retire, yielded ground foot by foot, till, overwhelmed by numbers, they were almost entirely annihilated. From that moment a retrograde movement was declared, and the army formed nothing but a confused mass. There was not, however, a total rout, nor the cry of *sauve qui peut*, as has been calumniously stated in the bulletin. As for myself, constantly in the rear guard, which I followed on foot, having all my horses killed, worn out with fatigue, covered with contusions, and having no longer strength to march, I owe my life to a corporal who supported me on the road, and did not abandon me during the retreat. At eleven at night I found Lieutenant-General Lefebvre-Desnouettes, and one of his officers, Major Schmidt, had the generosity to give me the only horse that remained to him. In this manner I arrived at Marchienne-au-Pont at four o'clock in the morning, alone, without any officers of my staff, ignorant of what had become of the Emperor, who, before the end of the battle, had entirely disappeared, and who, I was allowed to believe, might be either killed or taken prisoner. General Pamp-hile Lacroix, chief of the staff of the second corps, whom I found in this city, having told me that the Emperor was at Charleroi, I was led to suppose that his Majesty was going to put himself at the head of Marshal Grouchy's corps, to cover the Sambre, and to facilitate to the troops the means of rallying towards Avesnes, and, with this persuasion, I went to Beaumont: but parties of cavalry following on the rear, and having already intercepted the roads of Maubeuge and Philippeville, I became sensible of the total impossibility of arresting a single soldier to oppose the progress of the victorious enemy. I continued my march upon Avesnes, where I could obtain no intelligence of what had become of the Emperor.

In this state of matters, having no knowledge of his Majesty, nor of the major-general, confusion increasing every moment, and, with the exception of some fragments of the guard and of the line, every one following his own inclination, I determined immediately to go to Paris by St. Quentin, to disclose, as quickly as possible, the true state of affairs to the Minister of War, that he might send to the army some fresh troops, and take the measures which circumstances rendered necessary. At my arrival at Bourget, three leagues from Paris, I learned that the Emperor had passed there at nine o'clock in the morning.

Such, M. le Duc, is a history of the calamitous campaign.

Now, I ask those who have survived this fine and numerous army, how I can be accused of the disasters of which it has been the victim, and of which your military annals furnish no example. I have, it is said, betrayed my country—I, who to serve it, have shown a zeal

which I perhaps have carried to an extravagant height: but this calumny is supported by no fact, by no circumstance. But how can these odious reports, which spread with frightful rapidity, be arrested? If, in the researches which I could make on this subject, I did not fear almost as much to discover as to be ignorant of the truth, I would say, that all has a tendency to convince me that I have been unworthily deceived, and that it is attempted to cover with the pretence of treason the faults and extravagances of this campaign—faults which have not yet been avowed in the bulletins which have appeared, and against which I in vain raised the voice of truth, which I will yet cause to resound in the House of Peers. I expect, from the candour of your excellency, and from your indulgence to me, that you will cause this letter to be inserted in the journals, and give it the greatest possible publicity.

I renew to your Excellency, &c.,—Marshal Prince of Moskwa.
Paris, June 26, 1815.

MARSHAL DE GROUCHY'S ACCOUNT.

Report addressed to the Emperor by Marshal de Grouchy.

Dinant, June 20, 1815.

It was not till after seven in the evening of the 18th of June that I received the letter of the Duke of Dalmatia, which directed me to march on St. Lambert, and to attack General Bulow. I fell in with the enemy as I was marching on Wavre. He was immediately driven into Wavre, and General Vandamme's corps attacked that town, and was warmly engaged. The portion of Wavre, on the right of the Dyle, was carried, but much difficulty was experienced in debouching on the other side. General Girard was wounded by a ball in the breast while endeavouring to carry the mill of Bielge, in order to pass the river, but in which he did not succeed, and Lieutenant-General Aix had been killed in the attack on the town. In this state of things, being impatient to co-operate with your majesty's army on that important day, I detached several corps to force the passage of the Dyle and march against Bulow. The corps of Vandamme, in the mean time, maintained the attack on Wavre and on the mill, whence the enemy showed an intention to debouch, but which I did not conceive he was capable of effecting. I arrived at Limale, passed the river, and the heights were carried by the division of Vichery and the cavalry. Night did not permit us to advance farther, and I no longer heard the cannon on the side where your majesty was engaged.

I halted in this situation until daylight. Wavre and Bielge were occupied by the Prussians, who, at three in the morning of the 18th, attacked in their turn, wishing to take advantage of the difficult position in which I was, and expecting to drive me into the defile, and take the artillery which had debouched, and make me repass the Dyle. Their efforts were fruitless. The Prussians were repulsed, and the village of Bielge taken. The brave General Penny was killed.

General Vandamme then passed one of his divisions by Bielge, and carried with ease the heights of Wavre; and along the whole of my line the success was complete. I was in front of Rozierne, preparing



NAPOLÉON A WATERLOO.
NAPOLÉON AT WATERLOO.

Verbeke p.

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

THE battle of Waterloo is an occurrence with which all England is so well acquainted, that it were superfluous to give an account of it here. We may, however, mention, that the destruction of the French army on that important occasion, is considered by French historians to be entirely the consequence of General Bourmont's desertion. The project of Napoleon, we learn, was to concentrate his forces upon the Allied army suddenly, and which ought to have been done in the night, when the Duke of Wellington and the English officers were at the ball at Brussels.

On this sanguinary field the French lost 19,000 men, while the Allied army sustained a loss of 33,000 men; nearly double the number of the former.

June, 1815.

to march on Brussels, when I received the sad intelligence of the loss of the battle of Waterloo. The officer who brought it informed me that your majesty was retreating on the Sambre, without being able to indicate any particular point on which I should direct my march. I ceased to pursue, and began my retrograde movement. The retreating enemy did not think of following me. Learning that the enemy had already passed the Sambre, and was on my flank, and not being sufficiently strong to make a diversion in favour of your majesty, without compromising the corps I commanded, I marched on Namur. At this moment, the rear of the columns were attacked. That of the left made a retrograde movement sooner than was expected, which endangered, for a moment, the retreat of the left; but good dispositions soon repaired every thing, and two pieces which had been taken were recovered by the brave 20th dragoons, who, besides, took an howitzer from the enemy. We entered Namur without loss. The long defile which extends from this place to Dinant, in which only a single column can march, and the embarrassment arising from the numerous transports of wounded, rendered it necessary to hold for a considerable time the town, in which I had not the means of blowing up the bridge. I intrusted the defence of Namur to General Vandamme, who, with his usual intrepidity, maintained himself there till eight in the evening; so that nothing was left behind, and I occupied Dinant.—The enemy has lost some thousands of men in the attack on Namur, where the contest was very obstinate. The troops have performed their duty in a manner worthy of praise.

(Signed)

DE GROUCHY.

BRITISH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DESPACHES.

Waterloo, June 19, 1815.

My Lord,—Bonaparte having collected the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 6th corps of the French army and the Imperial Guards, and nearly all the cavalry on the Sambre, and between that river and the Meuse, between the 10th and 14th of the month, advanced on the 15th, and attacked the Prussian posts at Thuin and Lobez, on the Sambre, at daylight in the morning.

I did not hear of these events till the evening of the 15th, and immediately ordered the troops to prepare to march, and afterwards to march to their left, as soon as I had intelligence from other quarters, to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi was the real attack.

The enemy drove the Prussian posts from the Sambre on that day; and General Ziethen, who commanded the corps which had been at Charleroi, retired upon Fleurus; and Marshal Prince Blucher concentrated the Prussian army upon Sambref, holding the villages in front of his position of St. Amand and Ligny.

The enemy continued his march along the road from Charleroi towards Bruxelles, and on the same evening, the 15th, attacked a brigade of the army of the Netherlands, under the Prince de Weimar,

posted at Frasné, and forced it back to the farm-house on the same road, called Les Quatre Bras.

The Prince of Orange immediately reinforced this brigade with another of the same division, under General Perponcher, and in the morning early regained part of the ground which had been lost, so as to have the command of the communication leading from Nivelles and Bruxelles, with Marshal Blücher's position.

In the mean time I had directed the whole army to march upon Les Quatre Bras, and the 5th division, under Lieutenant-general Sir Thos. Picton, arrived at about half-past two in the day, followed by the corps of troops under the Duke of Brunswick, and afterwards by the contingent of Nassau.

At this time the enemy commenced an attack upon Prince Blücher, with his whole force, excepting the 1st and 2d corps; and a corps of cavalry under General Kellerman, with which he attacked our post at Les Quatre Bras.

The Prussian army maintained their position with their usual gallantry and perseverance, against a great disparity of numbers, as the 4th corps of their army, under General Bülow, had not joined, and I was not able to assist them as I wished, as I was attacked myself, and the troops, the cavalry in particular, which had a long distance to march, had not arrived.

We maintained our position also, and completely defeated and repulsed all the enemy's attempts to get possession of it. The enemy repeatedly attacked us with a large body of cavalry and infantry, supported by a numerous and powerful artillery: he made several charges with the cavalry upon our infantry, but all were repulsed in the steadiest manner. In this affair His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, and Lieutenant-general Sir Thomas Picton, and Major-general Sir James Kempt, and Sir Denis Pack, who were engaged from the commencement of the enemy's attack, highly distinguished themselves, as well as Lieutenant-general Charles Baron Alten, Major-general Sir C. Halket, Lieutenant-general Cooke, and Major-generals Maitland and Byng, as they successively arrived. The troops of the 5th division, and those of the Brunswick corps, were long and severely engaged, and conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry. I must particularly mention the 28th, 42d, 79th, and 92d regiments, and the battalion of Hanoverians.

Our loss was great, as your lordship will perceive by the enclosed return; and I have particularly to regret his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, who fell fighting gallantly at the head of his troops.

Although Marshal Blücher had maintained his position at Sambref, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest in which he had been engaged, and as the fourth corps had not arrived he determined to fall back, and concentrate his army upon Wavre; and he marched in the night after the action was over.

This movement of the Marshal's rendered necessary a corresponding one on my part; and I retired from the farm of Quatre Bras upon Genappe, and thence upon Waterloo the next morning, the 17th, at ten o'clock.

The enemy made no effort to pursue Marshal Blücher. On the



H. Vernet p.

UN SOLDAT A WATERLOO.

A SOLDIER AT WATERLOO.

A SOLDIER AT WATERLOO.

“The glory of our arms set in the same fields, where twenty-three years before it began to increase.”—*MS. from St. Helena.*

ruel M. JAZET has here attempted to produce a picture which shall revive all the recollections of that remarkable period, when the extraordinary career of Napoleon spread terror wherever his name and deeds were heard of. He has represented an old soldier fatigued and careworn, and has made nature itself to sympathize with his feelings. The sun is setting in the west, his crimson rays dimmed by intervening clouds, while the scene around is all desolation and barrenness.

The picture was placed in the gallery of the Palais Royal; those who visited it readily entered into its spirit, seeing there depicted the end of a grand epoch in the history of France.

contrary, a patrol which I sent to Sambref in the morning found all quiet, and the enemy's videttes fell back as the patrol advanced. Neither did he attempt to molest our march to the rear, although made in the middle of the day, excepting by following, with a large body of cavalry, brought from his right, the cavalry under the Earl of Uxbridge.

This gave Lord Uxbridge an opportunity of charging them with the 1st Life Guards, upon their debouché from the village of Genappe, upon which occasion his lordship has declared himself to be well satisfied with that regiment.

The position which I took up in front of Waterloo crossed the high roads from Charleroi and Nivelles, and had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merke Braine, which was occupied; and its left extended to a height above the hamlet Ter la Haye, which was likewise occupied. In front of the right centre, and near the Nivelles road, we occupied the house and garden of Hougoumont, which covered the return of that flank; and in front of the left centre we occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte. By our left we communicated with Marshal Prince Blucher, at Wavre, through Ohain; and the marshal promised me, that in case we should be attacked, he would support me with one or more corps as might be necessary.

The enemy collected his army, with the exception of the third corps, which had been sent to observe Marshal Blucher, on a range of heights in our front, in the course of the night of the 17th and yesterday morning, and at about ten o'clock he commenced a furious attack upon our post at Hougoumont. I had occupied that post with a detachment from General Byng's brigade of Guards, which was in position in its rear; and it was for some time under the command of Lieut.-colonel Macdonald, and afterwards of Colonel Home; and I am happy to add that it was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it.

This attack upon the right of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line, which was destined to support the repeated attacks of cavalry and infantry, occasionally mixed, but sometimes separate, which were made upon it. In one of these the enemy carried the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, as the detachment of the light battalion of the legion which occupied it had expended all its ammunition, and the enemy occupied the only communication there was with them.

The enemy repeatedly charged our infantry with his cavalry, but these attacks were uniformly unsuccessful, and they afforded opportunities to our cavalry to charge, in one of which Lord E. Somerset's brigade, consisting of the lifeguards, royal horseguards, and 1st dragoon guards, highly distinguished themselves, as did that of Major-general Sir W. Ponsonby, having taken many prisoners and an eagle.

These attacks were repeated till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort, with the cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left centre near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which after a severe contest was defeated; and having observed that the troops retired from this attack in great confusion, and that the march of General Bulow's corps by Euschermont upon Planchenoit and La Belle Alliance, had begun to take

effect, and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blucher had joined in person, with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohaim, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point; the enemy was forced from his position on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, 150 pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands. I continued the pursuit till long after dark; and then discontinued it only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, and because I found myself on the same road with Marshal Blucher, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night. He has sent me word this morning that he had taken sixty pieces of cannon belonging to the Imperial Guard, and several carriages, baggage, &c. belonging to Bonaparte, in Genappe.

I propose to move, this morning, upon Nivelles, and not to discontinue my operations.

Your lordship will observe, that such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages could not be gained, without great loss; and I am sorry to add, that ours has been immense. In Lieut.-general Sir Thomas Picton, his majesty has sustained the loss of an officer who has frequently distinguished himself in his service, and he fell gloriously leading his division to a charge with bayonets, by which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position, was defeated. The Earl of Uxbridge, after having successfully got through this arduous day, received a wound by almost the last shot fired, which will, I am afraid, deprive his majesty for some time of his services.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange distinguished himself by his gallantry and conduct till he received a wound from a musket-ball through the shoulder, which obliged him to quit the field.

It gives me the greatest satisfaction to assure your lordship, that the army never, upon any occasion, conducted itself better. The division of guards, under Lieutenant-general Cooke, who is severely wounded, Major-general Maitland, and Major-general Byng, set an example which was followed by all; and there is no officer, nor description of troops, that did not behave well.

I must, however, particularly mention, for his royal highness's approbation, Lieutenant-gen. Sir H. Clinton, Major-gen. Adam, Lieut.-general Charles Baron Alten, severely wounded; Major-general Sir Colin Halket, severely wounded; Colonel Ompteda, Col. Mitchell, commanding a brigade of the 4th division; Major-general Sir James Kempt, and Sir Denis Pack, Major-general Lambert, Major-general Lord E. Somerset; Major-general Sir W. Ponsonby, Major-general Sir C. Grant, and Major-general Sir H. Vivian; Major-general Sir O. Vandeleur; Major-general Count Dornberg. I am also particularly indebted to General Lord Hill for his assistance and conduct upon this as upon all former occasions.

The artillery and engineer department were conducted much to my satisfaction by Colonel Sir G. Wood and Colonel Smyth; and I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Adjutant-general, Major-general Barnes, who was wounded, and of the Quarter-master-



general, Colonel Delancy, who was killed by a cannon-shot in the middle of the action. This officer is a serious loss to his majesty's service, and to me at this moment. I was likewise much indebted to the assistance of Lieutenant-colonel Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who was severely wounded, and of the officers composing my personal staff, who have suffered severely in this action. Lieutenant-colonel the hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, who has died of his wounds, was a most promising officer, and is a serious loss to his majesty's service.

General Kruse, of the Nassau service, likewise conducted himself much to my satisfaction, as did General Trip, commanding the heavy brigade of cavalry, and General Vanhope, commanding a brigade of infantry of the King of the Netherlands.

General Pozzo-di-Borgo, General Baron Vincent, General Muffling, and General Alava, were in the field during the action, and rendered me every assistance in their power. Baron Vincent is wounded, but I hope not severely; and General Pozzo-di-Borgo received a contusion.

I should not do justice to my feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day, to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them.

The operation of General Bulow, upon the enemy's flank, was a most decisive one; and even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack, which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire, if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them, if they should unfortunately have succeeded.

I send, with this despatch, two eagles, taken by the troops in this action, which Major Percy will have the honour of laying at the feet of his royal highness.

I beg leave to recommend him to your lordship's protection.

I have the honour, &c.

(Signed)

WELLINGTON.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have received a report, that Major-general Sir William Ponsonby is killed, and, in announcing this intelligence to your lordship, I have to add the expression of my grief, for the fate of an officer who had already rendered very brilliant and important services, and was an ornament to his profession.

2d P. S.—I have not yet got the returns of killed and wounded, but I enclose a list of officers killed and wounded on the two days, as far as the same can be made out without the returns; and I am very happy to add, that Colonel Delancey is not dead, and that strong hopes of his recovery are entertained.

Subsequently to this despatch, which was written on the field he had so gloriously won, the Duke of Wellington sent the following to Lord Bathurst:

Brussels, June 19, 1815.

My Lord—I have to inform your lordship, in addition to my despatch of this morning, that we have already got here 5000 prisoners,

taken in the action of yesterday, and that there are above 2000 more coming in to-morrow; there will probably be many more. Among the prisoners are the Count Lobau, who commanded the 6th corps, and General Cambrone, who commanded a division of the guards. I propose sending the whole to England by Ostend.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

WELLINGTON.

Earl Bathurst, &c.

War Department, Downing-street, June 29, 1815.

Despatches, of which the following are extracts, have been this day received by Earl Bathurst from Field-Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington, dated Cateau, 22d, and Joncourt, 25th inst.

Le Cateau, June 22, 1815.

We have continued in march on the left of the Sambre since I wrote to you. Marshal Blucher crossed that river on the 19th, in pursuit of the enemy, and both armies entered the French territory yesterday; the Prussians by Beaumont, and the allied army, under my command, by Bavay.

The remains of the French army have retired upon Laon. All accounts agree in stating, that it is in a very wretched state; and that, in addition to its losses in battle and in prisoners, it is losing vast numbers of men by desertion.

The soldiers quit their regiments in parties, and return to their homes; those of the cavalry and artillery selling their horses to the people of the country.

The 3d corps, which in my despatch of the 19th I informed your lordship had been detached to observe the Prussian army, remained in the neighbourhood of Wavre till the 20th; it then made good its retreat by Namur and Dinant. This corps is the only one remaining entire.

I am not yet able to transmit your lordship returns of the killed and wounded in the army in the late actions.

It gives me the greatest satisfaction to inform you, that Colonel Delancey is not dead: he is badly wounded, but his recovery is not doubted, and I hope will be early.

PRUSSIAN OFFICIAL REPORT.

It was on the 15th of this month (June) that Napoleon, after having collected on the 14th five corps of his army, and the several corps of the guard, between Maubeuge and Beaumont, commenced hostilities. The points of concentration of the four Prussian corps were Fleurus, Namur, Ligny, and Hannut, the situation of which made it possible to unite the army in one of these points in twenty-four hours.

On the 15th, Napoleon advanced by Thuin, upon the two banks of the Sambre, against Charleroi. General Ziethen had collected the first corps near Fleurus, and had on that day a very warm action

with the enemy, who, after having taken Charleroi, directed his march upon Fleurus. General Ziethen maintained himself in his position near that place.

Field-Marshal Blucher intending to fight a great battle with the enemy as soon as possible, the three other corps of the Prussian army were consequently directed upon Sombref, a league and a half from Fleurus, where the 2d and 3d corps were to arrive on the 15th, and the 4th corps on the 16th.

Lord Wellington had united his army between Ath and Nivelles, which enabled him to assist Field-Marshal Blucher, in case the battle should be fought on the 15th.

JUNE 16.—BATTLE OF LIGNY.

The Prussian army was posted on the heights between Brie and Sombref, and beyond the last place, and occupied with a large force the villages of St. Amand and Ligny, situated in its front.

Meantime only three corps of the army had joined; the 4th, which was stationed between Liege and Hannut, had been delayed in its march by several circumstances, and was not yet come up. Nevertheless, Field-Marshal Blucher resolved to give battle, Lord Wellington having already put in motion to support him a strong division of his army, as well as his whole reserve stationed in the environs of Brussels, and the 4th corps of the Prussian army being also on the point of arriving.

The battle began at three o'clock in the afternoon. The enemy brought up above 130,000 men. The Prussian army was 80,000 strong. The village of St. Amand was the first point attacked by the enemy, who carried it after a vigorous resistance.

He then directed his efforts against Ligny; it is a large village, solidly built, situated on a rivulet of the same name. It was there that a contest began which may be considered as one of the most obstinate recorded in history. Villages have often been taken and retaken; but here the combat continued for five hours in the villages themselves, and the movements forward or backward were confined to a very narrow space. On both sides fresh troops continually came up. Each army had behind the part of the village which it occupied great masses of infantry, which maintained the combat, and were continually renewed by the reinforcements which they received from their rear, as well as from the heights on the right and left. About two hundred cannon were directed from both sides against the village, which was on fire in several places at once. From time to time the combat extended along the whole line, the enemy having also directed numerous troops against the 3d corps; however, the main contest was near Ligny. Things seemed to take a favourable turn for the Prussian troops, a part of the village of St. Amand having been retaken by a battalion commanded by the field-marshal in person; in consequence of which advantage we had regained a height, which had been abandoned after the loss of St. Amand. Nevertheless, the battle continued about Ligny with the same fury. The issue seemed to depend upon the arrival of the English troops, or on that of the 4th corps of the Prussian army; in fact, the arrival of this last divi-

sion would have afforded the field-marshal the means of making, immediately, with the right wing, an attack, from which great success might be expected: but news arrived that the English division destined to support us was violently attacked by a corps of the French army, and that it was with great difficulty it had maintained itself in its position at Quatre Bras. The 4th corps of the army did not appear, so that we were forced to maintain alone the contest with an army greatly superior in numbers. The evening was already much advanced, and the combat about Ligny continued with the same fury and the same equality of success; we invoked, but in vain, the arrival of those succours which were so necessary; the danger became every hour more and more urgent; all the divisions were engaged, or had already been so, and there were not any corps at hand able to support them. Suddenly a division of the enemy's infantry, which by favour of the night made a circuit round the village without being observed, at the same time that some regiments of cuirassiers had forced the passage on the other side, took in rear the main body of our army, which was posted behind the houses. This surprise on the part of the enemy was decisive, especially at the moment when our cavalry, also posted on a height behind the village, was repulsed by the enemy's cavalry in repeated attacks.

Our infantry posted behind Ligny, though forced to retreat, did not suffer itself to be discouraged, either by being surprised by the enemy in the darkness, a circumstance which exaggerates in the mind of man the danger to which he finds himself exposed, or by the idea of seeing itself surrounded on all sides. Formed in masses, it coolly repulsed all the attacks of the cavalry, and retreated in good order upon the heights, whence it continued its retrograde movement upon Tilly. In consequence of the sudden irruption of the enemy's cavalry, several of our cannons in their precipitate retreat had taken directions which led them to defiles, in which they necessarily fell into disorder; in this manner, 15 pieces fell into the hands of the enemy. At the distance of a quarter of a league from the field of battle, the army formed again. The enemy did not venture to pursue it. The village of Brie remained in our possession during the night, as well as Sombref, where General Thielman had fought with the third corps, and whence he at daybreak slowly began to retreat towards Gembloux, where the fourth corps, under General Bulow, had at length arrived during the night. The first and second corps proceeded in the morning behind the defile of Mount St. Guibert. Our loss in killed and wounded was great; the enemy, however, took from us no prisoners, except a part of our wounded. The battle was lost, but not our honour. Our soldiers fought with a bravery which equalled every expectation; their fortitude remained unshaken, because every one retained his confidence in his own strength. On this day Field-Marshal Blucher had encountered the greatest dangers. A charge of cavalry, led on by himself, had failed. While that of the enemy was vigorously pursuing, a musket-shot struck the field-marshal's horse: the animal, far from being stopped in his career by this wound, began to gallop more furiously till it dropped down dead. The field-marshal, stunned by the violent fall, lay entangled under the horse.

The enemy's cuirassiers following up their advantage, advanced:

our last horseman had already passed by the field-marshal, an adjutant alone remained with him, and had just alighted, resolved to share his fate. The danger was great, but Heaven watched over us. The enemy pursuing their charge, passed rapidly by the field-marshal without seeing him: the next moment a second charge of our cavalry having repulsed them, they again passed by him with the same precipitation, not perceiving him, any more than they had done the first time. Then, but not without difficulty, the field-marshal was disengaged from under the dead horse, and he immediately mounted a dragoon-horse.

On the 17th in the evening the Prussian army concentrated itself in the environs of Wavre. Napoleon put himself in motion against Lord Wellington, upon the great road leading from Charleroi to Brussels. An English division maintained on the same day, near Quatre Bras, a very severe contest with the enemy. Lord Wellington had taken a position on the road to Brussels, having his right wing leaning upon Braine-le-Leu, the centre near Mont Saint-Jean, and the left wing against La Haye Sainte. Lord Wellington wrote to the field-marshal, that he was resolved to accept the battle in this position, if the field-marshal would support him with two corps of his army. The field-marshal promised to come with his whole army: he even proposed, in case Napoleon should not attack, that the allies themselves, with their united force, should attack him the next day. This may serve to show how little the battle of the 16th had disorganized the Prussian army, or weakened its moral strength. Thus ended the day of the 17th.

At break of day the Prussian army again began to move. The 4th and 2d corps marched by St. Lambert, where they were to take a position, covered by the forest, near Frichefont, to take the army in the rear, when the moment should appear favourable. The 1st corps was to operate by Ohain on the right flank of the enemy. The 3d corps was to follow slowly in order to afford succour in case of need. The battle began about ten o'clock in the morning. The English army occupied the heights of Mont St. Jean; that of the French was on the heights before Planchenoit: the former was about 80,000 strong; the enemy had above 130,000. In a short time the battle became general along the whole line. It seems that Napoleon had the design to throw the left wing upon the centre, and thus to effect the separation of the English army from the Prussian, which he believed to be retreating upon Maestricht. For this purpose he had placed the greatest part of his reserve in the centre, against his right wing, and upon this point he attacked with fury. The English army fought with a valour which it is impossible to surpass. The repeated charges of the old guard were baffled by the intrepidity of the Scotch regiments; and at every charge the French cavalry was overthrown by the English cavalry. But the superiority of the enemy in numbers was too great; Napoleon continually brought forward considerable masses, and with whatever firmness the English troops maintained themselves in their position, it was not possible but that such heroic exertions must have a limit.

It was half-past four o'clock. The excessive difficulties of the passage by the defile of St. Lambert had considerably retarded the

march of the Prussian columns, so that only two brigades of the fourth corps had arrived at the covered position which was assigned to them. The decisive moment was come; there was not an instant to be lost. The generals did not suffer it to escape. They resolved immediately to begin the attack with the troops which they had at hand. General Bulow, therefore, with two brigades, and a corps of cavalry, advanced rapidly upon the rear of the enemy's right wing. The enemy did not lose his presence of mind; he instantly turned his reserve against us, and a murderous conflict began on that side. The combat remained long uncertain, while the battle of the English army still continued with the same violence.

Towards six o'clock in the evening we received the news that General Thielman, with the third corps, was attacked near Wavre by a very considerable corps of the enemy, and that they were already disputing the possession of the town. The field-marshal, however, did not suffer himself to be disturbed by this news; it was on the spot where he was, and nowhere else, that the affair was to be decided. A conflict continually supported by the same obstinacy, and kept up by fresh troops, could alone ensure the victory, and if it were obtained here, any reverse sustained near Wavre was of little consequence. The columns, therefore, continued their movements. It was half an hour past seven, and the issue of the battle was still uncertain. The whole of the fourth corps, and a part of the second, under General Reich, had successively come up. The troops fought with desperate fury; however, some uncertainty was perceived in their movements, and it was observed that some pieces of cannon were retreating. At this moment the first columns of the corps of General Ziethen arrived on the points of attack, near the village of Smouhen, on the enemy's right flank, and instantly charged them. This moment decided the defeat of the enemy; his right wing was broken in three places; he abandoned his positions. Our troops rushed forward at the *pas de charge*, and attacked him on all sides, whilst at the same time the whole English line advanced.

Circumstances were extremely favourable to the attack formed by the Prussian army: the ground rose in an amphitheatre, so that our artillery could freely open its fire from the summit of a great many heights which rose gradually above each other, and in the intervals of which the troops descended into the plain, formed into brigades, and in the greatest order; while fresh corps continually unfolded themselves, issuing from the forest on the height behind us. The enemy, however, still preserved means to retreat, till the village of Planchenoit, which he had on his rear, and which was defended by the guard, was, after several bloody attacks, carried by storm. From that time the retreat became a rout, which soon spread through the whole French army, which in its dreadful confusion, hurrying away every thing that attempted to stop it, soon assumed the appearance of the flight of an army of barbarians. It was half-past nine.

The field-marshal assembled all the superior officers, and gave orders to send the last man and the last horse in pursuit of the enemy. The van of the army accelerated its march. The French army being pursued without intermission, was absolutely disorganized. The causeway presented the appearance of an immense shipwreck: it was

covered with an innumerable quantity of cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wrecks of every kind. Those of the enemy who had attempted to repose for a time, and had not expected to be so quickly pursued, were driven from more than nine bivouacs. In some villages they attempted to maintain themselves; but as soon as they heard the beating of our drums, or the sound of the trumpet, they either fled or threw themselves into the houses, where they were cut down or made prisoners. It was moonlight, which greatly favoured the pursuit, for the whole march was but a continued chase, either in the corn-fields or the houses.

At Genappe the enemy had intrenched himself with cannon and overturned carriages; at our approach we suddenly heard in the town a great noise and motion of carriages; at the entrance we were exposed to a brisk fire of musketry; we replied by some cannon-shot, followed by an hurra, and an instant after the town was ours. It was here that, among many other equipages, the carriage of Napoleon was taken: he had just left it to mount on horseback, and in his hurry had forgotten in it his sword and hat. Thus the affair continued till break of day. About 40,000 men, in the most complete disorder, the remains of the whole army, have saved themselves, retreating through Charleroi, partly without arms, and carrying with them only twenty-seven pieces of their numerous artillery.

The enemy in his flight has passed all his fortresses, the only defence of his frontiers, which are now passed by our armies.

At three o'clock Napoleon had despatched from the field of battle a courier to Paris, with the news that victory was no longer doubtful: a few hours after, he had no longer an army left! We have not yet any exact account of the enemy's loss: it is enough to know that two-thirds of the whole army are killed, wounded, or prisoners: among the latter are Generals Mouton, Duhesme, and Compans. Up to this time about 300 cannon, and above 500 caissons, are in our hands.

Few victories have been so complete; and there is certainly no example that an army, two days after losing a battle, engaged in such an action, and so gloriously maintained it. Honour be to such troops capable of so much firmness and valour! In the middle of the position occupied by the French army, and exactly upon the height, is a farm, called La Belle Alliance. The march of all the Prussian columns was directed towards this farm, which was visible from every side. It was there that Napoleon was during the battle; it was thence that he gave his orders, that he flattered himself with the hopes of victory; and it was there that his ruin was decided. There, too, it was, that by a happy chance Field-Marshal Blucher and Lord Wellington met in the dark, and mutually saluted each other as victors.

In commemoration of the alliance which now subsists between the English and Prussian nations, of the union of the two armies, and their reciprocal confidence, the field-marshal desired that this battle should bear the name of La Belle Alliance.

By the order of Field-Marshal Blucher,

GENERAL GNEISENAU.

RELATION OF THE SPANISH GENERAL ALAVA.

From the *Madrid Gazette*.

I joined the army on the morning of the 18th, though I had received no orders to that effect, because I believed that I should thus best serve his majesty, and, at the same time, fulfil your excellency's directions; and this determination has afforded me the satisfaction of having been present at the most important battle that has been fought for many centuries, in its consequences, its duration, and the talents of the chiefs of both sides; and because the peace of the world, and the future security of all Europe, may be said to have depended on its result.

The position occupied by his lordship was very good; but towards the centre it had various weak points, which required good troops to guard them, and much science and skill on the part of the general-in-chief. These qualifications were, however, to be found in abundance in the British troops and their illustrious commander; and it may be asserted, without offence to any one, that to them belongs the chief part, or all the glory of this memorable day.

On the right of the position, and a little in advance, was a country-house, the importance of which Lord Wellington quickly perceived, because without it the position could not be attacked on that side, and it might therefore be considered as its key. The duke confided this important point to three companies of the English guards, under the command of Lord Saltoun, and laboured during the night of the 17th in fortifying it as well as possible, lining its garden and a wood, which served as its park, with Nassau troops and sharpshooters.

At half-past ten a movement was observed in the enemy's line, and many officers were seen coming from and going to a particular point, where there was a very considerable corps of infantry, which we afterwards understood to be the Imperial Guard: here was Bonaparte in person, and from this point issued all the orders. In the mean time, the enemy's masses were forming, and every thing announced the approaching combat, which began at half-past eleven, the enemy attacking with one of his corps, and with his usual shouts, the country-house on the right.

The Nassau troops found it necessary to abandon their post; but the enemy met such resistance in the house, that though they surrounded it on three sides, and attacked it most desperately, they were compelled to desist from their enterprise, leaving a great number of killed and wounded on the spot. Lord Wellington sent fresh English troops, who recovered the wood and garden, and the combat ceased for the present on this side.

The enemy then opened a horrible fire of artillery of more than two hundred pieces, under cover of which Bonaparte made a general attack from the centre to the right with infantry and cavalry, in such numbers that it required all the skill of his lordship to post his troops, and all the good qualities of the latter to resist the attack.

General Picton, who was with his division on the road from Brussels to Charleroi, advanced with the bayonet to receive them, but was unfortunately killed at the moment when the enemy, appalled by the attitude of this division, fired, and then fled.

The English life guards then charged with the greatest vigour, and the 49th and 105th French regiments lost their eagles in this charge, together with from two to three thousand prisoners. A column of cavalry, at whose head were the cuirassiers, advanced to charge the life guards, and thus save their infantry; but the guards received them with the greatest vigour, and the most sanguinary cavalry fight perhaps ever witnessed was the consequence.

The French cuirassiers were completely beaten, in spite of their cuirasses, by troops who had nothing of the sort, and lost one of their eagles in this conflict, which was taken by the heavy English cavalry called the Royals.

General Alava next mentions the approach of the Prussian army, "which," he observes, "was the more necessary, from the superior numbers of the enemy's army, and from the dreadful loss we had sustained in this unequal combat, from eleven in the morning till five in the afternoon."

Bonaparte, who did not believe the Prussians to be so near, and who reckoned upon destroying Lord Wellington before their arrival, perceived that he had fruitlessly lost more than five hours, and that in the critical position in which he was then placed, there remained no other resource but that of desperately attacking the weaker post of the English position, and thus, if possible, beating the duke before his right was turned, and attacked by the Prussians.

Henceforward, therefore, the whole was a repetition of attacks by cavalry and infantry, supported by more than 300 pieces of artillery, which unfortunately made horrible ravages in our line, and killed and wounded officers, artillerymen, and horses, in the weakest part of the position.

The enemy, aware of this destruction, made a charge with the whole cavalry of his guard, which took some pieces of cannon that could not be withdrawn, but the duke, who was at this point, charged them with three battalions of English and three of Brunswickers, and compelled them in a moment to abandon the artillery, though we were unable to withdraw them for want of horses; nor did they dare to advance to recover them.

At last, about seven in the evening, Bonaparte made a final effort, and putting himself at the head of his guards, attacked the above point of the English position with such vigour, that he drove back the Brunswickers, who occupied part of it, and for a moment the victory was undecided, and even more than doubtful.

The duke, who felt that the moment was most critical, spoke to the Brunswick troops with that ascendancy which every great man possesses, made them return to the charge, and putting himself at their head, again restored the combat, exposing himself to every kind of personal danger.

Fortunately at this moment we perceived the fire of Marshal Blucher, attacking the enemy's right with his usual impetuosity; and the moment of decisive attack being come, the duke put himself at the head of the English foot-guards, spoke a few words to them, which were replied to by a general hurrah, and his grace himself guiding them on with his hat, they marched at the point of the

bayonet, to come to close action with the Imperial Guard. But the latter began a retreat, which was soon converted into flight, and the most complete rout ever exhibited by soldiers. The famous rout of Vittoria was not even comparable to it.

The general then adds several reflections on the importance of the victory, and in enumerating the loss sustained, says—

“Of those who were by the side of the Duke of Wellington, only he and myself remained untouched in our persons and horses. The rest were all either killed, wounded, or lost one or more horses. The duke was unable to refrain from tears in witnessing the death of so many brave and honourable men, and the loss of so many friends and faithful companions, and which alone can be compensated by the importance of the victory.”

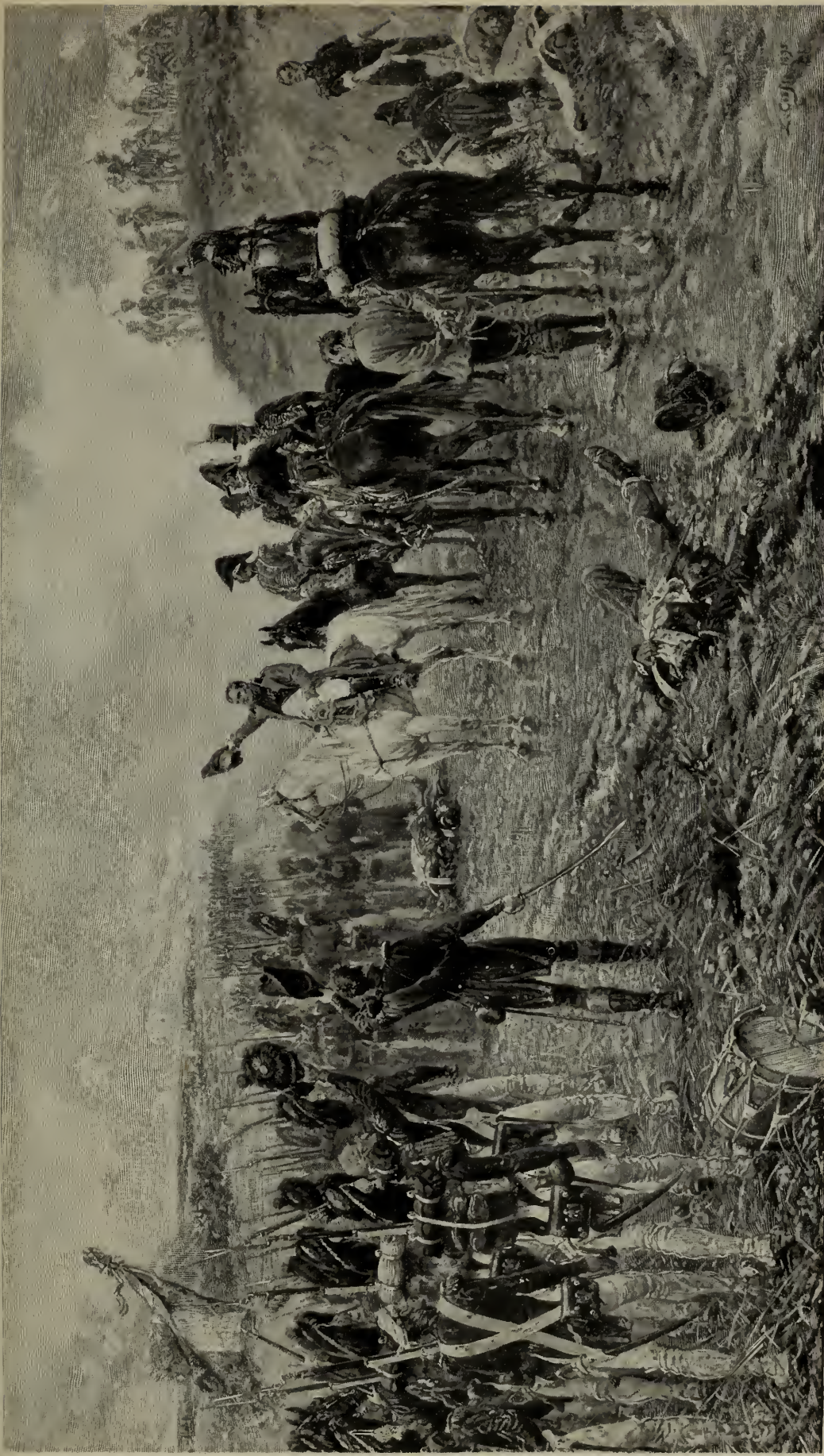
CHAPTER X.

NARRATIVE OF THE CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO.

BY M. FLEURY DE CHABOULON, EX-SECRETARY TO THE
EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

THE plan of the campaign*adopted by the Emperor, was worthy of the courage of the French and of the high reputation of their chief. Information given by agents employed by the Duke of Otranto, had made known the position of the allies, in all its particulars. Napoleon knew that the army of Wellington was dispersed over the country, from the borders of the sea to Nivelles; that the right of the Prussians rested on Charleroi; and that the rest of their army was stationed in échelon indefinitely as far as the Rhine. He judged that the lines of the enemy were too much extended; and that it would be practicable for him, by not giving them time to close up, to separate the two armies, and fall in succession on their troops thus taken by surprise. For this purpose he had united all his cavalry into a single body of twenty thousand horse, with which he intended to dart like lightning into the midst of the enemy's cantonments. If victory favoured this bold stroke, the centre of our army would occupy Brussels on the second day, while the corps of the right and of the left drove the Prussians to the Meuse, and the English to the Scheldt. Belgium being conquered, he would have armed the malcontents, and marched from success to success as far as the Rhine.

On the 14th, during the night, our army, the presence of which the Emperor had taken care to conceal, was to commence its march; nothing indicated that the enemy had foreseen our irruption, and every thing promised us important results. It was at this time that Napoleon was informed that General Bourmont, Colonels Clouet and Villoutreys,



THE PAINTING BY ERNEST COFFTS.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY THE PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

NAPOLEON AND THE OLD GUARD BEFORE WATERLOO.

BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC

and two other officers, had just deserted to the enemy. He knew from Marshal Ney that M. de Bourmont, at the time of the occurrences at Besançon, had shown some hesitation, and was backward to employ him. But M. de Bourmont having given General Girard his word of honour to serve the Emperor faithfully, and this general, whom Napoleon highly valued, having answered for Bourmont, the Emperor consented to admit him into the service. How could he have supposed that this officer, who had covered himself with glory in 1814, would, in 1815, go over to the enemy on the eve of a battle? Napoleon immediately made such alterations in his plan of attack as this unexpected treason rendered necessary, and then marched forward. On the 15th, at one in the morning, he was in person at Jumiguan, on the Eure. At three, his army moved in three columns, and debouched suddenly at Beaumont, Maubeuge, and Philippeville. A corps of infantry, under General Ziethen, attempted to dispute the passage of the Sambre. The fourth corps of chasseurs, supported by the ninth, broke it, sword in hand, and took three hundred prisoners. The sappers and miners of the guard, sent after the enemy to repair the bridges, did not allow them time to destroy them. They followed them as sharpshooters, and penetrated with them into the great square. The brave Pajol soon arrived with his cavalry, and Charleroi was ours. The inhabitants, happy at seeing the French once more, saluted them unanimously with continued shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" "France for ever!" General Pajol immediately sent the hussars of General Clary in pursuit of the Prussians, and this brave regiment finished its day by the capture of a standard, and the destruction of a battalion that ventured to resist it. During this time the second corps passed the Sambre at Marchiennes, and overthrew every thing before it. The Prussians having at length rallied, attempted to oppose some resistance to it; but General Reille beat them with his light cavalry, took two hundred prisoners, and killed or dispersed the rest. Beaten in every part, they retired to the heights of Fleurus, which had been so fatal to the enemies of France twenty years before. Napoleon reconnoitred the ground at a glance. Our troops rushed on the Prussians at full gallop. Three squares of infantry, supported by several squadrons and some artillery, sustained the shock with intrepidity. Wearied of their immovableness, the Emperor ordered General Letort to charge them at the head of the dragoons of the guard. At the same moment, General Excelmans fell upon the left flank of the enemy; and the 20th dragoons, commanded by the brave and the young Briqueville, rushed on the Prussians on one side, while Letort attacked them on the other. They were broken and annihilated; but dearly was the victory purchased: Letort was killed. This affair, of little importance in its results, for it cost the enemy only five pieces of artillery, and 3000 men killed or taken prisoners, pro-

duced the happiest effects on the army. The illness of Marshal Mortier, and the treason of General Bourmont had given birth to sentiments of doubt and fear, which were entirely dissipated by the successful issue of this first battle. Hitherto each chief of a corps had retained its immediate command, and it is easy to suppose what their ardour and emulation must have been: but the Emperor fell into the error of overturning the hopes of their courage and their ambition; he placed General d'Erlon and Count Reille under the orders of Marshal Ney, whom he brought forward too late; and Count Girard and Count Vandamme, under the orders of Marshal Grouchy, whom it would have been better to have left at the head of the cavalry. On the 16th, in the morning, the army, thus distributed, occupied the following positions. Marshal Ney, with the first and second corps, the cavalry of General Lefevre-Desnouettes, and that of General Kellerman, had his advanced guard at Frasnes; and the other troops in the neighbourhood of Gosselies.*

* The following is the French official account of the force of the army of Flanders.

Left.—Under Marshal Ney.—1st Corps.	
Infantry	16,500
Cavalry	1,500
2d Corps.	
Infantry	21,000
Cavalry	1,500
Cavalry of Desnouettes	2,100
Cuirassiers of Kellerman	2,600
	<hr/>
	45,200
Artillery, horse and foot	2,400
And 116 pieces of ordnance.	
Right.—Under Marshal Grouchy.—3d Corps.	
Infantry	13,000
Cavalry	1,500
4th Corps.	
Infantry	12,000
Cavalry	1,500
Cavalry of Pajol	2,500
Cavalry of Excelmans	2,600
Cuirassiers of Milhaud	2,500
	<hr/>
	35,600
Artillery, horse and foot	2,250
And 112 pieces of ordnance.	
Centre and Reserve.—Under the Emperor.—6th Corps.	
Infantry	11,000
Old Guard	5,000
Middle Guard	5,000
Young Guard	4,000
Horse Grenadiers	1,200
Dragoons	1,200
	<hr/>
	27,400
Artillery, horse and foot	2,700
And 134 pieces of ordnance.	



THE RAVINE AT WATERLOO.

Marshal Grouchy, with the 3d and 4th corps, and the cavalry of Generals Pajol, Excelmans, and Milhaud, was placed on the heights of Fleurus, and in advance of them. The 6th corps and the guard were in *échelon* between Fleurus and Charleroi. The same day the army of Marshal Blucher, 90,000 strong, collected together with great skill, was posted on the heights of Brie and Sombref, and occupied the villages of Ligny and St. Amand, which protected his front. His cavalry extended far in advance on the road to Namur. The army of the Duke of Wellington, which this general had not yet had time to collect, was composed of about 100,000 men, scattered between Ath, Nivelles, Genappe, and Brussels.

The Emperor went in person to reconnoitre Blucher's position, and, penetrating his intentions, resolved to give him battle, before his reserves, and the English army, for which he was endeavouring to wait, should have time to arrive. He immediately sent orders to Marshal Ney, whom he supposed to have been on the march for Quatre-Bras, *where he would have found very few forces*, to drive the English briskly before him, and then fall with his main force on the rear of the Prussian army. At the same time he made a change in the front of the imperial army: General Grouchy advanced towards Sombref, General Girard towards Ligny, and General Vandamme towards St. Amand.

General Girard, with his division, 5000 strong, was detached from the 2d corps, and placed in the rear of General Vandamme's left, so as to support him, and, at the same time, form a communication between Marshal Ney's army and that of Napoleon. The guard, and Milhaud's cuirassiers, were disposed as a reserve in advance of Fleurus. At three o'clock the 3d corps reached St. Amand, and carried it. The Prussians, rallied by Blucher, retook the village. The French, intrenched in the churchyard, defended themselves there with obstinacy; but, overpowered by numbers, they were about to give way, when General Drouot, who has more than once decided the fate of a battle, galloped up with four batteries of the guard, took the enemy in the rear, and stopped his career. At the same moment Marshal Grouchy was fighting successfully at Sombref, and General Girard made an impetuous attack on the village of Ligny. Its embattled walls, and a long ravine, rendered the approaches to it not less difficult than dangerous. But these obstacles did not intimidate General Lefol, or the brave fellows

Recapitulation.

Infantry	87,500
Cavalry	20,800
Artillery, horse and foot	7,350
Engineers	2,200
	<hr/>
	Total 117,850
Pieces of ordnance	362

under his command : they advanced with the bayonet, and in a few minutes the Prussians, repulsed and annihilated, quitted the ground. Marshal Blucher, conscious that the possession of Ligny would decide the fate of the battle, returned to the charge with chosen troops ; and here, to use his own words, “ commenced a battle that may be considered as one of the most obstinate mentioned in history.” For five hours no less than 200 pieces of cannon vomited forth incessantly an iron hail upon this scene of carnage. French and Prussians, alternately vanquished and victors, disputed this ensanguined post hand to hand, and foot to foot, and seven times in succession was it taken and lost. The Emperor expected every instant that Marshal Ney was coming to take part in the action. From the commencement of the affair he had reiterated this order to him, to manœuvre so as to surround the right of the Prussians ; and he considered this diversion of such high importance as to write to the marshal, and cause him to be repeatedly told that the fate of France was in his hands. Ney answered, that “ he had the whole of the English army to encounter, yet he would promise him to hold out the whole day, but nothing more.” The Emperor, better informed, assured him “ that it was Wellington’s advanced guard alone that made head against him ;” and ordered him anew “ to beat back the English, and make himself master of Quatre-Bras, cost what it might.” The marshal persisted in his fatal error. Napoleon, deeply impressed with the importance of the movement that Marshal Ney refused to comprehend and execute, sent directly to the first corps an order to move with all speed on the right of the Prussians ; but, after having lost much valuable time in waiting for it, he judged that the battle could not be prolonged without danger, and directed General Girard, who had with him but 5000 men, to undertake the movement which should have been accomplished by the 20,000 men under Count d’Erlon ; namely, to turn St. Amand, and fall on the rear of the enemy.

This manœuvre, ably executed, and seconded by the guard attacking in front, and by a brilliant charge of the cuirassiers of General Delore’s brigade, and of the horse grenadier guards, decided the victory. The Prussians, weakened in every part, retired in disorder, and left us masters of the field of battle, forty cannons and many standards.

On the left, Marshal Ney, instead of rushing rapidly on Quatre-Bras, and effecting the diversion that had been recommended to him, had spent twelve hours in useless attempts, and given time to the Prince of Orange to reinforce his advanced guard. The pressing orders of Napoleon not allowing him to remain meditating any longer, and being desirous, no doubt, of recovering the time he had lost, Ney did not thoroughly reconnoitre either the position or the forces of the enemy, but rushed upon them headlong. The division of General Foy commenced the attack, and drove in the sharpshooters, and the ad-

vanced posts. Bachelu's cavalry, aided, covered, and supported by this division, pierced and cut to pieces three Scotch battalions: but the arrival of fresh reinforcements, led by the Duke of Wellington and the heroic bravery of the Scotch, the Belgians, and the Prince of Orange, suspended our success. This resistance, far from discouraging Marshal Ney, revived in him an energy, which he had not before shown. He attacked the Anglo-Hollanders with fury; and drove them back to the skirts of the wood of Bossu. The 1st regiment of chasseurs, and 6th of lancers, overthrew the Brunswickers; the 8th of cuirassiers positively rode over two Scotch battalions, and took from them a colour. The 11th, equally intrepid, pursued them to the entrance of the wood; but the wood, which had not been examined, was lined with English infantry. Our cuirassiers were assailed by a fire at arm's length, which at once carried dismay and confusion into their ranks. Some of the officers, lately incorporated with them, instead of appeasing the disorder, increased it by shouts of "Every one for himself" (*Sauve qui peut*)! This disorder, which in a moment spread from one to another as far as Beaumont, might have occasioned greater disasters, if the infantry of General Foy, which remained unshaken, had not continued to sustain the conflict with equal perseverance and intrepidity.

Marshal Ney, who had with him not more than twenty thousand men, was desirous of causing the first corps, which he had left in the rear, to advance: but the Emperor, as I have said above, had sent immediate orders to Count d'Erlon, who commanded it, to rejoin him, and this general had commenced his march. Ney, when he heard this, was exposed to a cross fire from the enemy's batteries. "Do you see those bullets!" exclaimed he, his brow clouded with despair: "I wish they would all pass through my body." Instantly he sent with all speed after Count d'Erlon, and directed him, whatever orders he might have received from the Emperor himself, to return. Count d'Erlon was so unfortunate and weak as to obey. He brought his troops back to the marshal; but it was nine o'clock in the evening, and the marshal, dispirited by the checks he had received, and dissatisfied with himself and others, had discontinued the engagement.

The Duke of Wellington, whose forces had been increased successively to upwards of fifty thousand men, retired in good order during the night to Genappe.

Marshal Ney was indebted to the great bravery of his troops, and the firmness of his generals, for the honour of not being obliged to abandon his positions.

The desperation with which this battle was fought, made those shudder who were most habituated to contemplate with coolness the horrors of war. The smoking ruins of Ligny and St. Amand, were heaped with the dead and the dying; the ravine before Ligny resembled a river of blood, on which carcasses were floating: at Quatre-Bras there was a similar spectacle! The

hollow way, that skirted the wood, had disappeared under the bloody corpses of the brave Scotch, and of our cuirassiers. The Imperial Guard was every where distinguished by its murderous rage: it fought with shouts of "The Emperor for ever! No quarter!" The corps of General Girard displayed the same animosity. It was this corps that, having expended all its ammunition, called out for more cartridges and more Prussians.

The loss of the Prussians, rendered considerable by the tremendous fire of our artillery, was twenty-five thousand men. Blucher, unhorsed by our cuirassiers, escaped them only by a miracle.

The English and Dutch lost four thousand five hundred men. Three Scotch regiments, and the black legion of Brunswick, were almost entirely exterminated. The Prince of Brunswick himself, and a number of other officers of distinction, were killed.

We lost, in the left wing, near five thousand men, and several generals. Prince Jerome, who had already been wounded at the passage of the Sambre, had his hand slightly grazed by a musket-shot. He remained constantly at the head of his division, and displayed a great deal of coolness and valour. Our loss at Ligny, estimated at six thousand five hundred men, was rendered still more to be regretted by General Girard's receiving a mortal wound. Few officers were endued with a character so noble, and an intrepidity so habitual. More greedy of glory than of wealth, he possessed nothing but his sword; and his last moments, instead of resting with delight on the remembrance of his heroic actions alone, were disturbed by the pain of leaving his family exposed to want.

The victory of Ligny did not entirely fulfil the expectations of the Emperor. "If Marshal Ney," said he, "had attacked the English with all his forces, he would have crushed them, and have arrived in time to give the Prussians the finishing blow: and if, after having committed this first fault, he had not been guilty of a second folly, in preventing the movement of Count d'Erlon, the intervention of the 1st corps would have shortened the resistance of Blucher, and rendered his defeat irreparable: his whole army would have been taken or destroyed."

This victory, though imperfect, was not the less considered by the generals as of the highest importance. It separated the English army from the Prussians, and left us hopes of being able to vanquish it in its turn.

The Emperor, without losing time, was for attacking the English on one side at daybreak, and pursuing Blucher's army without respite on the other. In opposition to this plan, it was remarked, that the English army was fresh, and ready to accept battle; while our troops, harassed by the conflicts and fatigue of Ligny, would not perhaps be in a condition to fight with the necessary vigour. Finally, such numerous objections were made, that he consented to suffer the army to take rest. Ill success

inspires timidity. If Napoleon, as of old, had listened only to the suggestions of his own daring resolution, it is probable, nay it is certain, and I have heard General Drouot say that he might, according to his plan, have led his troops to Brussels on the 17th; and who can calculate what would have been the consequences of that capital falling into his hands?

On the 17th, therefore, the Emperor contented himself with forming his army into two columns; one, of sixty-five thousand men, headed by the Emperor himself, after having joined to it the left wing, followed the English army. The light artillery, the lancers of General Alphonse Colbert, and of the intrepid Colonel Sourd, hung close upon their rear even to the entrance of the forest of Soignes, where the Duke of Wellington took up his position.

The other, thirty-six thousand strong, was detached under the orders of Marshal Grouchy, to observe and pursue the Prussians. It did not proceed beyond Gembloux.

The night of the 17th was dreadful, and seemed to presage the calamities of the day. A violent and incessant rain did not allow the army to take a single moment's rest. To increase our misfortunes, the bad state of the roads retarded the arrival of our provisions, and most of the soldiers were without food: however, they endured this double ill-luck with much cheerfulness, and at daybreak announced to Napoleon by repeated acclamations, that they were ready to fly to a fresh victory.

The Emperor had thought, that Lord Wellington, separated from the Prussians, and foreseeing the march of General Grouchy, who, on passing the Dyle, might fall on his flank, or on his rear, would not venture to maintain his position, but would retire to Brussels. He was surprised when daylight discovered to him that the English army had not quitted its positions, but appeared disposed to accept battle and wait the attack. Several general officers were directed to reconnoitre their positions; and, to use the words of one of them, he learned, that they were defended "by an army of cannons, and mountains of infantry."

Napoleon immediately sent advice to Marshal Grouchy, that he was probably about to engage in a grand battle with the English, and ordered him to push the Prussians briskly, to rejoin the grand army as speedily as possible, and to direct his movements, so as to be able to connect his operations with it.

He then sent for his principal officers, to give them his instructions.

Some of them, confident and daring, asserted that the enemy's position should be attacked and carried by main force. Others, not less brave, but more prudent, remonstrated that the ground being deluged by the rain, the troops, the cavalry in particular, could not manœuvre without much difficulty and fatigue; that the English army would have the immense advantage of awaiting us on firm ground in its intrenchments; and that it would be better to endeavour to turn these. All did justice to

the valour of our troops, and promised that they would perform prodigies; but they differed in opinion with regard to the resistance that the English would make. "Their cavalry," said the generals who had fought in Spain, "are not equal to ours; but their infantry are more formidable than is supposed. When intrenched, they are dangerous from their skill in firing; in the open field, they stand firm, and, if broken, rally again within a hundred yards, and return to the charge." Fresh disputes arose; and, what is remarkable, it never entered into any one's head, that the Prussians, pretty numerous parties of whom had been seen towards Moustier, might be in a situation to make a serious diversion on our right.

The Emperor, after having heard and discussed the opinions of all, determined, on considerations to which all assented, to attack the English in front. Reiterated orders were despatched to Marshal Grouchy; and Napoleon, to give him time to execute the movement he had enjoined, spent the whole morning in arranging his army.

The English army was reconnoitred anew by the Emperor in person. Its central position, resting on the village of Mont St. Jean, was supported on the right by the farm of Hougomont; on the left by that of La Haye Sainte. Its two wings extended beyond the hamlets of Ter-la-Haye and Merke-Braine. Hedges, woods, ravines, an immense quantity of artillery, from 85,000 to 90,000 men, defended this formidable position.

The Emperor drew up his army* in the following order:

The 2d corps, of which Prince Jerome always made a part, was posted opposite the woods, that surrounded Hougomont.

The 1st corps opposite La Haye Sainte.

The 6th corps was sent to the extremity of the right, so as to be able to form a communication with Marshal Grouchy, when he should appear.

The light cavalry and cuirassiers were flanked in a second line, behind the 1st and 2d corps.

		* 2d Corps.		
Infantry	.	.	16,500	} . 18,000
Cavalry	.	.	1,500	
		1st Corps.		
Infantry	.	.	12,500	} . 13,700
Cavalry	.	.	1,200	
		6th Corps.		
Infantry	.	7,000—(4,000 had been joined to Grouchy,)	7,000	
Division of d'Aumont and Suberwicz	.	.	2,500	
Cuirassiers	.	.	4,800	
Foot guards	.	.	12,500	} . 16,600
Light cavalry	.	.	2,100	
Grenadiers and dragoons	.	.	2,000	
Artillery 4,500
				<hr/> 67,100

Girard's division 3000 men.

The guard and its cavalry were kept in reserve on the heights of Planchenoit.

The old division of General Girard was left at Fleurus.

The Emperor, with his staff, took his station on a rising ground near the farm of La Belle Alliance, which commanded the plain, and whence he could easily direct the movements of his army, and observe those of the English.

At half-past twelve the Emperor, persuaded that Marshal Grouchy must be in motion, caused the signal for the battle to be given.

Prince Jerome, with his division, advanced against Hougomont. The approaches were defended by hedges and a wood, in which the enemy had posted numerous guns. The attack, rendered so difficult by the state of the ground, was conducted with extreme impetuosity. The wood was alternately taken and retaken. Our troops and the English, very frequently separated only by a hedge, fired on each other, their muskets almost touching, without retreating a single step. The artillery made fearful ravages on both sides. The event was doubtful, till General Reille ordered Foy's division to support the attack of Prince Jerome, and thus succeeded in compelling the enemy to abandon the woods and orchards, which they had hitherto so valiantly defended and kept possession of.

It was one o'clock. A few moments before, an intercepted despatch informed the Emperor of the near approach of 30,000 Prussians, commanded by Bulow. Napoleon thought that the strength of this corps, some of the skirmishers of which had appeared on the heights of St. Lambert, was exaggerated; and persuaded, too, that Grouchy's army was following it, and that it would soon find itself between two fires, it gave him but little uneasiness. However, rather from precaution than from fear, he gave orders to General d'Aumont, to advance with his cavalry and that of General Suberwicz, to meet the Prussians; and directed Count de Lobau to be ready to support General d'Aumont in case of necessity. Orders were despatched at the same time to Marshal Grouchy, to inform him of what was passing, and enjoin him anew, to hasten his march, to pursue, attack, and crush Bulow.

Thus, by drawing off the divisions of d'Aumont and Suberwicz, and by the paralysation of the 6th corps, our army was reduced to less than 57,000 men; but it displayed so much resolution, that the Emperor did not doubt that it was sufficient to defeat the English.

The 2d corps, as I have already said, had effected the dislodgment of the English from the woods of Hougomont; but the 1st corps, notwithstanding the continual play of several batteries, and the resolution of our infantry and of the light horse of Generals Lefevre-Desnouettes and Guyot, had been unable to force either La Haye Sainte or Mont St. Jean. The Emperor

ordered Marshal Ney to undertake a fresh attack, and to support it by eighty pieces of cannon. A tremendous fire of musketry and artillery then took place along the whole line. The English, insensible to danger, supported the charges of our foot and of our horse with great steadiness. The more resistance they displayed, the more furiously did our soldiers continue the attack. At length the English, driven from one position to another, evacuated La Haye Sainte and Mont St. Jean, and our troops seized on them with shouts of "Long live the Emperor!"

To sustain them there, Count d'Erlon immediately sent the 2d brigade of General Alix. A body of English horse intercepted the passage, threw the brigade into disorder, and then, falling on our batteries, succeeded in dismounting several pieces of artillery. The cuirassiers of General Milhaud rushed forward at a gallop to repulse the English horse. A fresh division of these came and fell upon our cuirassiers. Our lancers and chasseurs were sent to their assistance. A general charge ensued, and the English, broken, overthrown and cut down, were forced to retire in disorder.

Hitherto the French army, or, to speak more properly, the forty thousand men of Generals Reille, and d'Erlon, had obtained and preserved a marked superiority. The enemy, driven back, appeared hesitating on their movements. Dispositions had been observed, that seemed to indicate an approaching retreat. The Emperor, satisfied, joyfully exclaimed: "They are ours, I have them:" and Marshal Soult, and all the generals, considered as he did, the victory certain. The guard had already received orders to put itself in motion, to occupy the ground we had gained, and annihilate the enemy, when General d'Aumont sent to inform the Emperor, that Bulow's corps had just formed in line, and was advancing rapidly on the rear of our right. This information changed the design of Napoleon; and, instead of employing his guard to support the first and second corps, he kept it in reserve; ordering Marshal Ney to maintain his ground in the woods of Hougomont, at La Haye Sainte, and at Mont St. Jean, till the event of the movement, which Count Lobau was about to make against the Prussians, should be known.

The English, informed of the arrival of Bulow, resumed the offensive; and endeavoured to drive us from the positions that we had taken from them. Our troops repulsed them victoriously. Marshal Ney, carried away by his reckless courage, forgot the orders of the Emperor. He charged the enemy at the head of Milhaud's cuirassiers and the light cavalry of the guard, and succeeded, amid the applauses of the army, in establishing himself on the heights of Mont St. Jean, till then inaccessible.

This ill-timed and hazardous movement did not escape the Duke of Wellington. He ordered his infantry to advance, and fell upon us with all his cavalry. The Emperor immediately ordered General Kellerman and his cuirassiers, to hasten to

extricate our first line. The horse grenadiers and dragoons of the guard, either from a misconception of Marshal Ney, or spontaneously, put themselves in motion, and followed the cuirassiers, without its being possible to stop them. A second conflict, more bloody than the first, took place at all points. Our troops, exposed to the incessant fire of the enemy's batteries and infantry, heroically sustained and executed numerous brilliant charges during two hours, in which we had the glory of taking six flags, dismounting several batteries, and cutting to pieces four regiments; but in which we also lost the flower of our intrepid cuirassiers, and of the cavalry of the guard.

The Emperor, whom this fatal engagement filled with despair, could not remedy it. Grouchy did not arrive: and he had already been obliged to weaken his reserves by four thousand of the young guard, in order to master the Prussians, whose numbers and whose progress were still increasing.

Mean time our cavalry, weakened by a considerable loss, and unequal contests incessantly renewed, began to be disheartened, and to give ground. The issue of the battle appeared to become doubtful. It was necessary to strike a grand blow by a desperate attack.

The Emperor did not hesitate a moment.

Orders were immediately given to Count Reille, to collect all his forces, and to fall with impetuosity on the right of the enemy, while Napoleon in person proceeded to attack the front with his reserves. The Emperor had already formed his guard into a column of attack, when he heard that our cavalry had just been compelled to evacuate in part the heights of Mont St. Jean. Marshal Ney was immediately ordered to take with him four battalions of the middle guard, and hasten with all speed to the fatal height, to support the cuirassiers by whom it was still occupied.

The determined aspect of the guard, and the harangues of Napoleon, animated the courage of all: the cavalry and a few battalions who had followed his movement to the rear, faced about towards the enemy, shouting "The Emperor for ever!"

At this moment the firing of musketry was heard. "There's Grouchy!" exclaimed the Emperor: "The day is ours!" Labédoyère flew to announce this happy news to the army: in spite of the enemy, he penetrated to the head of our columns: "Marshal Grouchy is arriving, the guard is going to charge: courage! courage! 'tis all over with the English."

One last shout of hope burst from every rank: the wounded who were still capable of taking a few steps, returned to the combat; and thousands of voices eagerly repeated, "Forward! forward!"

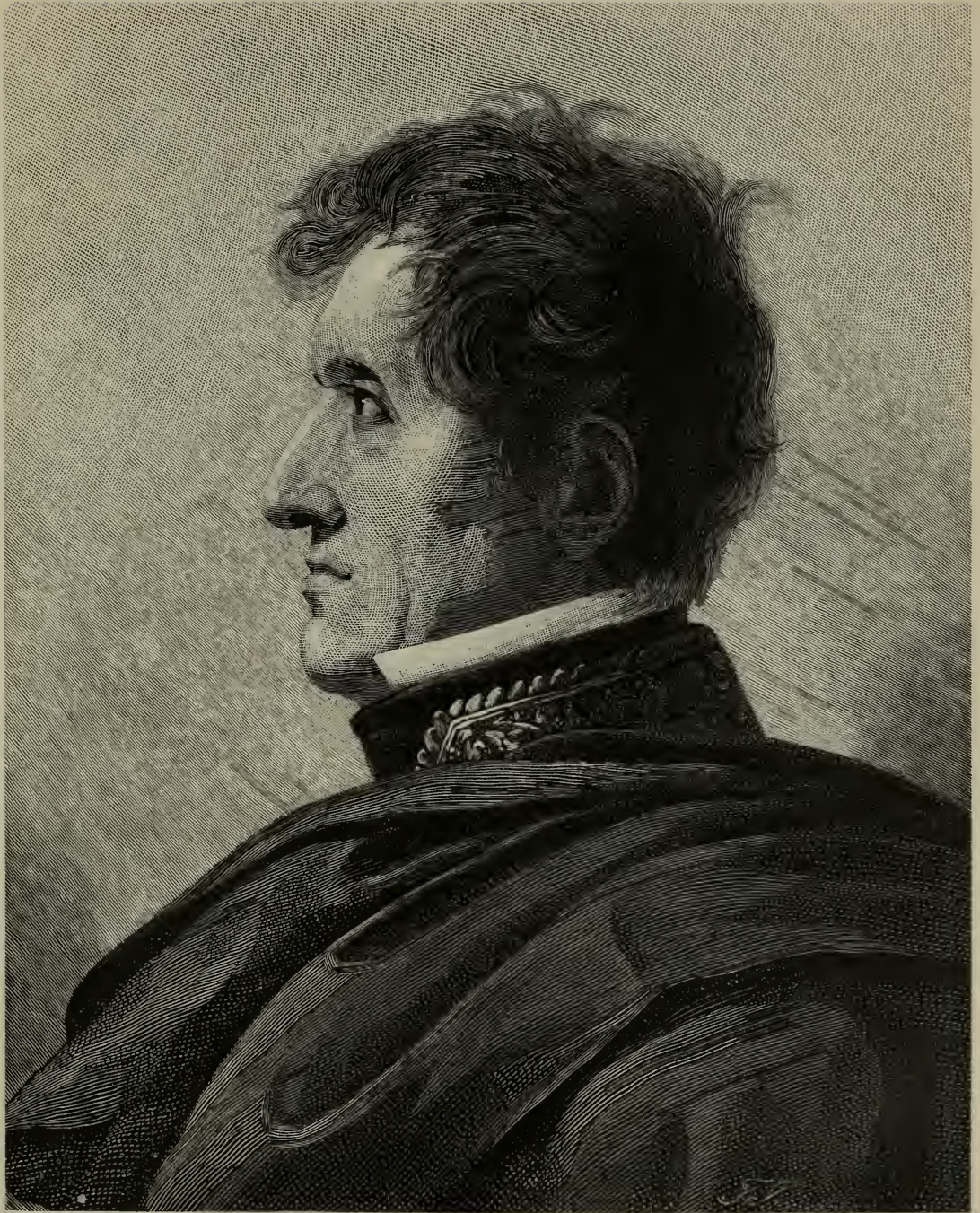
The column commanded by the bravest of the brave, on his arrival in the face of the enemy, was received by discharges of artillery, that occasioned it a terrible loss. Marshal Ney, weary

of bullets, ordered the batteries to be carried by the bayonet. The grenadiers rushed on them with such impetuosity, that they neglected the admirable order to which they had been so often indebted for victory. Their leader, intoxicated with intrepidity, did not perceive this disorder. He and his soldiers rushed on the enemy tumultuously. A shower of balls and grape burst on their heads. Ney's horse was shot under him, Generals Michel and Friant fell wounded or dead, and a number of brave fellows were stretched on the ground. Wellington did not allow our grenadiers time to recover themselves. He attacked them in flank with his cavalry, and compelled them to retire in the greatest disorder. At the same instant, the 30,000 Prussians under Ziethen, who had been taken for Grouchy's army, carried by assault the village of La Haye, and drove our men before them. Our cavalry, our infantry, already staggered by the defeat of the middle guard, were afraid of being cut off, and precipitately retreated. The English horse, skilfully availing themselves of the confusion, which this unexpected retreat had occasioned, pierced through our ranks, and succeeded in spreading disorder and dismay amongst them. The other troops on the right, who continued to resist with great difficulty the attack of the Prussians, and who had been in want of ammunition above an hour, seeing some of our squadrons routed, and some of the guards running away, thought all was lost, and quitted their position. This panic extended in an instant to our left; and the whole army, after having so valiantly carried the enemy's strongest posts, abandoned them with as much precipitation as they had displayed bravery in conquering them.

The English army, which had advanced in proportion as we retreated, and the Prussians, who had not ceased to pursue us, fell at once on our scattered battalions; night increased the tumult and alarm; and soon the whole army was nothing but a confused crowd, which the English and Prussians routed without effort, and pitilessly massacred.

The Emperor, witnessing this frightful defection, could scarcely believe his eyes. His aides-de-camp flew to rally the troops in all directions. He also threw himself into the midst of the crowd. But his words, his orders, his entreaties, were not heard. How was it possible for the army to form anew under the guns, and amid the continual charges of 80,000 English, and 60,000 Prussians, who covered the field of battle?

However, eight battalions, which the Emperor had previously collected, formed in squares, and blocked up the road to prevent the advance of the Prussian and English armies. These brave fellows, notwithstanding their resolution and courage, could not long resist the efforts of an enemy twenty times their number. Surrounded, assaulted, cannonaded on all sides, most of them at length fell. Some sold their lives dearly; others,



FROM THE PAINTING BY PIERRE-LOUIS DE LAVAL, IN THE COLLECTION OF M. LÉON LEFEBURE.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

NICOLAS-JEAN-DE-DIEU SOULT, DUKE OF DALMATIA.

exhausted with fatigue, hunger, and thirst, had no longer strength to fight, and suffered themselves to be killed, without being able to make any defence. Two battalions only, whom the enemy were unable to break, retreated disputing the ground, till, thrown into disorder and hurried along by the general movement, they were obliged themselves to follow the stream.

One last battalion of reserve, the illustrious and unfortunate remains of the granite column of the fields of Marengo, had remained unshaken amid the tumultuous waves of the army. The Emperor retired into the ranks of these brave fellows, still commanded by Cambronne ! He formed them into a square, and advanced at their head, to meet the enemy. All his generals, Ney, Soult, Bertrand, Drouot, Corbineau, De Flahaut, Labédoyère, Gourgaud, &c., drew their swords, and became soldiers. The old grenadiers, incapable of fear for their own lives, were alarmed at the danger that threatened the life of the Emperor. They conjured him to withdraw. "Retire," said one of them: "You see clearly that death shuns you." The Emperor resisted, and ordered them to fire. The officers around him seized his bridle, and dragged him away. Cambronne and his brave fellows crowded round their expiring eagles, and bade Napoleon an eternal adieu. The English, moved by their heroic resistance, conjured them to surrender. "No," said Cambronne, "the guard can die, but not yield!" At the same moment they all rushed on the enemy, with shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" Their blows were worthy of the conquerors of Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, and Montmirail. The English and Prussians, from whom they still kept back the victory, united against this handful of heroes, and cut them down. Some, covered with wounds, fell to the ground, weltering in their blood; others, more fortunate, were killed outright: finally, they whose hopes were not answered by death, shot one another, that they might not survive their companions in arms or die by the hands of their enemies.

Wellington and Blucher, thus become quiet possessors of the field of battle, traversed it as masters. But at what expense of blood was this unjust triumph purchased! Never, no never, were the blows of the French more formidable or more deadly to their adversaries. Thirsting after blood and glory, despising danger and death, they rushed daringly on the blazing batteries of their enemy; and seemed to multiply in number, to seek, attack, and pursue them in their inaccessible intrenchments. Thirty thousand English or Prussians* were sacrificed by their

* The general loss of the army of the Duke of Wellington, in killed and wounded, was about	25,000
And that of Prince Blucher	35,000
	60,000

hands on that fatal day; and when it is considered that this horrible carnage was the work of 50,000 men,* dying with fatigue and hunger, and striving in miry ground against an impregnable position, and 130,000 fighting men, we cannot but be seized with sorrowful admiration, and decree to the vanquished the palm of victory.†

Such is the account of the campaign of 1815, which was given by M. Fleury de Chaboulon, and which is still considered by most Frenchmen as a correct description of that awful catastrophe. Without letting our national pride at all interfere with us, we confidently assert that the account is in many essential points exceedingly incorrect, and that M. de Chaboulon, according to the invariable practice of his master, adds to the numbers of the enemy, and deducts from those of his countrymen with an unscrupulous hand. Still, however, his details are in some respects valuable; and the reader will no doubt find amusement in comparing them with those emanating from the British, Prussian, and Spanish sources.

That of the French may be estimated as follows :

The 15th and 16th, killed and wounded	11,000
The 18th, killed and wounded	18,000
Prisoners	8,000
	37,000

The loss of the French would have been much greater, had it not been for the generous care taken of them by the inhabitants of Belgium. After the victory of Fleurus and of Ligny, they hastened to the field of battle, to console the wounded, and give them every assistance. Nothing could be more affecting, than the sight of a number of women and girls endeavouring to revive, by cordial liquors, our exhausted soldiers, while their husbands and brothers supported our wounded in their arms, stanching their blood, and bound up their wounds.

The precipitancy of our march had not allowed us to prepare conveyances and field-hospitals, to receive our wounded. The good and feeling inhabitants of Belgium supplied the deficiency with eagerness. They carried our poor Frenchmen from the field of battle, and offered them an asylum, and all the attention necessary.

At the time of our retreat, they lavished on us proofs of their regard not less affecting, and not less valuable. Braving the rage of the ferocious Prussians, they quitted their houses, to show us the paths, that would favour our escape, and guide our course through the enemy's columns. When they parted from us, they still followed us with their eyes, and expressed from a distance how happy they were at having been able to save us.

When they knew that a great number of Frenchmen remained prisoners with the conqueror, they were eager to offer, and to lavish on them, consolation and assistance. The Prince of Orange himself, as formidable in the heat of battle, as magnanimous after victory, became the protector of a number of brave fellows, who, having learned how to esteem him on the field of battle, had nobly invoked his support.—*Fleury de Chaboulon*.

* I say fifty thousand men, for more than ten thousand of the guard took no share in the action.—*Fleury de Chaboulon*.

† *Memoirs of the Private Life, Return and Reign of Napoleon in 1815.* By M. Fleury de Chaboulon, Ex-secretary of the Emperor Napoleon, and of his cabinets, Master of Requests to the Council of State, &c. &c.

M. Chaboulon's assertion, that the British positions at Waterloo were covered with works, is absolutely false. On this head, the gallant Colonel Mac Kinnon, a man incapable of asserting what is not true, says,—“In other battles positions have been selected with judgment, and defended with courage; but the strong intrenchments at Genappe were carried by the French lines, under Dumourier; and the redoubts of Borodino were insufficient to stop the advance of Napoleon on the ancient capital of the Czars. At Waterloo there were no works of military art to cover the British army. They had and required no protection but their arms, nor any shelter but their matchless discipline, to enable them to repel the furious assaults of an enemy bent on forcing their position. Their unflinching resistance at first perplexed the scientific calculations of the Emperor, then changed his confidence into anxiety, and finally drove him to that state of desperation which flies to a last great effort as its only hope. He had promised victory to his soldiers; he threw his veterans forward, and failed. Up to this period, a large and well-earned portion of the glories of the strife must be given to the brave men who for so many successive hours beat off the attacks of their opponents. Their conduct is beyond all praise, and the merit was their own. But the master-mind that ruled the fight throughout the day—the eagle glance that at its close converted a well-sustained defence into an irresistible charge on the assailing columns, and swept them from the ground on which they stood, belonged exclusively to WELLINGTON. He closed on his adversary, and broke the imperial sceptre for ever. Thus was the battle of Waterloo gained; the most important in its results of ancient or modern times. Here the two greatest captains of this or any other age were opposed to each other: here they were fairly matched, and ample opportunity was afforded for a trial of generalship and military skill. The best troops of France were in the field, and the result is decisive of the superiority of Wellington over his great competitor, while it affords another instance of the unequalled steadiness, perseverance, and courage of the British soldiers.”*

We shall here insert the eloquent and impartial eulogium which General Foy, Frenchman as he was, pronounced on the British infantry.

“We saw these sons of Albion formed in square battalions in the plain between the wood of Hougomont and the village of Mont Saint Jean; to effect this compact formation, they had doubled and redoubled their lines several times. The cavalry which supported them were cut to pieces, and the fire of their artillery completely silenced. The general and staff officers were galloping from one square to another, not knowing where to find shelter. Carriages, wounded men, parks of reserve, and auxiliary

* Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards. By Colonel Mac Kinnon.

troops, were all flying in disorder towards Brussels. Death was before them and in their ranks; disgrace in their rear. In this terrible situation, neither the balls of the Imperial Guard, discharged almost point blank, nor the victorious cavalry of France could make the least impression on the immovable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy that it had rooted itself in the ground, but for the majestic movement which its battalions commenced some minutes after sunset; at the moment when the approach of the Prussian army apprized Wellington he had just achieved the most decisive victory of the age.*

Napoleon himself expressed his wonder and admiration of the British infantry. "There are no such foot-soldiers in the world," said he. "Even my old guard could make no impression on them: their fire, so sure, was dreadful! and as for charging them, we might as well have charged stone-walls."

Foy ascribes this excellence, "the glory of the British army," above all things to the excellent discipline maintained in our service, and to the calm and frank bravery of the national character.

Baron Muffin in speaking of the British army, says—

"There is not, perhaps in all Europe, an army superior to the English in the actual field of battle. The English soldier is strongly formed and well fed, and nature has endowed him with much courage and intrepidity. He is accustomed to severe discipline, and is very well armed. The infantry shows more indifference than any other European army when attacked in the flank or rear. These qualities explain why the English have never been defeated in a pitched field since they were commanded by the Duke of Wellington."

As the present work is devoted to Napoleon Bonaparte, and not to the British and their great commander, we have left untold many a thrilling tale relating exclusively to the latter, and many an anecdote calculated to arouse a glow of proud exultation in the breast of the English reader.

What must have been the feelings of Napoleon on the memorable night of Waterloo! One of his aides-de-camp has described his attitude the last time he was seen in the field, and the fascination he still exercised over all who were about his person.

"He has ruined us—he has destroyed France and himself;—yet I love him still; it is impossible to be near him and not love him. He has so much greatness of soul—such majesty of manner. He bewitches all minds; approach him with a thousand prejudices, and you quit him filled with admiration: but then, his mad ambition! his ruinous infatuation! his obstinacy without bounds! Besides, he was wont to set every thing upon a cast—his game was all or nothing! Even the battle of Wa-

* See Foy's account of the Peninsular War, &c.

terloo might have been retrieved, had he not charged with the Guard. This was the reserve of the army, and should have been employed in covering his retreat instead of attacking; but with him, whenever matters looked desperate, he resembled a mad dog. He harangued the Guard—he put himself at its head—it debouched rapidly, and rushed upon the enemy. We were mowed down by grape—we wavered—turned our backs, and the rout was complete. A general disorganization of the army ensued, and Napoleon, rousing himself from the stupor into which he had sunk, was cold as a stone. The last time I saw him was in returning from the charge, when all was lost. My thigh had been broken by a musket-shot in advancing, and I remained in the rear, having fallen on the ground. Napoleon passed close by me; his nose was buried in his snuff-box, and his bridle fell loosely on the neck of his horse, which was pacing leisurely along. A Scotch regiment was advancing at the charge in the distance. The Emperor was almost alone. Lallemand only was with him. The latter still exclaimed, ‘All is not lost, sire; all is not lost! Rally, soldiers! rally!’ The Emperor replied not a word. Lallemand recognised me in passing. ‘What has happened to you, Raoul?’ ‘My thigh is shattered with a musket-ball.’ ‘Poor devil, how I pity you! how I pity you! Adieu! adieu!’ The Emperor uttered not a word.”*

In the midst of the horrid rout that followed, it was not known what had become of Bonaparte. Some of the soldiers swore he had perished. When this was announced to a well-known general officer in his service, he exclaimed like Megret on the death of Charles XII. at Friederickstadt, “*Voilà la pièce finie*” (The play is over). Others pretended that having charged several times at the head of the guard, he had been dismounted and made prisoner. The same uncertainty prevailed respecting the fate of Marshal Ney, the major-general, and most of the French generals and chiefs.

Other people again affirmed that they had seen Napoleon pass, escaping alone through the disordered crowd, and that they had perfectly recognised him by his gray great-coat, and dapple-coloured horse. This last account was the true one. In his flight, he threw himself into an orchard adjoining the farm of La Belle Alliance. It was there he was met by two French horse-soldiers, who, like himself, had lost their way, but who now undertook to guide and protect him through the parties of Prussians, who, fortunately for him, were so busy in plundering the camp equipages, that they let him pass. In spite of the darkness of night, he was perceived and recognised in several places, and his presence was made manifest by the remarks of the soldiers, who said to one another in a low tone of

* Raoul.

voice, "There is the Emperor!" "There goes the Emperor!" These words appeared to him a cry of alarm; and each time he was thus discovered, he galloped forward as quickly as the crowded state of the roads would permit. What had now become of those rapturous acclamations that used to accompany him whenever he showed himself in the midst of his army?

At a short distance from Charleroi two roads meet: one leads to Avesnes, the other to Philippeville: Bonaparte chose the latter, and increasing his speed as the roads became clearer, and he could obtain a carriage and post-horses, he abandoned his army without making any effort to rally it. He has been severely censured for this; but we would remark that French soldiers with all their excellent qualities, are not good at rallying after a signal defeat, and that his army was so completely cut up and dispersed—so thoroughly disheartened, that every effort to re-form them must have failed. In their blind panic, groups of these heroes of many battles—cavalry and infantry still well armed, suffered themselves to be cut up by a few Prussian lancers, whom they ought to have turned upon and annihilated.

On arriving at Philippeville, Napoleon was compelled to wait some time outside the walls. He had need of the protection of its ramparts, for the Prussians, into whose hands he dreaded to fall, were close upon him, having tracked him with great pertinacity, and thrown off numerous parties in that direction. When he reached the gates of the town, the men on guard would not admit him, until the commander of the fortress came up and recognised him. He then entered with a very humble retinue, the drawbridge being raised and the barrier closed immediately afterwards. As soon as it was known that the Emperor was at Philippeville, many of his scattered troops closed round the town in order to protect Napoleon, and to receive protection from those ramparts. This caused him some uneasiness: such a gathering of men would prove to the Prussians that he was there. To obviate this, recourse was had to the following stratagem:

A number of emissaries were sent from the town to the camp, instructing them to counterfeit great terror, and to cry out, "Brothers escape! save yourselves! the Cossacks are coming! here are the Cossacks close upon us!" The emissaries played their parts so well, and the French soldiery were now so spiritless, that they broke up and fled like a flock of sheep. The feigned heralds of the Cossacks then went on to spread over the country the deplorable news that the Emperor was blockaded in Philippeville. This was regarded as certain, and nobody on the roads of Mezières and Laon, where the rumour was propagated, took it into his head to suspect that all this was nothing more nor less than an admirable combination, a stratagem of war of an entirely new conception, imagined by

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



3 1197 21284 4119

